

ACTIVE SERVICE

BY JOHN B. CASTLEMAN

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ACTIVE SERVICE

DEDICATED TO
THOMAS H. HINES
AND TO
GEORGE B. EASTIN
AND TO
THE BOYS WHO WITH THEM SERVED
AND FEARED NOTHING.

PREFACE.

Although the writer's endeavors have been varied and experiences unusual, they have in no way justified belief in his fitness to write a book.

Many friends have, from time to time in more than thirty years, admonished me that my inditing, in permanent record, incidents which had come within my personal experience and knowledge, was a duty I owed to them, to the public, and to the correct presentation of certain historic data of importance.

Henry Watterson, my comrade and life-long and loyal friend, has demanded of me that I "go along and write."

My dear old comrades, Thomas W. Bullitt and David W. Sanders, some years ago had an interview with Mrs. Castleman and me, and insisted that, if I failed to "write the book," I should make them my literary legatees, and they would for me fulfil this obligation. Now these able lawyers and gallant men have both gone where good soldiers go, and I am animated by a wish to do what they thought I ought to do.

So, with all these combined influences which induced action for which I realized my lack of fitness, I did, in 1908, essay to "write a book."

Having produced the result of an earnest effort, I called into service a competent committee of critics, and asked of this committee to consider if, in its judgment, my production was as inadequate as it seemed to me. The committee consisted of my wife and daughters and my son Breekinridge.

To these critics I read more than one hundred pages of manuscript, relative to my boyhood and to my observations of that period, and the candor of the committee was so severe and so thoroughly in harmony with my own opinion that I destroyed what I had written, and allowed two years to pass before again undertaking a task which seemed altogether hopeless.

The critics were largely directed by the thought that my boyhood life and that of the neighborhood wherein I was brought up would enlist little interest beyond that of my own family and that of my friends.

I afterwards set about recasting my work along lines which would avoid the admitted errors of my first result. This was no easy task, for the modest inspiration which stimulated my primary work was not again at my command.

It did not seem possible to "come back," yet I did try; but I found that the unfolded memories of more than sixty years of the past seemed to be closed to my vivid recollection, and Life's picture gallery was not easily lighted again, along the walls where boyhood scenes had given pleasure.

My friend, Young E. Allison, called one morning at my office, and carried away with him some of the manuscript of the rewritten

narrative which then lay on my desk. He returned the following day, and left the subjoined note:

"Louisville, July 29th, 1910.

Dear General:

All the matter in the manuscript is deeply interesting; but I think you ought to enlarge to the extent of fifty pages on: Your boyhood life; the home life you had, in detail; your occupations and sports. How the slave life was ordered, with anecdotes; how folks dressed, visited, entertained, married and died.

These are details which will give outsiders a keen preparatory interest in the recollections of your active military and public life.

The aristocratic life of the Bluegrass between 1840 and 1861 is a mine of color like that of the old regime in France.

I have enjoyed every page and make these suggestions *con amore*.

Most sincerely yours,

YOUNG E. ALLISON."

I explained to my very able and good friend that the amplifications which he suggested were just what my critics and I had concluded were not worth while, and that 'twas this which had been destroyed.

In my second demonstrated ignorance of bookmaking I undertook to quote verbatim from official records of the Confederate Commissioners in Canada and from relative papers which related to the Northwestern Conspiracy, following the policy of using as much as possible what others had written as far more interesting than what I might myself be able to write.

And now by the counsel of patient, experienced and exceptionally able friends, I have eliminated most of these historical documents, which they determine must find record in a separate small volume, or else must be transferred to custody of the United States authorities for permanent preservation and reference.

In writing this narrative therefore I shall be content with quoting occasionally from these records, or relative official papers, and will sometimes make use of fac-similes.

Finally, details strongly personal, but relating to public service, will be added without sufficient consideration of the reader, but with the hope that the writer may be forgiven for taking advantage of the opportunity to preserve, in the way of brief addenda what may be of insufficient importance to publish under separate cover.

Now, inasmuch as the scope of the narrative following will include a range of experience and observation from near the cradle to near the grave, I have considered it well to make the title elastic, and so am introducing the unfortunate reader to,

"ACTIVE SERVICE."

JNO. B. CASTLEMAN.

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INTRODUCTION

BY GENERAL BASIL W. DUKE.

Few books will be found more interesting than the forthcoming memoirs of General John B. Castleman. They contain much pleasant reminiscence of a nature agreeable to the general reader, and a great deal of information that is novel as well as entertaining.

The earlier pages deal with the scenes and recollections of the author's boyhood; the ante-bellum life of the Bluegrass region of Kentucky. In them we are shown the social habits of a people with whom hospitality and kindly intercourse were estimated among the foremost of virtues and we discern customs inherited with slight modification from a period just succeeding the days of the pioneer.

It is all treated in an especially attractive manner. Many incidents are narrated in such wise as to depict this life with vivid and impressive fidelity and impart to the illustration the force and charm of the reality. In its sketches of rural ease and prosperity; its portraiture of the denizens of this favored land, the personnel on the one hand of the sturdy, somewhat autocratic and assertive, yet withal essentially genial proprietor of the soil, *and per contra* his humble dependent, the submissive, contented and often jovial black; all indeed of the distinctive features of those idyllic social conditions are admirably presented.

General Castleman was an officer—and justly reputed one of the bravest and most efficient officers—in General John H. Morgan's division of Confederate cavalry. As captain in Morgan's original regiment, the Second Kentucky Volunteer Cavalry, C. S. A. for more than three years of the Civil War and during the most active adventurous period of the career of that exceptionally active command, he had ample opportunity to participate in daring and arduous service, and certainly fully availed himself of it. In the course of his narrative he relates, in graphic style, much of this experience, which will be found illustrative of that service and of the mettle of the young soldiers who performed it.

The Kentucky reader will also find of interest the account of his experience in the Spanish-American War, during which he acquired the grade of brigadier-general in the Volunteer Army of the United States; and also of his subsequent service as adjutant-general of Kentucky during one of the most trying and excited epochs of Kentucky's history and when the state even seemed menaced with civil war.

The pages which will attract most attention, however, are those in which General Castleman tells the story, never heretofore so fully

given the public, of the "Northwestern Conspiracy," as has been designated the efforts of the peace party of the North to compel a discontinuance of the war and policy of coercion. These attempts were more particularly predicated upon political influence and action, but in some instances, upon the part of the more vehement and resolute opponents of the war, by measure little short of armed resistance to the authority of the Federal Government.

It may be remembered that in the latter days of its struggle for independent existence, the Confederacy sent to Canada three Commissioners, Messrs. Jacob Thompson, C. C. Clay and James P. Holcombe, who were charged with a mission requiring the exercise of peculiar and unusual powers. They were expected to look after the welfare of those who were serving the South in other than military and naval capacity, or procuring information for Confederate use, and they were expected to encourage by all means without directly compromising the Canadian neutrality, the recalcitrant and disaffected spirit, already prevailing and constantly increasing among the Northern people, and especially in the states of the Northwest. Finally, when it became apparent that the Federal Government would, under no circumstances, abandon its policy of refusing an exchange of prisoners, the Confederate authorities determined to make a systematic effort to release the Southern soldiers confined in a number of the larger Northern prisons, and to inaugurate this attempt in those prisons located in the states wherein the political discontent was most general and acute.

Captain Castleman and Captain Thomas H. Hines, the latter also one of Morgan's best officers, were chosen for this service and certainly no two men could have been selected more perfectly fitted for an enterprise requiring coolness, intelligence and audacity. They were authorized to enlist as assistants a number of others, most of whom had previously been their comrades and whom they knew to be capable and reliable. Visionary and desperate as this scheme may appear, it was in reality very nearly the last hope the South had of prolonging the war. She had exhausted every other means of recruiting her fearfully depleted armies. Much of her territory had been overrun and no longer furnished either men or supplies to the Confederate cause. Enlistment in the territory still under Confederate control had almost ceased; indeed, the material for it had scarcely any longer existence. The conscription, no matter how rigorously enforced, brought no acquisition to the ranks, simply because it could not find men capable of serving. Nowhere, except among the great army of her veterans cooped up in Northern prisons, could the South find the men who, with their remaining comrades yet in the field and standing desperately at bay, might still fight her battles and prolong

the struggle. If, however, an organization could be perfected by which the escape could be effected, if any considerable number of them could be suddenly and promptly released, and means provided by which they might receive immediate assistance, it was thought that perhaps the attempt might become completely successful. Arms might have been procured to make a force so improvised formidable, and, if as largely aided by Northern sympathizers as there was reason to expect it would be, the movement might result not only in returning the prisoners to Confederate service, but in creating wide-spread insurrection and consternation upon Northern soil.

In pursuance of such a program, Captains Castleman and Hines reported to the Confederate Commissioners in Canada, and were provided with means to execute it and instructed to proceed. General Castleman tells what was done, with whom they conferred, the various plans which were discussed and partially carried into effect, and the ultimate failure. It is a curious and exciting story and had the plot, instead of failing, succeeded, the narrative would have been a valuable contribution to the history of the Civil War, as it is an interesting one.

But like the greater part of Confederate effort it ended in disaster. It was attended with much of romantic adventure. Those actively engaged in its conduct fared better, however, than might have been expected. Hines, when discovered and baffled, although closely tracked escaped when escape seemed hopeless. Colonel Grenfell was arrested, sent to the Dry Tortugas, and while attempting to escape, was drowned. Beall was executed and Castleman was arrested and held in close confinement until after the close of the war and then banished for life, but was finally pardoned. The greater number of them, however, evaded capture.

While this attempt, because so fruitless, may perhaps not be properly included in the category of history, few such enterprises have been fraught with more possibilities of historical importance, or have furnished a wider range of speculation as to "what might have been."

BASIL W. DUKE.

Louisville,
August 10th, 1914.

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ACTIVE SERVICE

CHAPTER I.

CASTLETON.

I was born in the season of the wild rose and the elder blossom, on the thirtieth day of June, Eighteen Hundred and Forty-One, at Castleton, my father's homestead in Fayette county, Kentucky. Nature's setting about Castleton was of exquisite beauty; nature supplied the undulating lands, the great forest trees which were common to the fertile soil, and the varying climate.

The master of Castleton harmonized man's work with nature's provision, and planned and planted and cared for what nature had provided and man had added, so as to produce an effect unusually beautiful. The mansion was colonial and commodious. To the west, my mother gratified her taste in gardening, and every rose and plant that the climatic conditions and greenhouse protection justified was found in this beautifully cultivated garden. The blending of colors in that garden has rarely been surpassed; it was the work of a gentlewoman of unusual taste.

To the north, stretched an avenue containing about fifty acres adorned by continuous grouped plantations of the rarest shrubs and trees as the lines extended to the Iron Works Road. To the east was a well kept lawn of ten acres, flanked on the north by an apple orchard of the olden time varieties which prevailed before the persuasive nurseryman invaded communities with new selections unsuited to soil and climate.

On the south were the horse barns and the paddocks, reaching to the boundary of an attractive wooded Bluegrass pasture where grazed the cows which furnished ample milk and butter for a large family, always augmented by a host of guests, the invited friends of the heads of the house and of each of the many children.

Where this east lawn connected with the orchard and the cows' woodland pasture, there began the acreage of the well-stocked deer park which was one of my father's interests.

No fence, no gate, ever remained long out of condition. Weeds were nowhere tolerated. The farm was everywhere clean. Everything was in order.

The interior of the house was spacious, and convenient for those times. Ceilings were lofty. The hall was fourteen feet wide and

three times as long. At its end, somewhat recessed, was the spiral stairway which ran from the floor on upward to the skylight. This stairway was, and is, exceedingly beautiful, built with artistic skill under my father's supervision and was joined without nails or screws by unsurpassed professional stairbuilders. The spiral railing and treads were mahogany, the ballisters and risers cream and all painted woodwork was cream.

The hall furniture consisted of two mahogany tables in front, each with folding leaf against the wall and two massive narrow mahogany tables as one approached the stairway, a grandfather's clock, a small mahogany card table near the front door and half a dozen mahogany chairs. The hall was lighted by candelabra of gray and gilt metal, the paper was gray and brown and gold.

All lights in those days were candle lights and were held by single candle sticks or by candelabra with from two to six branches. The candelabra were of glass, gilt metal, silver or brass and those of glass and of gilt metal had prism pendants.

From the hall four massive doors opened into rooms on either side.

On the right side was the drawing room, being a double room twenty by forty with two mantels, two large, plain gilt-framed mantel mirrors; and, supported by a pier table, there was a pier mirror between the windows which looked out upon the lawn.

The paper was cream color and the top and lower borders were pink with shades of warm gray.

The furniture was rosewood and the chairs and large sofas were covered with crimson satin damask, while abundant light chairs of gilt and natural wood were distributed about the room. The tables had tops of white marble, black Egyptian marble, or plain rosewood. In the drawing room were glass candelabra on tables, mantels and pier table.

All rooms were decorated with appropriate hangings.

On the opposite side of the hall were three large rooms on the first floor, on whose walls shades of brown prevailed.

In front was a reception room furnished with mahogany upholstered with tan and gray silk brocade. In front was a pier mirror over a pier table and over mantel a massive mirror. The room was lighted from candelabra of gilt metal.

Back of this and connecting by folding doors was the library whose furniture was oak and lighted from plain silver candelabra. Beyond was the dining room with mahogany table, sideboard and serving table, rush bottom chairs and high chairs for the smaller children. The dining room was lighted from brass candelabra.

Over mantel in library and dining room were mirrors almost the length of mantels and half as wide.



CASTLETON

Mahogany and rosewood furnished the bedrooms, except in the "boys' " room which was a sort of dormitory furnished with small oak beds and was a scene of good natured and somewhat noisy, but never complained of, hilarity. Children's lives at Castleton were made bright and happy.

At the time of which I write, the black mammy stood next to the mother in care and responsibility for the children. My mammy was "Aunt Hanna" whose husband was Frank Cabell. Frank adopted the name of my Grandmother Harrison's father, from whom Frank was inherited.

Aunt Hanna's mother was Aunt Sarah Ross. Aunt Sarah had been the black mammy from 1825, being responsible for the six older children, but when I came along in 1841, the company was too large for one mammy and Aunt Hanna became responsible for dealing with me and afterwards for the four younger ones.

In the general organization under my mother's supervision, Uncle Isaac was the head butler; Uncle Ben, the head cook; Aunt Beekie had charge of the dairy; Aunt Susana, the head laundress; Aunt Jemima, the head maid; Uncle Anthony, the vegetable gardener who had "stall" number four in the Lexington Market, which exists now as it did then. An efficient Scotchman by the name of Mr. Lodge was the florist and general shrubbery caretaker; Uncle John, the head coachman.

Every child old enough to ride had his horse and his dog, every boy his gun.

Castleton was a hospitable, happy home. It was characteristic of the Bluegrass country.

CHAPTER II.

MY MOTHER.

My mother was Virginia Harrison, daughter of Robert Carter Harrison and Ann Cabell, daughter of Colonel Joseph Cabell, of Zion Hill, who commanded a regiment in the Revolutionary War. My great grandfather was Carter Henry Harrison, and my great grandmother, Susan Randolph, sister of the mother of Thomas Jefferson. "Grigsby's History of the Convention of 1776" says:

"Of all the ancient families in the colony, that of Harrison, if not the oldest, is one of the oldest, and from the year 1645 to this date the name has been distinguished for the patriotism, the intelligence and the moral worth of those who have borne it."

At the time this narrative is written, my loved commander, General Basil W. Duke, is delighting a great army of readers by the publication of his "Reminiscences" and referring to my mother said:

"During General Bragg's occupation of Kentucky, in 1862, every house had its throng of self-invited guests, and none was sent away unsatisfied. There was a certain mansion, however, to which these visitors resorted in numbers that would have embarrassed, if not exhausted, ordinary hospitality. It was the mansion of a beautiful matron of the olden time, Mrs. David Castleman. She was an intense Southern sympathizer, had three sons with Morgan's Cavalry, the eldest one of his best officers. Any number of soldiers found sufficient introduction to Mrs. Castleman in saying that they knew any one of her sons." Now, as I write, my dear mother has for eighteen years been gone away, and the following brief statement, from the Lexington, Kentucky, *Press Transcript*, of June 4, 1895, is published:

"Mrs. Castleman was a very remarkable woman, of extraordinary physical powers as shown by her unusual activity almost up to the time of her death. She was a very beautiful woman, and retained her comely and youthful appearance until late in life. She possessed sterling qualities, was charitable and large hearted, and was gifted with great intellectual vigor. Her life was well lived and fulfilled the splendid promise of her early days."

In recalling a lot of incidents in respect to my mother, I am reminded of one that was strikingly characteristic of her life. It was more than fifty years ago. I had, after many years' absence, returned from Europe, where I was quite involuntarily a sojourner after the war was over, and where I had gone when released from solitary confinement. Going immediately to see my mother who lived near Lexington, I was attracted by repeated pistol firing. This became so continuous that,



VIRGINIA HARRISON CASTLEMAN

after a time, I ventured to comment thereon; and my good mother said: "My son, I will explain. Charley Brand has challenged Clay Goodloe to fight a duel. They are to meet tomorrow. Charley called last evening, and explained matters to me, and asked if he might be my guest and today practice in the woodland." "Then, my dear Mother," said I, "you seem to be practicing Charley Brand to shoot Clay Goodloe." "No, my son," replied my mother, "it is not that, but it was a principle of your father, and it is a principle of mine, to open the doors of my house to anyone needing assistance. I like both of the boys, and they were both your boyhood friends. Yet, my son, one cannot forget that the Goodloes have been politically most offensive."

Finding myself thus greeted after long absence, my embarrassment was soon augmented by a visit from "my old commander," General Basil W. Duke, the purpose of whose visit is explained by his subjoined letter.

It has been well nigh half a century, so I wrote to General Duke, and asked what his recollection of the circumstances which attended my unusual welcome back to my own country and friends; and I am in receipt of the following letter which I copy:

"Louisville, February 23, 1914.

My dear JOHN:

Your letter of the 9th instant came duly to hand, and my sojourn at the infirmary has caused delay in replying.

Your recollection of the Brand-Goodloe incident entirely accords with my own.

Charley Brand challenged Clay Goodloe, for some reason which I do not now remember, and the challenge was accepted. Brand then requested me to act as his adviser, and, as you state, fearing that 'twould interfere with my law practice, I asked you to be my substitute.

I am glad you mention the incident of the pistol practicing near your mother's residence and her remark thereon. It had escaped my memory, but I recall it now very vividly.

Affectionately always,

B. W. DUKE."

I think Charley Brand is long since dead. But Colonel G. Clay Goodloe lives in Washington City and is retired paymaster of the United States Navy, and has most creditably served his country.

The experience was very characteristic of my mother. I have many times known of this good woman's fearless aid to those in serious trouble.

Thus my revered comrade and old commander was to me transferring a responsibility which had his absolute condemnation, and I was assuming, with assured willingness, a burden which elicited my positive disapproval.

We were both generally familiar with such "wage of battle" from its origin and knew that adverse opinion had compelled one after another of the civilized countries of the world to prohibit dueling.

Discussing the most noted duels in our own country from the early days of the Republic, we admitted that not one was justified, while in many instances fatal results were to be enumerated among the recorded murders.

The fatal meeting of Alexander Hamilton and Aaron Burr in 1808 was without any justification. Hamilton, the great statesman, was impelled by prevailing public sentiment to accept an invitation from the adventurer Burr to a murderous meeting, because Hamilton had criticised the public record of Burr.

The deadly duel in 1820 between Commodore Barron and Commodore Decatur was a naval murder, approved by the contemporary and most pernicious prevailing sentiment in the United States Navy.

The duel in 1808 between Henry Clay and Humphrey Marshall was because Marshall had spoken in terms of disapproval of Clay's public career; and that in 1826 between Henry Clay and John Randolph was not only without reason but was in a measure puerile.

The duelistic murder in 1838 of Jonathan Cilley of Maine by William J. Graves of Kentucky (both members of Congress) had not any excuse and was characterized on the floor of Congress as "without any circumstance of extenuation."

So in a wide discussion of the absence of any justification of the practice of dueling, we were nevertheless engaged in promoting a meeting that had our unqualified objection, but recognizing the sanction of pernicious public opinion that still prevailed in Kentucky, we were weakly yielding to that prevailing opinion and preparing for a meeting under the code duello of two excellent young citizens and quondam friends.

We were both old soldiers and accustomed to the dangers of fields of battle, and now that our peaceful avocations had been resumed we were more perturbed than we had been on any field of conflict by finding ourselves promoting a meeting which would hazard the lives of two estimable men.



DAVID CASTLEMAN

CHAPTER III.

MY FATHER.

My father, David Castleman, was born at his ancestral home, "The Old Mansion," in Woodford county, Kentucky, and was remarkable for his intelligence and manliness.

My paternal ancestors came to Virginia, about 1760, from Dorsetshire, England. My father died May 23, 1852; and the following is a tribute from the Reverend John G. Simrall:

"Died at his residence in Fayette county, Ky., on Sabbath, May 23d, David Castleman, Esq., in the sixty-seventh year of his age, after a protracted illness attended with great suffering. He was, from his earliest manhood, one of the most extensive business men in this region of country—first as a merchant and manufacturer, and, of late years, as a farmer and one of our most useful, enterprising, respected and wealthy citizens. He was a member and, for more than twenty years, a ruling elder in the Presbyterian church at Horeb, of which he was one of the principal founders, and always its most liberal supporter. He has left a widow and a large family of children to deplore a loss as great as could well fall on such a household. He was in many respects a remarkable man—endowed with great energy and industry, possessed of a clear and vigorous mind, upright and honorable in all his thoughts and actions; faithful in his friendship, simple in his habits and manners, and humble and unpretending in his religious profession. The state had few citizens who were better samples of the noble class of Kentucky gentlemen. He never sought public office or employment, but discharged through life with scrupulous fidelity, the duties of every private station which falls to the lot of such a man; and died as he lived, unshaken by the most terrible sufferings, and calmly trusting in God. He doubtless had frailties; perhaps made enemies; in the struggle of life erred, no doubt, many times and in many ways. But it is a great thing to lead through a long life a successful, useful and honorable career, and then close it, with a good hope of blessed immortality. Few do it, and their example is worth recording."

"Fayette County,

May 30th, 1852."

My father was the guardian of Robert J. Breckinridge, and it was said that he was the only one who ever controlled Robert, with the exception of his remarkable mother, who was Mary Hopkins Cabell, eldest sister of my grandmother, Ann Cabell Harrison.

Mary Hopkins Cabell married John Breckinridge, a great lawyer and the author of the "Resolutions of 1798." Of him 'tis recorded:

"He was a profound jurist, a legislator and a statesman. He was the intimate political and personal friend of Thomas Jefferson, by whom he was appointed attorney-general, which cabinet office he held at the time of his lamentable death."

John Breckinridge and his brother-in-law, Robert Carter Harrison, moved to Fayette county, Kentucky; the former in 1793, and the latter in 1806.

John Breckinridge's estate was called Cabell's Dale, for his wife.

Robert Carter Harrison's estate was called Elk Hill, for one of his ancestral homes in Virginia.

Mrs. Breckinridge was left a widow in 1806, when thirty-six years of age, and of her 'twas written: "Wisely and well did this sightless and most remarkable woman fulfill the duties of both father and mother to her six children, the two daughters of great charm and the four sons of wonderful ability."

My brother, Robert Harrison Castleman, was killed in June, 1852. He graduated at Cannonsburg in Pennsylvania, and was a classmate of Samuel B. Barton who became his intimate friend. Mr. Barton visited Robert at Castleton, and was persuaded by my father to become tutor for his younger children. Subsequently Mr. Barton became teacher of the neighborhood school, known as Fort Hill school.

Judge Robert J. Breckinridge wrote: "I am glad you are writing something of the old Fort Hill school and of those who passed happy days there. I often think and talk of those times we all enjoyed at Fort Hill, and of the wonderful influence of those boys and girls."

CHAPTER IV.

FORT HILL SCHOOL.

Fort Hill was a country school in the neighborhood of Castleton. The school took its name from its situation near the center of an old Indian fort about one mile in circumference, built by the savages for defensive purposes. The old Indian fort was, in chief part, on the farm of Reverend John G. Simrall, although its circumference went over into Mrs. Dallam's farm and into Cabell's Dale. At the time referred to—in 1852—this fort was sufficiently deep to conceal a man walking most of its circumference, but since then cultivation and natural filling have, to a large extent, obliterated its lines.

In the days of Fort Hill school the entire circumference of this fort coursed through woodland bluegrass pastures whose sod had never been torn by a plow and the fort was in its entire circumference distinctly preserved.

The radius of this mile fort is, however, even now clearly shown where it crossed what is known as the Mount Horeb Turnpike, and rounds through the bluegrass woodland which in the olden time was part of Cabell's Dale and which now belongs to Castleton. When, however, one crosses to the north side of Mount Horeb Turnpike, the former grass lands, which were the playgrounds of the boys and girls at Fort Hill school, have for many years tempted the avaricious farmer, and tillage for half a century has well nigh obliterated the line of the old Indian fort near the center of whose circumference stood our old "Fort Hill school."

I am writing of this and another nearby Indian fort to embody here some description of these fortifications, and this description is written because so little is known concerning them, even in the neighborhood where they have been by the white man known for well nigh one hundred and fifty years.

Many modern archeologists class all of these Indian constructions as "mounds" built by the immediate ancestors of the Indian who were found here by the white man, and that all structures of these ancient Mound Builders were used as sepulchres.

But it cannot be that the Indian fort which I now describe and a smaller one of which I will presently briefly write could have been used as sepulchres. There is nothing in their design or their environment which would justify this opinion. There has never been a skeleton found in these Indian forts. But the boys and girls at Fort Hill school frequently found in the forts arrowheads and tomahawks. And,

indeed, these were always, and now are, found sometimes in many sections of this "Happy Hunting Ground" of Kentucky.

It is not known what Indians built these fortifications, but for defensive purposes they were certainly built, and built with forethought and intelligence.

The large fort I am describing had in its circumference three unfailing springs supplying cool, fresh water—so in case of siege this necessity was amply provided.

Nearby is a smaller round Indian fort, which is still preserved, being about two hundred feet in diameter, and was in 1850 as much as fifteen feet deep. This small fort was on Cabell's Dale, and is about half mile from the outer line of the large fort. Recent visit has shown that growth of trees, falling leaves, decaying vegetation have in time well nigh half filled this small fort. But it is even now as much as eight feet deep.

Its location is on a bluff and immediately against Elkhorn Creek to whose waters, protected by sunken path, "The Braves" always had access, while the eminence on which the fort is built would have made it then, or now, admirable for defense.

Both tradition and conjecture have it that these forts were built by the Cherokee Indians, and that their building was induced by reason of the frequent incursion of the Iroquois Confederacy, which latter were strong and warlike and aggressive.

But let us get back to Fort Hill school!

Mr. Barton soon became endeared to the people of this remarkable neighborhood. He exemplified Christian character and resolute manhood. He taught a mixed school of unusual boys and girls. Many of the girls become noted women, and many of the boys distinguished men. Among the latter were Robert J. Breckinridge, W. C. P. Breckinridge, Joseph Cabell Breckinridge, John G. Simrall and his brothers, C. C. Moore and others. These boys and girls had respect and affection for Mr. Barton, his wishes were acquiesced in, and to disregard the "good teacher" was to excite the common censure. He spared not the rod to the big boy and the small.

Steel pens were not used in those days. The goose furnished the quill and man fashioned the feather into a pen. Knowing how to make a pen from a goose quill was an accomplishment as necessary as was the knowledge of Latin and Greek and trigonometry, all of which were then part of the curriculum of the country school. It was interesting to note the dexterity with which Mr. Barton made and sharpened the quill pens used at Fort Hill school. What is still designated as the "pen knife" is a pocket knife with thin, sharp blades designed at that period as most suitable for making pens, and the name of "pen knife" still adheres to this useful bit of pocket cutlery.

My father, himself possessed of great energy, believed that every child should be taught to work. As each of his sons reached ten years of age he was made responsible "for killing, curing, and weighing out the meat."

This meant taking active part, under my father's supervision of "hog killing"—in season— of killing, scalding, cleaning, hanging and cooling and trimming, of salting down, hanging up, smoking and curing the bacon—and of weighing out to the negroes and for the "big house" the required rations in the first place, and compliance with the wishes of my mother in respect to the "big house" and in keeping account. This was no sinecure, inasmuch as the "hog killing" at Castleton represented about two hundred swine, whose killing was, for convenience, divided in about fifty hogs at each slaughtering.

In this work the beloved teacher, Mr. Barton, was my companion and real co-worker. The cutting in proper lengths of the hickory wood, the smoking and weighing and accounting, were performed by me with the unremitting aid of dear Mr. Barton. This serves as an index to Mr. Barton's energy and courtesy.

A CASE OF SUSPENDED RECOLLECTION.

While at school under Mr. Barton, I availed myself one day of the customary school privilege and obtained five minutes' recess. My time was overstayed. . . . When finally consciousness was recovered, I was lying under a majestic sugar tree into whose branches I had frequently climbed. Pulling myself together, I went back to the school house, and presented to Mr. Barton a blood-covered, nose-bleeding, split-lipped and brow-bruised boy. Mr. Barton, taking hold of me in a caressing way, asked concerning my injuries, to which I responded that I thought I had fallen from the sugar tree.

Some weeks elapsed, when one day while playing at "general recess," I observed an old gray mare, belonging to Mr. Simrall, grazing in the bluegrass pasture under the sugar tree. The suspended recollection about my bloody experience was immediately restored. I sought Mr. Barton, and explained that I remembered that this old mare was standing under the sugar tree and that I had slipped up behind her and cut her with a switch, when she instantly reciprocated my courtesy by kicking me in the face.

After two years Mr. Barton left for a professorship at Centre College. The boys held a conference, and agreed that "the rod had gone with the loved teacher," and that it should be used by none other. Its resistance, it was determined, must be individual from both large and small, but should be without exception. To combine would have been to "shut out" the teacher, and the boys determined on personal but unvarying resentment.

A Mr. Frazier was soon chosen by the trustees from a list of college graduates to be Mr. Barton's successor. I was the first offender, and had to stand alone in my resistance. The result was disastrous. The ten-year-old boy suffered sharply under the strong force of the man.

My good mother was given a full account, and, for the discipline of the school and the good of the offender, it was ordered that I should apologize and return to school. My declining to do either led to my imprisonment in a small apartment that had been originally designed for a store room and whose windows had iron bars. It seemed like a jail room. There I was sentenced to remain till compliance was agreed to, with bread and water for diet.

A faithful negro, named Isaac Byrd, was the butler. Through the iron bar in the window, my devoted friend Isaac surreptitiously supplied me with the best food, and kept me advised of the table talk which my obstinate act had induced. For three days the supposed "bread and water" diet continued, and Isaac informed me that my good mother was going to make some excuse to release her "starving and obstinate boy."

Thus, during the forenoon of that day my mother unlocked the prison door and informed me that her conclusion was not to permit me to return to school, but imposed obligations of duty for my daily routine, which I took up and performed faithfully. I recognized that this was a sort of "compromise verdict." Successive encounters with the boys at Fort Hill school made Mr. Frazier's continuance impossible, and in one month I was vindicated.

Mr. Frazier resigned, and the trustees invited a young man named H. M. Woodruff, a recent college graduate of a high order of intelligence, and a gentleman. He had just completed his course at Yale.

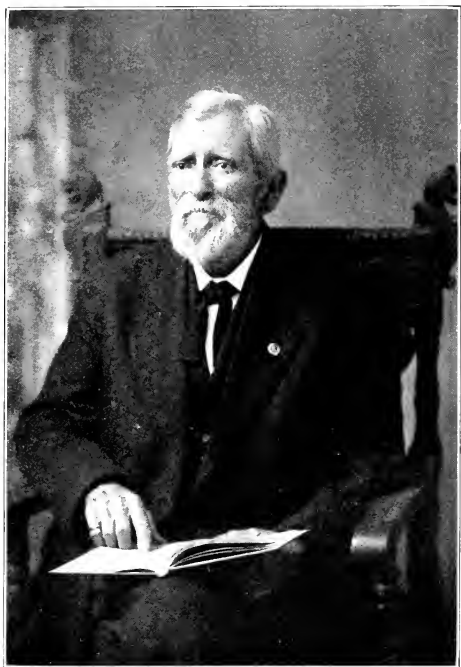
We got along well with Woodruff, who was an excellent teacher. Mr. Woodruff was an intimate friend and classmate of the late Whitelaw Reid, recently our distinguished ambassador to the Court of St. James.

The boys and girls composing Fort Hill school grew successively to mature boyhood and girlhood, and most of them were sent to college, and many of them—many of these boys and girls—became distinguished in after life.

LEARNING TO SWIM.

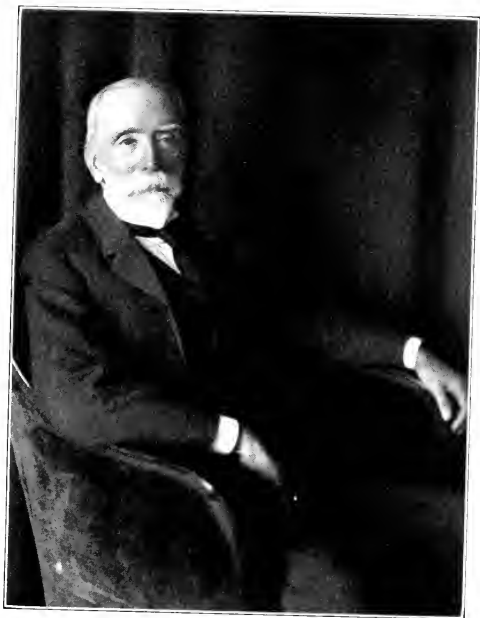
The boys at Fort Hill school were in the habit of going at "big recess" to swim in the "Water Gap Hole" in Elk Horn creek, about half a mile distant from the school house.

I had been warned—as are most boys—to "avoid going in the water till I had learned to swim." The smaller boys kept in the shallow part of the stream.



Robert Macdonald

BORN IN 1835.



Joseph M. Catell Breckinridge

BORN IN 1842.

One day I was persuaded by my beloved kinsman, Robert J. Breckinridge, to ride on his back while he swam across the creek. When this beautiful swimmer reached the greatest depth he dived. I did not wish to dive, so let go, and amused the other boys by my frantic efforts to reach the shore unaided. I have been swimming ever since.

At this time the only known survivors of Fort Hill school are Robert J. Breckinridge, age 80; Joseph Cabell Breckinridge, age 75; and the writer, age 76.

The first mentioned are men of great distinction. Robert J. Breckinridge served with ability as a member of the First Confederate Congress and afterwards as colonel of cavalry in the Confederate Army. In after life he has been a successful lawyer, an orator of distinction, and judge of his judicial district. He was attorney-general of the state of Kentucky at the time of the assassination of Governor Goebel, and in all the excitement of that critical period, he aided me greatly because he was quiet and wise in counsel.

Joseph Cabell Breckinridge served with great credit in command of artillery in the United States Army during the War between the States, became inspector-general of the United States Army, and is now major-general, United States Army, retired.

The girls who attended Fort Hill school sixty-two years ago are all dead.

The photographs of the other two of the only three survivors of Fort Hill school, of the boys who played together in 1852 are subjoined.

CHAPTER V.

A GHOST IN HOREB CHURCH GRAVEYARD.

The boys who belonged to Fort Hill school often "ran together" from considerations of congeniality and neighborhood convenience; and on Saturdays, holidays, and during vacation, they found combined recreation and amusement.

They rode and raced and hunted and played. They were welcome guests at any house in the neighborhood, and half a dozen boys and horses would be sure of a cordial greeting anywhere, even though they came unannounced.

Breadalbane was the country seat of Reverend Robert J. Breckinridge, and was distant about two miles from Horeb church.

One night a squad of these boys had "turned in" at Castleton. About 9:30 Ned, who is still living, a son of a good negro woman called Aunt Cynthia, was shown by the butler to the boys' rooms, and announced: "Marse Robert Breckinridge done come home and say he is powerful lonesome, and he did wish dat all you boys come stay wid him."

A conference was held, and Ned was told to go back and say to his "Marse Robert" that the boys would come.

This squad consisted of Charley Moore, Will Nutter, Waller Simrall, Joe Breckinridge, Charley Breckinridge and the writer.

We dressed, saddled our horses, and about ten o'clock mounted and directed our course to Breadalbane.

The four boys in front preceded Joe Breckinridge and me, for we assumed the responsibility of seeing that the farm gates of Castleton were closed, as we crossed the cow-pen woodland.

After leaving the woodlands at Castleton, the "Big Road" led by Horeb church and graveyard. As we approached the church we wondered at the fast riding of the boys in front, the noise of whose horses' feet we heard. Nearing the graveyard we divined the cause of the boys' accelerated pace, as we were alarmed by discerning a dreadful apparition midst the graves—a ghost, clad in white, mammoth in size, and with blazing mouth and nostrils and ears and hands, was, on the dark night, presented to our disturbed vision. We stopped our horses and were silent and alarmed. Joe Breckinridge, with voice not free from emotion, said "John, do you believe in ghosts?"

I was not prepared to give an unbiased opinion, for before me was a proof of the reality of ghosts. Yet my pride and the calm presence of Joe deterred me from deciding according to the evidence.

It was, perhaps, but a minute, but to me it seemed an hour, when I tremulously answered: "No, Joe, I do not believe in ghosts."

The boys possessed a number of pistols, which were then called "pepper boxes"—they would be fairly well represented by the cylinder of the modern revolver, minus the rifled barrel. These shot neither with force nor accuracy, but the "pepper boxes" afforded us practice and fun.

After my decision as to non-belief in ghosts, Joe immediately asked: "Have you got your pepper box?"

My having my pistol was then to me a strong argument against carrying concealed weapons. I was guilty of possession and answered, "Yes." Then said Joe: "You hold my horse and loan me your pistol."

Now, badly scared as I was, I realized that the fact of possession carried with it the obligation to use the gun, so I replied, "No, Joe, you hold *my* horse, and I will shoot at the ghost."

I rolled off my horse, and my hesitating legs climbed the churchyard fence.

When I reached the ground and faced the ghost, I was scared well nigh to death. I have never since then seen the wonderful Joe Jefferson as "Bob Acres" in the duel scene without thinking of my awful fear as, when on one side of the fence I stood alone, with the ghost less than one hundred feet away, while on the other side was Joe Breckinridge, "watchfully waiting" for the terrible fate that was to come to me.

I persuaded my young legs to advance a few steps toward the ghost, and raising my pistol I fired without aim. Somehow the explosion brought a bit of composure, as one in after years found to be the experience of soldiers in action, and advancing again I tried to aim, and fired. Then I was conscious that the ghost trembled, and so I advanced again, and aimed and fired. Again the ghost trembled, and I became bolder, advanced, and with some aim I fired my fourth shot. I knew Joe was watching the result.

I had two shots reserved, and sense enough to know that I must not get out of ammunition.

To my limitless relief, the ghost fled and bounded easily over the fence which I had found so difficult to climb. And at the fence the ghost abandoned his white robe and his illuminated head and hands. Joe rode up, and his voice gave me comfort. We discussed the situation, congratulated ourselves, gathered together the ghost's equipment, and with the pride of conquering heroes rode on to Breadalbane.

There, to Uncle Robert and the boys, we recounted our wonderful experiences.

The next morning Joe Breckinridge and I rode back to Taylor's Cross Roads, a few hundred yards from Horeb church and graveyard.

At the Cross Roads was a blacksmith shop, and a good man, by the name of McIntyre, was the blacksmith. To him we quietly told our horrible experience—and he, taking us into a corner said that he was the ghost!

McIntyre explained that his negro boy, Sam, who was the “anvil striker,” habitually hunted coons at night, and nodded over his anvil in the daylight. Sam was the leader of a party of young negroes in pursuit of the sport of coon-hunting, so Mr. McIntyre, to amuse himself and stop the coon-hunting habit, had resorted to the impersonation of the ghost, well knowing that the ghost is the greatest terror to all negroes.

The blacksmith went on to say that he had heard us coming, and, mistaking us for the negro boys, had moved from behind the church and appeared to rise from the graves—with the result above described.

One is reminded of the story of Norvin T. Harris, concerning the Frenchman who was invited to go coon-hunting, and who replied, with French grace and emphasis: “I tank you; I have beene.”

CHAPTER VI.

"GRANDMA BLACK CAP."

One of the highest privileges accorded such of those boys as were kin and lived in the neighborhood, was the honor of occasionally spending the night at Cabell's Dale with "Grandma Black Cap" and her dear old sister, "Aunt Lewis."

"Grandma Black Cap," be it remembered, was the widow of the Elder John Breckinridge; she was Mary Hopkins Cabell Breckinridge. She was a wonderful woman. A woman of strong affection for those near to her. A woman of great intellectual force and will power. Left a widow at an early age, she continued a widow till, in advanced age, she died, and was then, by her demand, buried, fifty-two years after his death, in the same grave with her lamented husband.

This great woman raised to manhood Robert J., Joseph Cabell, John, and William L. Breckinridge, and to womanhood Elizabeth and Mary Breckinridge—four unusual men and two remarkable women.

The prerogative of spending the night at Cabell's Dale was often exercised in rotation. The boys eligible to this honor were Robert J. Breckinridge, W. C. P. Breckinridge, Charles H. Breckinridge, Joseph Cabell Breckinridge, the writer of this narrative, and when one of her great grandsons, Cabell B. Bullock, visited the neighborhood, he would share this honor.

"Grandma Black Cap," who was sightless, was often led to the family graveyard nearby, which was enclosed by a high brick wall and entered through a pair of massive iron gates; and there this extraordinary woman would sit on the slab which covered then—and covers now, the grave of her husband.

And thence she would be led to her husband's old frame office, not far distant in the edge of the wooded land, and still standing there, although the great owner of that office has been dead now for more than a century. "Grandma Black Cap" was wont to linger here, and sometimes talked of the past. Very often have I heard her say: "My son, 'twas in this office that my husband would write to Tom Jefferson and to his other friends and it was here that my husband wrote the Kentucky Resolutions of 1798. 'Twas here that John Breckinridge transacted his private and public business."

Now that I, too, have grown old, these matters are as fresh in my memory as if 'twere yesterday.

Not long since I had the privilege of a conference with Honorable Clifton R. Breckinridge, former member of Congress, and under Cleveland's administration, ambassador to Russia. We agreed that it had

become the fashion to ascribe to others the possible authorship of the Resolutions of 1798-9, and that when one considered the close intimacy between Thomas Jefferson and John Breckinridge it seemed natural that the great political philosopher and the profound constitutional lawyer should have conferred and should have sought each others' counsel; but that no one could consider it reasonable that Jefferson should either have written the famous Resolutions or have secured their passage by a Kentucky legislature.

In the every-day domestic life of "Grandma Black Cap" one recalls a daily occurrence concerning her maid, which was a source of some amusement to the household at Cabell's Dale. Mrs. Breckinridge always had a negro maid in attendance. The life of the maid was monotonous. In order to insure her wakefulness, Mrs. Breckinridge imposed the pastime of knitting, and required that in each instance where no one was either talking or reading to her, the maid should, to her blind mistress, call "Needle" at the end of each round. Failure to call "Needle" repeatedly was reasonable proof of *sleep on post*, and invariably Mrs. Breckinridge would call, "Bettie, I fear you are asleep."

Recently Desha Breckinridge, of Lexington, asked me if I knew when the old Breckinridge Mansion of Cabell's Dale was burned. Referring to my father's letters to my brother, Robert, I find that the mansion was burned May 7th, 1851.

It was an impressive, colonial frame house, with a great square reception hall on whose walls hung numbers of portraits of the members of the family, painted by the old masters, and many of them valuable art treasures. Jouett was the most modern contributor to this rare collection, and most of these were destroyed by fire. This mansion was the gathering place of unusual people, and was the scene of wondrous hospitality, many guests coming hundreds of miles in private coaches. It was the rule in the olden days to build the residence near an unfailing spring, for in those days convenience to nature's provision of water was essential. Artificial waterworks were unknown, and cisterns supplemented nature's supply. Every mansion had a private icehouse, filled from ice cut from ponds.



THE OLD OFFICE OF THE ELDER JOHN BRECKINRIDGE, BUILT IN 1796, IN WHICH HE
WROTE THE KENTUCKY RESOLUTIONS OF 1798.

CHAPTER VII.

THE FIRST BLUE RIBBON.

In early boyhood I had already begun to take an intelligent interest in the breeding and development of a horse which, in after life, became one of my public interests and personal pleasures, and co-operating with others finally accomplished a result that is now known throughout the world as the "American Saddle Horse," an achievement thus referred to by the singularly gifted William R. Goodwin, editor of the *Breeders' Gazette*, in an article concerning the writer:

"As the foremost advocate of the most beautiful creation of the breeder's art—The American Saddle Horse. For nearly a quarter of a century, as president, he has guided the destinies of the American Saddle Horse Breeders' Association, inviting and compelling attention to the matchless beauty, finish and service of the saddle horse as developed under the auspices of that association, and he has lived to see the complete triumph of the type in America."

In 1857, then sixteen years of age, I had acquired a three-year-old gelding by "Gaines Denmark" whose dam was a thoroughbred mare by "Boston." This horse was exceedingly handsome, was three-fourths thoroughbred, was tractable, and was named "Lightfoot."

Under Isaac Byrd's very early morning criticism, "Lightfoot" was perfectly broken by the writer and unobserved by others. In October, 1857, there was held in Louisville what was designated as the "United States Fair." My mother consented to my going to Louisville to exhibit "Lightfoot" at this Fair. I was accustomed to work, which my father and mother both required, but I was quite inexperienced as a traveler, so horse and boy went under the care of the competent negro Isaac Byrd.

I knew a very small amount about the ways of the big world—but I managed to learn how to enter "Lightfoot" for exhibition. The time came for the show. There were thirty-five exhibitors in this "Saddle Class."

I rode into the amphitheatre, a green country boy on his first trip from home. The exhibition lasted two hours. I triumphed, and to my amazement, the country boy found, the next day, that he was a famous horseman.

Isaac and I sold "Lightfoot" for an unprecedented price; and with a first prize—the blue ribbon, a large check, and "swollen chests," we returned to Castleton, and modestly related to my mother, the family, the neighborhood boys, and to "the hands," vivid accounts of our experiences in the big city.

Isaac had nearly all the negroes at Castleton, and many of those from round about, to listen to his account of "how that boy of our'n did ride," and of experiences of this unusual journey of one hundred miles on the railroad.

An incident of this, my first experience as a traveler, records the misfortune of one of the best of women, who deserved a better fate.

I had made the acquaintance of a number of most delightful Louisville boys, but was careful to avoid the girls, none of whom did I wish to know.

There was a large amphitheatre occupying part of the site which is now the Louisville Water Company reservoir. This amphitheatre had, above the seats and around its entire circumference, a wide walk or promenade. With the boys I was going around this walk, looking at the mass of people who were then brought out from Louisville by the steam railroad, which provided all sorts of cars with improvised seats and ran from the old depot at Jefferson and Brook streets.

A very attractive girl was ascending the stairway of the amphitheatre, and William A. Robinson said: "John, come let me introduce you to one of our girl friends, Miss Alice Barbee." With bashful and boyish assurance of appreciation, I declined.

This very attractive young woman had the misfortune, eleven years afterward, to become my wife, and has tolerated me now for well-nigh half a century; and, aiding me in all things in life, is now helping to patch together this narrative without reasonable consideration for the unsuspecting reader who will be beguiled into perusal.

The faithful servant, Isaac Byrd, was an example of the usual fidelity of the negro to his owner, and the consideration shown to Isaac and his fellow slaves at Castleton exemplified the usual mutual affection between master and servant.

As these lines are written, Isaac has long since gone to his reward—later on I give an account of his burial—and now the writer is the only surviving soul of those days at Castleton since when more than fifty years have come and gone; the good negroes are all dead, the family all buried; and the boy of that period, by whom inconsequential events are here recorded, is now an old man, who wanders back to the long ago, who dwells upon the far distant time of childhood and boyhood when all was peace and happiness—and when to him there come memories of devoted father and mother, of sisters and brothers, and of school-mates and playfellows, he finds that those better days lose, in retrospect, nothing of their charm.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE BLUEGRASS COUNTRY.

It is probable that if, with Lexington as the center, there should be described a circumference whose diameter averages about fifty miles, one would define a country that, for beauty and fertility, can hardly be surpassed. Yet in this beautiful country the people of all degrees have been content with nature's lavish adornment, rarely considering the importance and the duty of applying man's work as a supplement to God's provision.

Thus, even to this day one rarely sees much attention paid to embellishment by the use of shrubbery, plants and young trees. Indeed, save at Ashland and at Castleton, where, in my boyhood days, effective use of shrubbery, on a liberal scale, could be found, I can recall no instance of a real attempt at artificial adornment. At this late date one still sees winding roads approaching farm houses in the Bluegrass country, sometimes through a bit of land whose timber is fast disappearing, and sometimes through an open lawn without natural or artificial reason for curving. Occasionally one sees, leading to residences, straight roads that are without any adornment whatsoever, unless fringed rows of inferior soft wood shade trees, and where unsightly outbuildings are rarely screened by plantation. The people are seemingly content with the much that God has done, and are slow to realize that the tree growth is disappearing, either through man's indiscriminate greed or under the blasts of nature's storms.

There is no good reason why, under a systematic order, public roads of good width should not be shaded by hardwood trees, but there is none, no not one, in all the Bluegrass country.

The Bluegrass country has been greatly favored by nature, for its beauty of graceful lines and marvelous verdure, under ever-thinning timber, combine to make scenes of wonderfully soft and natural splendor. To the green carpet of that country more than to any land in the world can one apply J. J. Ingalls' Tribute to Grass:

"Beleagured by the sudden hosts of winter, it withdraws into the impregnable fortress of the subterranean vitality, and emerges upon the solicitation of spring. It bears no blazonry or bloom to charm the senses with fragrance or splendor, but its homely hue is more enchanting than the lily or the rose."

Nourished by the fertile soil, the trees are hardwood varieties, and among these the sugar maple, the hickory, the blue ash, the oaks, and the black and white walnut abound. The varieties mentioned are indicative of good land, while the great beeches and poplars are

not indigenous, and, although elsewhere found in the best soils, they are considered a reproach to the Bluegrass country. Yet, even this remarkable section is marred by what is reproachfully known as the "Beech Ridge," which is a strip of land, of varying width and somewhat lacking in fertility, that begins at Union Mills in Jessamine County, stretches across Fayette County, and finally loses itself in the fertile lands of Bourbon County. On this strip of land the beech formerly grew, and from this growth the name was taken. Its blight is traceable throughout its length, from entrance into Fayette County at West Hickman Creek to point of disappearance in what the gifted Colonel W. C. P. Breckinridge described as the "exquisitely beautiful county of Bourbon."

From Professor Arthur M. Miller's investigation it is shown that the Trenton (Lexington) limestone underlies most of the area of the typical Bluegrass section, and that beyond this we find the Winchester limestone, the latter underlying soil that is less fertile and contains less phosphate; while still beyond is the Eden (Shaley Rock). And thus, with tongues of the Trenton (Lexington) rock penetrating the Winchester and forcing its way into the surrounding Eden shale, we have the Bluegrass formation which, surrounded by an irregular boundary, incites physical development of men and animals, and which is blessed with a soil production that is unsurpassed in all the world.

CHAPTER IX.

THE PEOPLE OF THE BLUEGRASS COUNTRY.

In the olden times, before the War between the States, the people of the Bluegrass country were, for that day, rich or were possessed of independent means. They were hospitable, they were democratic, and they were congenial. It is a fact that soil and climate and environment attract, and in harmonious lines develop, men and women. And so, from the people who had grown up midst the surroundings of this notable section, the influence of the Bluegrass country supplied a remarkable population. Men and women were mentally and physically attractive. They were exceptionally courteous and fair-minded, even though too often prone to resent affront.

I knew of but one family who did not habitually attend church on Sunday. The life of the neighborhood was without ostentation and all were given to simple and lavish hospitality. While still a boy I was impressed with the tact shown in the interchange of neighborhood visits. When visiting those who were less well-to-do, the wealthier neighbors so adapted dress and conveyance as to be in harmony with their hosts. So the handsome carriage, the modest vehicle, or even the riding horse was used, as seemed suitable to the occasion.

It was often the custom of neighbors to "spend the day" with one another, and I have seen two or more neighbors, on horseback or in a conveyance, arrive at Castleton early in the forenoon, bring forth knitting or sewing or a book, and stay until the setting of the evening sun. And it was the common law, strictly observed, that no one should mention unpleasant gossip. Neither theatres, concerts nor lectures were available, but the country church sermons furnished food for continued neighborhood conversation, for, mark you, those pulpits were not occupied by ordinary men.

The most animated discussions were in regard to whether immersion or sprinkling was the means of baptism authorized by the Holy Writ, whether infant baptism was required by scriptural law, and whether the Calvinistic doctrines of predestination, election and eternal punishment were to be verified by man's experience in the hereafter, all of which were subjects of unflagging interest. Nowadays one sees on church bulletin boards that there will be "Beautiful music tonight," or that "The Rev. Smith of Calcutta, will speak on 'The Indian as a Christian'." But in the olden times in the Bluegrass country, we would find tacked on the church door, a notice that:

"Dr. Robert J. Breckinridge will deliver at this, Mount Horeb, Church (Presbyterian) two services on the next Lord's Day. Preaching at 11:00 A. M. on 'Sprinkling as the Fulfillment of God's Ordained

Baptismal Sacrament', and at 2:00 P. M. on 'Infant Baptism as a Means of Salvation'."

Then we would find at the Cane Run Meeting House (Baptist) the following:

"Rev. Dr. Frost will, on Sunday following the next Lord's Day, preach in this church in answer to the Rev. Robert J. Breckinridge, taking as his main subject, 'Immersion for the Remission of Sins', being the Sacrament ordained by our Saviour when there went out, to John the Baptist, Jerusalem and all Judea and the country round about, and were baptized of him in Jordan. And Jesus, when he was baptized, 'went up straightway out of the water'. And in the afternoon of Sunday after the next Lord's Day, Rev. Dr. Frost will prove from Holy Writ that 'Infant Baptism has no Biblical Authority'."

Although then but a bit of a boy, I well remember that Dr. Frost and Elder Patrick Henry Thompson attended the services when Dr. Breckinridge preached at Horeb, and sitting near them noted that they took copious notes as a basis of answer to the great Presbyterian divine.

So, with the Baptists and Campbellites demanding immersion, and with the Presbyterians, Methodists, Episcopalians, and Roman Catholics administering sprinkling as a rule and recognizing baptism in some form to be a sacrament, the question as to Biblical authorization—as to whether either mode did not sufficiently comply with God's word—continued undetermined; and in the interest of eternal salvation it was thoroughly discussed, inharmoniously by the clergy and harmoniously by the laity, among all the people of the community.

The organized churches would not agree on differences which each considered fundamental, and among themselves there were divisions. The Baptists had their church separations, as did the Methodists. The Presbyterians, too, had their dissensions, and primarily because of the severe tenets of Calvinism, the Presbyterians furnished the material for a "Reform Movement" that finally contended against all organized human interpretation in the way of formulated belief, demanding that every man should interpret the Bible for himself.

Barton W. Stone had been a Presbyterian, as was true of all his co-workers. At first these reformers were called "Stonettes" and "Reformers"—then Stone suggested the name of Christians, because "The Disciples were first called Christians at Antioch."

Then came a great Scotch Presbyterian-Baptist preacher in the person of Alexander Campbell, who endorsed this reform movement. In this protest against Calvinism, Alexander Campbell so impressed his wonderful personality upon his followers that they became known as "Campbellites," a term that even now is often used.

As had been the case for many years previous, this was a period of emotional religion, when the individual realization of having "got

religion" was evidenced by various bodily contortions, by fits, by losing consciousness, and by running or shouting. Demonstrable religion was not in favor, and such personal evidence as to the visit of the Holy Ghost was manifested as each individual found consistent with his own experiences. The Shakers worshipped by dancing, and their churches were so arranged as to "clear the floor," while seats ran around the wall.

Governor J. Proctor Knott used to tell a story to the effect that, along in the early thirties when Barton Stone was living in Illinois, he was called to a small town nearby, where he had been chosen to settle an acrimonious division in a Reform Christian church, growing out of varied individual interpretations of the Bible. In the town there were four little churches—Presbyterian, Methodist, Baptist and Reformed or Christian. When Reverend Stone drove into the town he encountered a lad of about sixteen, to whom he said: "My dear boy, which is the Christian church?" To this the boy replied: "They is all Christians, 'ceppin' them damn Campbellites—they is all the time a-quarrelling."

As time went on and Christian people multiplied, there developed differences, which were well illustrated by a story that Governor Knott used to tell. While making a political campaign in Kentucky, one day, just at dawn, a packet boat landed him at the wharf of the good town of Henderson. He started forth to seek lodging, and, meeting a man who had evidently made a night of it, he thus addressed the inebriated citizen: "My early-rising friend, will you tell me the way to the hotel?" "Yes," replied the early riser. "Stick to the street and go straight ahead, but don't get out of the street. I got out of the street last night and been lost ever since. Go right by that building yonder, for that's the Presbyterian Church, North of God; then turn to the right until you pass the Methodist Church, South of God; you then come to the Campbellite Church of God—and then you are at the hotel."

Under varying methods of organization, "protracted meetings" were usual. The Methodists had "camp meetings," the Baptists had their "associations," and the Presbyterians had their "protracted meetings" at the churches at Mount Hopewell on the Maysville Turnpike, at Mount Horeb near the Newton Turnpike, and on the corner of Castleton. These protracted meetings were occasions of marvelous hospitality, and were tests of physical and mental endurance as well.

At these meetings there was, as a rule, a "long prayer," which in itself was, in large part, a declaration to the Almighty of our recognition of his power and achievements, and a patronizing declaration of the preacher in behalf of the elect. Two hymns, usually discordant, were then sung by the congregation; these were followed by a short prayer and another hymn; and the services would close with a sermon

of an hour's length and "more." The congregation would then serve a most abundant dinner, to which everybody was invited. To these feasts every member of the congregation was privileged to contribute, and no people ever enjoyed better food. There were served delicious meats of all kinds, vegetables of every variety, and profuse selections of the best desserts; and, as these came from people of all degrees, such occasions emphasized the fact that everybody in the Bluegrass country cooked well and lived well.

The citizens of this section were generally cultured, they patronized good schools that were always conducted by college-bred men and women whose curricula required the teaching of the higher mathematics and the so-called dead languages. After reaching the highest grade in these schools many of the boys and girls were sent to college, and one has but to call the roll of the leading professional and business men, and of the noted women, of any large community in the United States—to find therein names of men and women who hail from the Bluegrass country.

The dress of these people conformed to the requirements of extreme fashion or was simple, as the occasion demanded. The hospitality of the section was usually informally extended, but large gatherings were frequent. As a rule, weddings were occasions of feasts—a feast of this kind being generally designated as "an infair."

The churchyard and the private burying-ground on the farm were the last resting places in those days, for it was not until after the fifties that cemeteries were chartered. After that time the bodies of many of those interred in church-yards and in the neglected private burying-grounds were moved to cemeteries. At Cabell's Dale, the home of the elder John Breckinridge, the older members of the Breckinridges and some of my own family were buried. Major-General Joseph Cabell Breckinridge and I removed the remains of our dead to the Lexington cemetery. The elder Mrs. Breckinridge (Mary Hopkins Cabell) and her sister, "Aunt Lewis," were buried during the very cold winters of 1856 and 1858 and in metallic coffins such as were used in those days. The coffins had oval glass plates over the face, and these plates were in turn covered by metallic plates. The names of those we disinterred were corroded, and we were obliged to displace the plates over the faces of "Aunt Lewis" and "Grandma Black Cap"—doing this in the hope of identification so that we might accurately replace the slabs over the proper graves. This was in 1884. These two good women had been buried twenty-nine and twenty-seven years, respectively, the interments of both having taken place during extremely cold weather. The frozen bodies had doubtless continued frozen under six feet of earth, for they were in a good state of preservation and each was easily recognized.



DISINTERMENT AT CABELLSDALE, SEPT. 3, 1884.



DISINTERMENT AT CABELLSDALE, SEPT. 3, 1884.

CHAPTER X.

PREACHING IN THE BLUEGRASS COUNTRY.

The preachers in this community were not ordinary men. Indeed, it is probable that, from time to time, Mount Horeb pulpit has been filled by some of the ablest church orators in the whole land.

Dr. Robert J. Breckinridge was, in his day, recognized and designated as "The Napoleon of the Pulpit." Whenever it was known that he was to preach, no church where this gifted orator and intense controversialist spoke could hold the crowds that sought to listen to his persuasive eloquence. In after years this able and many-sided man presided as temporary chairman over the National Republican Convention that met in Baltimore in 1864 and nominated Abraham Lincoln for a second term. At this very time Dr. Breckinridge had two sons in the Confederate Army and one in the United States Army; and during the war another son died in the United States Army.

In 1850, Dr. Breckinridge preached at The Stamping Ground in Scott county, his subject being "Everlasting Punishment." As usual there were throngs of people, and this wonderful orator held, as if in a trance, a great audience, while he demonstrated, upon Biblical authority, the eternal burning of the non-elect.

The precinct of The Stamping Ground was the banner Democratic precinct of Scott county. To the political workers Democracy was a religion. The Democratic chairman was Mr. Nutter, who sought Dr. Breckinridge, and asked the great divine if he really believed the terrible doctrine he had preached. To this question Dr. Breckinridge replied: "My dear Nutter, 'tis not my doctrine, 'tis that of Holy Writ." The politician then announced: "Well, Dr. Breckinridge, I wish to say right now that the Democrats of this precinct will not endorse any such platform."

The negroes had attended in large numbers, and the wonderful eloquence of the great divine excited their apprehension. Uncle Jacob Ross, who belonged to the Castlemans, was a good negro preacher, and a large crowd of darkies gathered around him to listen to his elucidation of the remarkable sermon. Josiah, a negro religionist who belonged to the Flournoys, interrupted by saying: "Now I wants somebody to tell me whar does de devil git all de brimstone what he keeps on a-burning folks wid forever and forever." Uncle John Miller, who belonged to the Dukes and who always assumed an air of general intelligence, answered: "Why, Josiah, you ought to know better dan to ax such a question. All well informed gemmans knows dat de devil has a rule dat evry nigger got to fetch his own brimstone and enough

to boot for his marster, and if he don' fetch plenty of it den de devil won' let him in."

Soon after preaching at the stamping ground, Dr. Breekinridge preached again at Mount Horeb church on "Sprinkling as a Means of Baptism, A Sacrament Ordained by Our Saviour." As usual, a great throng of people attended, and as usual, the negro was well represented. After a most eloquent sermon, Uncle Will Lewis, who belonged to the Innis family, approached Mr. John Wallace, an elder of Mount Horeb church. Uncle Will, who was widely known and respected, said: "Marse John Wallace, I tell you for a fac' now, Marse Robert Breekinridge do talk so convincin' dat if you hears him many times you is jess bound to b'lieve him. Marse John Wallace, lemme tell you, I spec sprinklin' is all right for you white folks, but it pintedly won' do fur de nigger. You know Preacher Frederic Braxton, what belongst to de Breekinridge fam'ly, and fur a nigger he do preach mos' wonderful. Braxton am a Baptis', and he tell me dat niggers mus' be 'mersed clar under de water so as to wash 'way de sins clean. You know dat 'tain been long since Bob, what b'longst to Marse Billy Richardson, fit and stabbed Ben Puttoff, and Preacher Wilson done say how dis was 'cause Bob wa'n't baptized right. Dere was anudder baptizin' going on at de Big Hole in Elkho'n, and Preacher Wilson had to go funder up de creek wid his church, by de Indian Fort. De water wa'n't deep enough fur a tall nigger like Bob, he didn't git Bob head and shoulders under, and dat why Bob done backslide. Dey ain't no use talkin', Marse John Wallace, you jess got ter dip a nigger clar under, and de water got ter be runnin' water—den de sins is washed off in de creek, and de creek runs em in ter de Kentucky river, and den de Kentucky river runs 'em in de Dead Sea, and de sins dies. Dat's de reason us niggers don' have no baptizin' in de pon's, kaze if we did de sins don' wash away, and somebody picks 'em up agin."

In those days Mount Horeb church had a gallery on two sides, reaching from stairs on the right and left of the front doors, the windows were square, and the ceiling was arched. The windows were later made Gothic, the ceiling flattened, and the gallery removed.

Ruskin's thought, that architecture indicated the religion, the culture and the character of a people, would not have applied to this community. For every church building affected simplicity, and there were usually—perhaps invariably—the square walls and flat ceilings, without any attempt at architecture. I recall that a custom, in the olden times in these country churches, was for the women to sit on the right side of the church while the men sat on the left. This was hard on the boy who went to church with his best girl.

There was being held at Mount Horeb, a "revival meeting," and there was much interest. I had listened with an absorbing atten-

tion. It was not possible for me to understand or to believe in Calvinism and the expounding of the confession of faith. I felt that I was a free agent. I did not believe in the devil, nor did I believe in God's wrath and in torment in the hereafter. My biblical knowledge was very limited, but I believed in the love and mercy of God, and that "whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die." And I tried to comfort my bereaved mother with the thought that man, made in God's own image, was immortal and could never die.

My father had passed away, and a month thereafter my brother Robert was killed. My mother was the first consideration of everyone in her household. My thought was to do anything that would give my mother comfort. So I thought of joining the church. During the revival, those who contemplated joining the church were, at each meeting, asked to come to the front seats. It was customary for the pastor, or one of the elders, to examine the religious views of those contemplating "making a profession of religion." The pleasure that my mother would realize came to my thoughts. I was among those responding to the invitation to come to the front seats. I fell to the lot of Elder Thomas Sprake, a good man for whom everyone entertained great respect. I was asked the customary questions as to my belief, and, in a simple but frank way, gave Mr. Sprake my views about religion—and was disqualified.

Thus my unorthodox views kept me from being a member of Horeb church. But, at this writing, I am one of the trustees of the church, and I esteem this the greatest honor I have had.

CHAPTER XI.

JOHN C. BRECKINRIDGE. AND W. C. P. BRECKINRIDGE

Major John C. Breckinridge was a son of Joseph Cabell Breckinridge, and had served creditably in the Mexican War, and afterwards attracted attention at the Lexington bar as a lawyer and as a speaker. In 1851 he was nominated for Congress by the Democrats of the Ashland district, defeating General Leslie Combs. Breckinridge achieved unusual distinction in Congress, and was renominated by the Democrats in 1853.

Honorable Robert Letcher had been a most popular governor of Kentucky in the early forties, and to make sure of young Breckinridge's defeat, Letcher was nominated by the Whig party. A joint debate was arranged, to be held at the small Indian fort on Cabell's Dale. Major Breckinridge was a guest at Castleton. He was always kind to me, and took me that day to the political meeting where after careful investigation of preparation for the great dinner that was to come after the speaking, I sat on the edge of the raised platform and listened to the speeches and the cheering. I understood little of the controversy between the Whigs and the Democrats, but was impressed by the enthusiasm of the great crowd and by the wonderful voice and graceful manner of Major Breckinridge.

From miles around a great throng of people came to listen to the debate. Interest in young Breckinridge was remarkable, and to me everyone seemed to favor and to cheer him. When the debate was finished, he held me by the hand, and together we walked through the multitude. He seemed to know almost everyone and to ask about the personal affairs of many to whom he spoke. He seemed to call everyone by name and to know who was sick and who was convalescent. No wonder that, when personal association with the electorate was possible, this man was invincible.

The speaker's platform was on level ground under shade of the forest trees and near the base of the elevation on whose summit Indians had in the long ago built their small fort.

On side of the slope the following photograph, taken in 1884 shows General Joseph Cabell Breckinridge reclining on the luxuriant bluegrass. Here was a natural amphitheatre on which sat vast numbers of interested women and men, a few hundred feet away and on beyond many hundreds of horses were tied to low limbs of the forest trees. These horses had been ridden or driven by the great crowd.

South from the speaker's stand, near a small stream of good water fed by neighboring springs, there was a long deep and wide trench well filled with live coals over which the neighbors' donations



JOHN CABELL BRECKINRIDGE

of short-horn beef, Southdown mutton and well bred pigs held by iron rods had for many hours been slowly roasting. These meats were watched and turned and salted and peppered, with black pepper and finely chopped red pepper pods.

Uncle Ben was chef, and the neighbors in charge of the barbecued meats were Joseph N. Robb and James Frazier. Before the speaking was concluded the meats were removed to long board tables, where each variety was separately carved by the experienced cooks, after being dressed with minced parsley.

Facilities for baking bread were limited to numerous large iron skillets whose tops were covered with hot ashes. These skillets usually contained cornmeal bread, memory of whose goodness sixty-five years have not effaced.

West from the barbecue trench was one smaller, over which for many hours the good neighbors, Moses Randolph and Kit Kaiser had directed the slowly simmering burgoo.

Nearby stood a farm wagon in whose bed there were heaps of bones of beef, veal, mutton and chickens from which the well boiled meat had been taken and after being cut in small pieces and highly seasoned was returned to the clear soup in large covered kettles to find companionship with chopped potatoes, cabbage, beans, carrots, onions and celery. This was served with tin cups and tin spoons.

It all seemed good enough to make amalgamated union of Whigs and Democrats, but mutual courtesy did not remove political differences for each preached his own doctrines, and finally came the November election when young Breckinridge was re-elected from a Congressional district which Henry Clay had in his long brilliant political career made and kept a Whig district and on which Clay's personality had been so impressed that from the name of Clay's residence the Ashland district was everywhere known.

Now-a-days joint political debates are no more, these ceased with the War between the States, whose asperities made such discussion unpleasant—that between Lincoln and Douglas was the last of the noted joint debates.

Before he had reached the age of forty, John C. Breckinridge had become greatly distinguished in both houses of the United States Congress, vice president of the United States, Democratic nominee for president of the United States, major-general in the Confederate States Army and secretary of war for the Confederate States.

The photograph herein inserted is of Breckinridge in 1853 in the formal dress of the time, remarkable in appearance, in manly grace, in oratory, and as a very good horseman.

As memory runs back more than half a century, there is recalled the majestic appearance of John C. Breckinridge on the battle fields of

Chickamauga, to visit which I had left my invalid room at Rome and—carrying my crutches—had ridden forty miles. His staff officers present were Theodore O'Hara, (author of the "Bivouac of the Dead") Major Charles Semple, Major Thos. Clay and Lieutenant Cabell Breckinridge. One can never forget the impressiveness of the scene. The "Kentucky Brigade" had been Breckinridge's first command and was most unusual in membership. In the battles of Chickamauga it had been commanded by Brigadier-General Hardin Helm, whose wife was sister of Mrs. Lincoln.

With great emotion Breckinridge said, "Helm has been killed, Colonel Caldwell has been wounded, Colonel Lewis commands the Kentucky Brigade. Bear this message to Colonel Lewis."

Looking over his staff officers he said, "Lieutenant Breckinridge carry this message." The splendid O'Hara saluting said, "General, may I not have the privilege of bearing that message?" General Breckinridge replied, "No, Colonel O'Hara I have further service for you."

Thus was the son of the General Officer selected for the grave personal danger.

"Louisville, Ky., June 23, 1916.

My dear comrade:

With interest I have read your sketch of John C. Breckinridge and your tribute to that great citizen and soldier.

The war incident you refer to occurred during the last day's fighting of the Battle of Chickamauga. Storms of shell and shot and minnie bullets were rapidly thinning our ranks. I was then sergeant-major of the Ninth Kentucky Regiment of Infantry. My Colonel, John W. Caldwell had fallen, General Helm had been killed.

When Lieutenant Cabell Breckinridge reported to Colonel Joseph H. Lewis and rode from the field alive, his escape seemed miraculous.

Your comrade,

JOHN W. GREEN."

John C. Breckinridge was representative of a distinguished Kentucky family whose greatest orator was,

WILLIAM C. P. BRECKINRIDGE.

Memory goes back to a past midnight scene where Breckinridge spoke to a large delegate Democratic Convention assembled in Louisville in 1883 to nominate state officers.

In the early afternoon, James A. McKenzie had with wonderful eloquence, and favorable reception, nominated the gifted, cultured and lovable J. Proctor Knott for governor of Kentucky. One may find it no less difficult to define poetry than to give definition of oratory with its resultant convincing emotional effect. Perhaps Henry Wat-

terson was correct when he said that "Oratory is the power to make hearers believe what the speaker says is true even though it be not true." Or if there be accepted any interpretation contemporaneous with Pitt and Fox, or with Clay and Webster, certain it is that no man who has been designated as an orator was more effective than was Breckinridge in demonstration of convincing power of speech.

He had voice unexcelled in penetrating musical tone, with flow of beautiful language inexhaustible and persuasive, and manner earnest in gentle vehemence.

The midnight hour had passed and the first small hour of the new day had gone. Delegates were weary and drowsy after an all day vigil. It had been known that Breckinridge would speak and a vast audience of citizens had stood in weary waiting. Nomination for superintendent of public instruction was last in accepted order of Convention business. A candidate for the position was Reverend Joseph Desha Pickett. He was lovable, intelligent and faithful but without political experience. He had sought my advice and been admonished some days before the Convention assembled that he was already defeated by an opponent whose county instructed votes were more than enough to nominate, and that there could be no hope of success unless he were put in nomination by his devoted friend and Confederate comrade, Wm. C. P. Breckinridge.

In the alphabetical call of counties, the county of Adair yielded in favor of Fayette from which latter Breckinridge was a delegate. The sound of the speaker's voice awakened and interested the Convention.

The speaker tactfully declined to go to the stage, declaring, with consummate skill and manifest feeling, that he was more at home midst his fellow delegates with whom he always worked for the best interests of Kentucky and for the good of the Democratic party.

He described Pickett in the energy, culture, purity and Democracy of his every-day life, his manliness and modesty as a citizen, his courage as a soldier, and his fearless service as a chaplain.

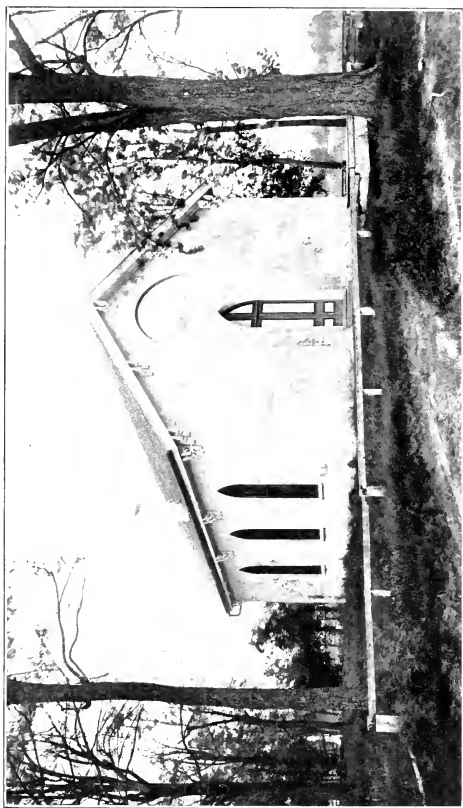
He mentioned familiar names of many Kentucky Confederate soldiers who had been killed on described fields of battle where in the midst of carnage the chaplain's arm had been the pillow on which the dying soldier had breathed his last, and whose eyes sightless had been oftentimes covered by fragments of the chaplain's well worn uniform. And finally on the battle fields of Murfreesboro, the marvelous speaker presented Pickett under shower of shot and shell by the side of the mortally wounded Kentuckian, General Roger W. Hanson whose body he eased to the ground and whose head he pillowed on the folded coat of the faithful chaplain, by the dead horse which Hanson had ridden.

In concluding, Breckinridge made a dramatic appeal to his fellow delegates saying "let us now honor ourselves and our beloved Commonwealth by nominating a man whose worthy life has day by day been an exemplification of the goodness of the Great God Almighty in loaning to Kentucky this man whose personal example has been a glorious benefaction."

The great audience was in tears and was silent. Quickly ensued indescribable and spontaneous enthusiam. The irresistible wave of the speaker's eloquence had swept away opposition. The candidate who had an hour before been defeated, was nominated by acclamation.



SMALL INDIAN FORT WITH GENERAL JOSEPH CABELL BRECKINRIDGE RECLINING
ON THE BLUEGRASS.



MOUNT HOREB CHURCH.

CHAPTER XII.

THE ORGANIZATION OF MT. HOREB CHURCH.

Mt. Horeb church was organized at Cabell's Dale, the residence of the late John Breckinridge, on Saturday, April 27, 1827.

The organizers were the widow of John Breckinridge—Mary Hopkins Cabell Breckinridge, her son—William L. Breckinridge, her daughter-in-law—Mary C. Breckinridge, who was the widow of Joseph Cabell Breckinridge, her daughter-in-law—Sophronisba Breckinridge (wife of Robert J. Breckinridge), her nephew, Joseph Cabell Harrison, the first pastor of Mt. Horeb, and his wife, Sophia Harrison.

In celebrating the eightieth year of founding Mt. Horeb church, the Rev. Dr. Thompson in an eloquent sermon, said:

"Consider what a stream of spiritual power came from the family that virtually composed the original church. Mrs. Mary H. Breckinridge had three sons who were all preachers of marked ability—John, Robert J. and William L. Mrs. Mary C. Breckinridge had but one son, whom to name will suffice, for his place in the State and in the Nation is too well known to require a comment. Reverend J. J. Bullock and Reverend John C. Young married the daughters of Mrs. Mary C. Breckinridge.

"David Castleman honored the office of elder for more than twenty years, nearly all of which time he was the clerk of session. The neatness and accuracy of his clerical work are remarkable after seventy years have passed over them. He gave the lot on which the church stands. He was prominent in the Presbytery and Synod."

The men and women of that favored country were self-reliant, just and generous in all things appertaining to their neighbors. I recall an instance which serves at once to evidence the generous thought of the neighbors, and incidentally, to illustrate the futility of attempted interference with the matrimonial intent of a woman.

Mr. and Mrs. Joshua Cromwell lived in the neighborhood of Mt. Horeb. Mrs. Cromwell died in the early fifties, leaving a little daughter who was named Sue. Thereafter, Sue was chiefly brought up by an elderly and most genteel servant of the family, who was known as Aunt Jane. Sue grew to womanhood, and was beautiful. All the while, this girl was of special interest to every neighbor, under a sort of common, though self-constituted, guardianship. It was rumored that Miss Sue was engaged to be married to Captain Z. M. Sherley of Louisville, without having consulted her neighborly guardians. The neighbors got themselves together, and appointed a committee to ascertain from Miss Sue if the rumor were true, and if so, to go to Louisville,

investigate as to Captain Sherley, and report. The committee reported that Captain Sherley was a man of wealth, position and influence, but that he was too old, and had already two sets of children by former marriages. The neighbors forthwith required Miss Sue to break the engagement. Within a year Miss Sue, without conferring further with the neighbors, married Captain Sherley. The representative of this marriage is my gifted friend and the devoted son, George Douglass Sherley.

Memory brings back a scene at Castleton, which serves to illustrate the good spirit and tolerance of the Bluegrass women. There were occasional gatherings of the heads of houses for social enjoyment and midday dinner, where the previous Sunday sermons, of any and all denominations, came up for good natured discussion.

In the autumn of 1851 there was such a gathering of these admirable women at Castleton. 'Twas a bright Saturday in October, and "we boys" were admonished by Uncle Ben, the excellent chef, and by Frank Cabell, his assistant, that the boys' dinner would be served in the breakfast room, "kaze Ole Miss had comp'ny." The butlers served us a capital dinner at noon—we had, by special request, a big dish of fried pigs' tails, for it was just after "first hog killing"—and we were out of the way. One o'clock was the hour for dinner "for Ole Miss' comp'ny," as Uncle Ben admonished us, and this was the customary midday dinner. In those days everyone served breakfast, midday dinner and supper. We had been complimented by being summoned in the drawing room to speak to the assembled company, for everywhere we were in favor. The courtesy shown us on all sides should have commanded our most considerate demeanor, but the spirit of mischief pervaded the squad, who ranged in years from nine to twelve. We were, that day, Tom McCaw, Charley Breekinridge, John Cooper, Waller Bullock and the writer. Waller Bullock was much the senior but was not able to control the younger boys.

One of the boys discovered that both cooks were out of the kitchen, and the temptation to try on them a practical joke was not to be resisted. We had a quart of blasting powder, and, dampening it quickly, we made what we called "a serpent on the floor," that is, a ridge of powder which, when lighted, would burn somewhat slowly, and started at the door when the cooks approached, would alarm good Uncle Ben who regarded gunpowder with dread. Tom McCaw had charge of the construction, and the work was well done toward the large kitchen range, when the unexpected return after short absence of Uncle Ben and Frank frightened the boys and caused Tom McCaw to lose his presence of mind.

As Uncle Ben opened the door, we bolted through the window, but Tom McCaw threw the remnant, about a pint, of his powder

in the kitchen range. Pandemonium reigned. The top of the range and the contents of the oven were seriously scattered and destroyed. We secreted ourselves outside the large kitchen porch, and, hidden by the Venetian shutters, regretted the result and awaited developments.

We were heartily ashamed of the unintentional disaster. Uncle Ben and Frank considered the situation, and concluded to send for "Ole Miss." My mother answered the summons from the drawing room, and was first indignant and then amused.

My mother finally said: "Well, we shall bring all my friends to the kitchen, and let them see for themselves, and we will make the most of it." So, all the "company" were invited to the ruins, and explanations were made. Mrs. Simrall, a dear good woman, said "Well, you all know boys. I am in favor of forgiveness and making light of it." It was observed that, on the "spit" before the large fireplace, there were a large ham and a saddle of mutton; so it was agreed that, as they had plenty left, they would forgive the mischievous and destructive boys, and think no more about it.

I am led to mention this event chiefly to testify to the wonderful poise of these women of the Bluegrass country.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE SLAVES OF THE BLUEGRASS COUNTRY.

Not only were the white people unusual, but the slaves were exceptional. Numerically, the slaves were fewer than on the Southern plantations (those raising rice, sugar or cotton), because the agriculture did not require so many. These slaves were part of every family. Their work was not hard, and their hours of leisure were many. On the larger Bluegrass farms, they lived in colonies or cabin settlements, and each family had a home where easy independence prevailed, and there the head of the home habitually came from work to his meals. Provisions were simple, but ample. A large wood-pile, common to all or individual to some, was used always with respect to courtesy and fairness.

For those not married, a mess was provided by a good cook. And I remember when "Uncle Jacob cooked for hands," how often W. C. P. Breckinridge, John G. Simrall, Tom McCaw and others used to go to the mess and enjoy, with the negro hands, Uncle Jacob's best cooking. The *picce de resistance* at the mess was what the negroes called "pot likker," which was a well-seasoned and rich vegetable soup.

I recall that my mother had, in the "big house" at Castleton, nine thoroughly trained house servants. And in all departments of labor there was organized and respectable independence.

Religion among the negroes was usual. At Castleton Uncle Jacob Ross conducted religious services every Sunday. Uncle Jacob buried the dead and married the living on many farms. He was a Baptist and believed in baptism by "dipping under the water, as necessary to wash away the sins to save the soul of the unrighteous."

At their religious meetings singing was a feature. The hymns and the music were familiar, and the hymns were "lined;" and as each line was repeated by the preacher, the words were, in song, repeated by the congregation, and the melody was carried by the singers.

Dancing was a pleasure often enjoyed by the younger negroes, but among the older ones there prevailed a strong belief that dancing with music was a device of the devil and led direct and certain to hell. ("If you dance, you burn.") But, notwithstanding this conviction, there existed among the younger element an irresistible ambition that found frequent expression. The "dancing nigger" was regarded with disfavor, yet he was not thereby deterred from seeking the temporary pleasure and confronting the danger of hell. I recall a favorite song and dance of the younger negro that ran, "Banjo on de Wall."



ISAAC BYRD

Most negroes have some appreciation of melody, and ability to play on some stringed instrument was a frequent accomplishment among the slaves. So radical was the condemnation of the violin that the "fiddling nigger" was not in good standing with the righteous. An organ in a negro meeting house would have been considered the devil's work, and would have "broke up" the congregation. This prejudice, however, still obtains among sects of the white race, in whose congregational organizations we find occasional divisions on account of church music. But there was in the religious music of the negro a notion that dancing without the sinful device of musical instruments was harmless. And, therefore, the "jig" and the "pigeon wing," accompanied by "patting to mark time," were proper.

THE BANJO.

By a bit of reasoning satisfactory to themselves, the negroes generally tolerated the banjo as a musical instrument consistent with religion, and not inhibited by God along with the "fiddle" and various other melody-supplying instruments that were considered by them as offensive to the Deity. One, therefore, often heard, emitting from the deftly touched strings of the banjo, such music as seems to have died with slavery.

In frequent admonition of the religious sanction of this inspiring instrument of delightful melody, I recall a constantly repeated "Song to the Angels," as sung by Joe Baker, a young negro who belonged to the Wares. One verse of the song ran:

"An de very angels from heaven would dance around dis hall,
If dey heard dat good ole banjo what I hang up on de wall."

Although more than sixty years have passed, with intervening childhood joys, boyhood happiness, and manhood pleasures, with two wars, and with vicissitudes and experiences that were unusual, there linger, as if it were but yesterday, recollections of the never-equalled banjo picking of good old Uncle Simon, who had long been numbered among the pensioners. His head was fringed with short white hair, and his cranium resembled a mammoth peeled onion. And Uncle Simon's banjo looked as old as he. But ah, such melody as old Uncle Simon brought forth from that old banjo! By everyone, white and black, he was accorded the first place as a "banjo picker." And along with the unchallenged distinction, Uncle Simon was what the negroes called "some on poetry." He was a composer, an improvisator.

Familiar and oft-repeated verses of this "poet" I recall as impressing the fancy of the children, and their repetition was often asked by the admiring little ones.

"An de possum in de 'simmon tree,
 De raccoon on de ground;
 De raccoon say, 'You son of a gun,
 You better shake dem 'simmons down'."

And so on without limit, ran Uncle Simon's verses; and with tireless fingers, the old man played and played.

Guests at Castleton habitually asked for Uncle Simon and his banjo. In 1851 my father entertained a body of Presbyterian preachers (I think 'twas the Lexington Presbytery), and all the preachers in the community were invited to dine with them. Reverend Mr. Simrall, who was then pastor at Horeb, asked that they might hear Uncle Simon, and, on the spacious porch on the west side of the residence, Uncle Simon played and the others danced. And all the preachers clapped hands and patted feet, keeping time with the wonderful banjo. Uncle Simon then proceeded with this soliloquy, singing and keeping time with his banjo:

"De banjo, de banjo, en dey done heerd de banjo;
 Gals and boys, ole en young, is dancin' wid de banjo.
 Now Aunt Sookey, jump up high, and cut de pidgin wing;
 En Uncle Wilyum, foller her, and beat her if you kin.

"De banjo, de banjo, all is dancin' wid de banjo.
 Now eight's de limit, en you older wait you' tu'n;
 En if dese preacher gemmans dance,
 All cleer de flo' for dem.

"For dey is de Lord's an'inted,
 En de banjo is God's app'inted;
 En all mus' dance what gits de chance;
 De banjo, de banjo, all mus' shuffle wid de banjo."

And so ran Uncle Simon's familiar lines, accompanied by his tireless banjo picking.

Uncle Simon was proud to proclaim that "I come from de Randolphs, and my mammy and pappy used to belong to Marse Peter Jefferson; and many is de time I done wait on Marse Tommy Jefferson, up to de time he got ter be president. Den I belong to Marse Robert Carter Harrison; and come wid him and Miss Ann, when dat chile (pointing to my mother) was borned at Colonel Lewis' home in Virginy. My mammy and pappy did'n like to call me jess Peter, after Marse Peter Jefferson, so mammy call me Simon, and daddy uster call me Simon Peter, kaze daddy say dat was de name of one of Jesus' boss men."

I was less than eleven years old when Uncle Simon passed away, and my parents had him buried in the Harrison burying ground at Elk Hill.

“Dem banjos b’longed to by-gone days
When times an’ chunes was rare,
When we was gay as chilluns—’cas
We didn’t have a care.

But when we got our freedom, we
Found projickin was done;
Our livin’ was to make—you see,
An dat lef’ out de fun.

We learned to vote, an’ read, an’ spell,
We learned de taste ob tears.
An’ when you gets dat ’sponsible
De banjo disappears.”

THE NEGRO ESTIMATE OF PROPERTY.

The good Mr. Samuel Laird, a most liberal supporter of Horeb church and the donor of a handsome parsonage, had a valuable negro named Uncle Manlius. In many ways the slaves were allowed opportunity to make “extra money.” This was, among other means, found in the breaking of hemp, a crop universally raised in the Bluegrass country. When the hemp had ripened and had been cut and rotted (which meant that, from spreading on the ground and exposure to weather, the fibre had relaxed its hold upon the stalk) it was set up in shocks. After this came the breaking, which meant crumbling the stock to pieces and liberating the fibre.

The task of the “hand” when breaking hemp was one hundred pounds, and for all broken, each day, in excess of that weight, the negro slave was allowed pay at the rate of one dollar per hundred-weight. And in those days we had no “reaper and thresher” to invade the grain fields, and, with humanized mechanism, cut and tie and thresh and sack the grain. The grain was cut by hand with cradles, and one often saw a score of “cradlers” following their “leader,” across a field. It was a beautiful sight, but it was expensive farming. This was an added means of earning “extra money.”

So, by utilizing all the opportunities that came to hand, Uncle Manlius accumulated enough money to “buy his freedom.” He paid Mr. Laird an agreed sum, and was no longer a slave.

One day, while fishing at the water dam of Hoffman’s mill, Uncle Manlius fell in the water, and was well-nigh drowned. The next day he went to old Mr. Laird and said: “Marse Sam, ef it don’ mek no diffunce to you I’s e gwine git you to gimme back my money en lemme keep on b’longing’ to you, kaze I done fin’ out dat a nigger is mighty onsartin prop’ty, en I don’ wan’ own none.”

A NEGRO'S TRIBUTE TO YANKEE GENIUS.

Many years later, Governor Knott told of two negroes' surprise at the result of applied electrical force.

It was the first day that electric cars were started in Louisville, and my guest, Governor Knott, stood, a pleased observer, at the corner of Fourth and Green streets. Two negroes, with shovels on their shoulders, came along, and then stopped in amazement and fear.

"Bob," said one, "what dat pullin' dat street car?" "Why, Jim," replied the other, "you knows hit's a mule. Dey ain' nothin' but a mule kin pull a street car."

"Well," said Jim, "whar's de mule? Now, Bob, I boun you ef it ain't some mo' of dem Yankee doin's. Fore God, Bob, dem Yankees sho is gret folks. Dey come down here in de war and freed de nigger, en now if dey ain' done gone en freed de mule."

Reference has hitherto been made to the fidelity and companionship of good Uncle Isaac Byrd, and now we come to bury him. The account of his burial is taken from the *Courier-Journal* of June 30, 1904.

THE BURIAL OF THE FORMER SLAVE, ISAAC BYRD.

General John B. Castleman and Mr. Breckinridge Castleman returned yesterday from Lexington, where they attended the funeral of Isaac Byrd, an old family servant, who died Friday night in his ninety-sixth year. The funeral was held in the First Baptist church, and the interment was in the family lot in Lexington cemetery. General Castleman was greatly moved at the death of the old negro, to whom he was bound by the ties of affection that existed between the master and the slave in Kentucky families.

It was an unusual sight to see two men, each engrossed with private business and public duties, leave their affairs to go to another city to attend the funeral of a negro. And yet it is not without parallel, even in the Castleman family, for Isaac Byrd's mother and his sister are buried in the cemetery in St. Louis in the family lot of Judge Samuel Breckinridge, General Castleman's brother-in-law. The occurrence is simply an illustration of the relations existing between the family of a slave-holding Kentuckian and his blacks; kindness and justice on one hand being repaid with loyalty, honesty and affection on the part of the others. A true record of the life of Isaac Byrd would prove a liberal education to many who are seeking a solution of the race problem.

Isaac Byrd was born at Elk Hill in 1808, two years after the birth of Mrs. Castleman, the mother of General Castleman. From his birth he belonged to Colonel Robert Harrison, General Castleman's grandfather. When Miss Virginia Harrison married David Castleman, Byrd was given to her to be her coachman, and lived at Castleton, now the beautiful stock farm of James R. Keene, of New York, and the residence of Major F. A. Daingerfield. During the Civil War he was loyal to his master, and, joining the Confederate Army, he fought with Price in Missouri. Since the war he had lived in or near Lexington, and was always polite, honest and faithful—a typical old-fashioned darkey.

UNCLE AWES.

In the summer of 1892 my family was called to Lexington to attend the funeral of a dear relative. In the afternoon my daughter Elise, Dr. Preston Satterwhite and I drove out to the Castleton neighborhood to visit an old friend who was named for my father. In returning from our visit to my very ill friend, David Castleman Vance, we stopped on the Mt. Horeb Road, which runs along-side of a most beautiful Castleton woodland, which, in the olden time, was designated by my father as the "cow pasture." 'Twas the same woodland by whose pond Company D had bivouacked after the fight at Taylor's Cross Roads, just thirty years before.

While we stood there, along came an elderly negro man whose face indicated intelligence and good association. Addressing myself to him, I said, "Uncle, do you live in this neighborhood?" When I spoke to him, the old darkey who walked with a limp, halted and took from his shoulder a hickory cane, on the end of which hung a small bundle wrapped in a large plaid handkerchief. He removed the bundle, placed it on the grass, adjusted the cane near his feet, with both hands resting on the handle, and then, raising his head, replied: "Yassir, I does, an I'se lived here fur sev'nty-six years. My name is Awes, en dey calls me Uncle Awes." "Then, Uncle Awes, you probably know everybody here." "Yassir, I knows all of 'em what's wuth knowin', en a sight of dem what ain' wuth knowin.' Times, suh, is changed, en heaps of folks roun' here now is diffunt f'om what dey was befo' de war."

To the question as to whom he belonged before the war, Uncle Awes replied: "I use' ter b'long in slave time to Marse Shelton Moore. Den he live' over yonder on de Witherspoon place, whar Dr. Wilyum L. Breckinridge use' ter live, and whar Mis' Mary Moore Brent lives now, en Mis' Mary's husban'. Major Brent, en he was kill' in de war wid Gin'l Morgan. En I knows in de ole times de Moores end de Dallams en de Kaisers en de Gorhams en de Brents end de Hughes en de Breckinridges en de Harrisons en de Castlemans en de Cromwells en de Atchisons en de Russells, en I knowed ev'rybody, en I'se kep' de run of a heap of 'em en of de chillun." Uncle Awes proceeded to tell of many of the younger generations, showing his unremitting interest.

"Well, Uncle Awes, have you walked far?" "Well, suh, I'se walked today 'bout twelve mile. I'se jus' come from Paris. Kaze, suh, I heerd yistiddy dat Marse Charley Moore dun been put in jail kaze he print a scand'lous talk on Brother Sweeney; en Brother Sweeney dun had Marse Charley put in jail for what dey calls libel. So I walked to Paris yistiddy, en went to de jail en tole Marse Charley

I wan' help him; en Marse Charley cry, en I cry, en Marse Charley say: 'Dear Uncle Awes, you can' do nuthin' fer me, but I loves you fer comin.' So when I fin' I can' do no good, I come back."

Charles C. Moore was then editor of the "*Bluegrass Blade*," and this editor's pen was sometimes merciless where his criticism was provoked.

After Uncle Awes had entertainingly "reminisced" about the olden times, I pointed towards the residence of Castleton, and asked if he could tell me who, in the old days, lived there. The old man's face perceptibly brightened, and he replied, with evident pleasure: "That, suh, is Castleton, en befo' de war Mr. David Castleman en Mis' Virginny Castleman use' ter live thar, en dat's whar ev'rybody, black en white, had a good time. En I druv Marse Shelton Moore's kerrige to de weddin' of de three young ladies. Mis' Virginny Castleman ain' no young 'oman, fer sartin, but all the same she come' back here twice a year, en all de niggers goes to see Mis' Virginny, en she never fail to have some present fer every one of de ole-time suhvants."

Uncle Awes was most enthusiastic when referring to my mother and father and to my sisters. So I ventured to ask concerning the boys of the family. "Well, suh, young Marse Robert got kill', en he was de bes' of de boys." When I asked about the boy of my name, Uncle Awes surprised me and amused my guests, when he unhesitatingly replied: "Now, don' talk 'bout dat boy, fer he was de wust boy dat ever was fetched up in dis here neighborhood." Upon asking for a bill of particulars I was somewhat comforted to find that my bad character and the indictment of Uncle Awes, were chiefly based on my mischievous habit of playing practical jokes a sport in which I had indulged rather freely.

Uncle Awes' "Marse Charley." C. C. Moore was a many sided man of ability and courage, with some peculiarities. He was in succession a scholar, a traveler, a Campbellite preacher, an infidel and an editor. He was loyal to Uncle Awes, who, in turn, was devoted to his "Marse Charley." This further testifies to the relation of mutual affection between master and slave.

At this writing, Uncle Awes has passed away, and my old friend, Charles C. Moore, when I recalled Uncle Awes' account of our meeting near Castleton, feelingly referred to by the memory of the faithful servant, told me, with emotion, that Uncle Awes was dead, and that, with his own hands, he had made the coffin, dug the grave, and buried the devoted old slave.

Thus did the master love the servant, and the master's trust in the slave is shown by the numberless instances of families and estates being left in the charge of negroes, while the master, and some-

times all the male members of the family, fought in the Confederate Army. If this confidence was ever misplaced or the master's trust ever betrayed, the story has never been told.

The young slaves were generally the playmates of the white children. The older negroes were the faithful, trusted and often highly trained servants of the master. The interests were mutual, and almost always contentment and happiness prevailed.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE STATE OF KENTUCKY.

Not from the partial testimony of the writer, not from the traditional prejudice that "Kentucky is the best place outside of Heaven the good Lord ever made," but from the facts of history it is stated that nowhere is found a land with a people more attractive or more loyal. A Kentuckian is always a Kentuckian.

Kentucky laws have often been defective, courts often faulty in administration of justice, statutes enacted and retained, which were designed to further local interests, have served to promote local violence.

The isolation of the mountainous section of the state has had few parallels. Peopled by Scotch and Irish, with traditional spirit of manliness and womanliness, in a country whose courts were often but a mockery, whose country was fringed by mountains of difficult passage, whose country was penetrated by no railroads, whose counties were subdivided to the prejudice of that degree of conservatism found most often in large populations. A country where politicians prompted multiplication of county governments for the increase of county officials.

In such a section of Kentucky where the state had neglected to do its duty, self-reliance took the place of local government. Family and neighborhood affiliation was made necessary by the absence of the law's enforcements.

And thus, from individual self-reliance, family protection and neighborhood fraternization, there came occasionally difficulties which were denominated "feuds." And the writer knows, from long personal and official identification with these feuds, that to the non-enforcement of the law, to the faulty organization of local government and absence of judicial and official fairness, and not to the fault of the people of Eastern Kentucky, had originated the "feuds" which so long discredited Kentucky. Yet with all the conditions which made, midst these good people, disorder inevitable, courtesy and hospitality to strangers were invariable.

As adjutant-general of the state in 1883 and after, I felt no hesitancy in going anywhere alone, representing the commonwealth and commissioned by Governor Knott to deal directly, in a spirit of fairness, with any trouble, no matter how serious.

Thus, as an example, Andrew Johnson of Bell county had the fifth murder charge against him. The sheriff of Bell county—in 1886—had asked for troops to compel Andrew Johnson, then supported by a strong, armed posse, to submit to the civil authority. Judge Finley was the presiding judge of the Judicial District.

In an elective judiciary one too rarely finds judicial independence. The element represented by Andrew Johnson was an important part of Judge Finley's electorate. Judge Finley protested to Governor Knott against sending troops to his district. The judge did not make a favorable impression on Governor Knott. Governor Knott authorized me to send any number of troops to Bell county that would compel respect for the civil authorities. Governor Knott always left to me absolute discretion.

I had an intimate personal knowledge of the hospitality, the kindness and the reasonableness of the character of the people of Eastern Kentucky.

I left troops under orders at their posts, and went alone to Bell county. The nearest railroad station then was Woodbine, twenty-eight miles distant from Pineville, the county seat. From there I rode with G. M. Adams on horseback. Adams was a fine character, an able man, a member of Congress. He was my friend, and begged me not to execute my purpose. I did not agree with Mat Adams, either in respect to any danger or impracticability. I would not even stop at the Democratic hotel (Hoskins') with Adams. I went to the Republican hotel (Bingham's) and, by Judge Finley's invitation, shared Judge Finley's room. Judge Finley complied with my request to put at my disposal some good citizen with general acquaintance, who would introduce me to everybody. He selected John Marsden. "Every one" was in town to attend "opening of court." John introduced me to hundreds of people. Where they were obviously intelligent, I sought information concerning conditions that had induced twenty-two felony indictments in a county having a voting population of 1,100. In a few hours I had an accurate opinion of real conditions.

Judge Dishman of Barbourville (an eminent lawyer and most agreeable man) and Judge Boyd were Andrew Johnson's attorneys. By the consent of Leander Johnson, I called at his house a conference of Andrew Johnson's two lawyers, of his two brothers, Leander and James, and of "Uncle Rice Johnson," the father. I explained, in a courteous and positive way, that the civil law must be enforced, that I disliked to compel by use of troops, and proposed first to persuade by appeal to reason. To this end I announced my purpose to go that afternoon to James Johnson's house, where I knew Andrew was quartered with his "backers." In four years' service as adjutant-general, and in twenty years' experience in maintaining order in the state, I never asked others to share my responsibility. I considered carefully and—then acted. I announced that, while agreeing to the reasonableness, from Andrew's standpoint, of his "backers," yet I demanded, as a state official, that I must not see any organized resistance to civil authority. Andrew Johnson was civil but defiant, and surprised at my declaration that I

never bore arms. I explained that I did not carry concealed and deadly weapons because it was unlawful.

The next night Andrew Johnson returned with me to Pineville, and surrendered to the civil authorities. No one could have been more hospitable than were Mr. and Mrs. James Johnson.

Memory carries me back to a story told by Lieutenant-colonel William Preston. His regiment—the Fourth Kentucky—had been mustered out after the close of the Mexican War in 1846. All soldiers had been furnished with rations and travel allowance. Colonel Preston stopped in New Orleans and heard that one of his good soldiers, Thomas Harp of Mason county, was in jail for fighting, charged with disorderly conduct. Colonel Preston went to the jail to ascertain if he could serve his comrade. Harp explained that he could not understand why he should have been arrested, that he was on the levee, that he had a dispute with draymen, and picked up a dray pin and knocked five men down, and merely for that he had been arrested. "Well," said Colonel Preston, "what can I do for you, Harp?" The answer of his belligerent comrade was: "Colonel Preston, all I ask is to get out, so I can go back to Kentucky and fight in peace."

I quote his eulogy on "Kentucky" from my friend and gifted fellow citizen, Judge James H. Mulligan:

"In Kentucky deeds of violence are all too numerous, still the sharp crack of the rifle accentuates the mistaken spirit of independence, seeking individually to redress a real or fancied wrong; these tell the story of a people driven to desperation by monopoly entrenched behind subsidized legislation and placated courts with their cant of patience and jargon of vested rights.

It was this spirit which assembled the first public convention that ever assembled in all the immeasurable vast empire stretching from the Allegheny Mountains to the blue waters of the Pacific, that same convention from which Clark took his credentials as a delegate to Virginia, disappointed and angry that he was so sent, rather than as the representative of an independent people, as he held the Kentuckians to be; this spirit which fought the disastrous battle of the Blue Liesks, that gave the first newspaper, the first novel to the now mighty west, that dictated the Resolutions of 1798, that manned the cotton bales at New Orleans, that gave more than ninety Kentucky governors to twenty-five other states, with senators and congressmen innumerable.

Like a giant aroused by the stinging onrush of the time Kentucky gave Lincoln to the North and Davis to the South, all to end by taking a conspicuous part in a long and bitter contest and to furnish to both sides of the conflict more than her full quota of her sons.

And so, as tragedy is inseparably linked with romance, Kentucky is passing rich in inspiring memories and ennobling traditions. Her children carry in their veins the provincialism, the rash impetuosity of the Shannon and the Clyde, the romantic disposition, the poetic instinct, the sentimentality, the spirit of clanship, the generosity that lingers amid the heather on Ben Lomond, that floats sweetly in the mists over the green hills of Ulster."

Breckinridge Castleman in his address on "Democracy and Service" at Lexington in 1911, said:

"The Kentuckian, of all peoples, is the most indigenous that grows. Put him where you will—in the uttermost parts of the earth—and he bids defiance to the influence of alien environment. He cannot be transplanted except in blue-grass soil, and he does not amalgamate but with his kind. If this makes for provincialism, it also makes for distinction of type."

Kentucky from its admission to the Union of states has been at fault in not being positive in state matters, and in being injudicious in its law's enforcement.

Even when came the trying period of determination of the state's attitude in the War between the States, Kentucky was lacking in positive declaration, and resorted to the untenable and not creditable position of "Armed Neutrality." Thus were Kentucky's sons without guidance, and again was their accustomed and obligatory habit of individual action and self-reliance superinduced by a state for which they had loyal affection, but which state had actually compelled the worst illustration of Civil War. Thus, in exercise of individual judgment, households were divided, and in many instances both the Confederate Army and the United States Army had representatives from the same family. Kentucky furnished the heads of both governments in the War between the States. Abraham Lincoln and Jefferson Davis were both Kentuckians. Both were of great ability, but of very different temperaments. Both had served their country in army and in political life. Davis was impetuous and dictatorial, but was brave and loyal to duty. 'Twas Colonel Jefferson Davis of the United States Army, commanding a regiment of Mississippians in the battle of Buena Vista, whose courage and ability saved the United States Army from disastrous defeat. 'Twas Colonel Jefferson Davis who, on that field seriously wounded, refused to leave his command, and drove the exulting and overwhelming Mexicans back and rescued General Taylor's wavering troops and brought victory to United States arms.

Abraham Lincoln was tolerant and tactful, and unflinching. It is of small public interest that the writer owes his life to this great man. This will be mentioned further on, and is of no importance other than as exemplification of the greatness of Lincoln in dealing always with the smallest detail which involved the welfare of individuals, even midst tremendous public responsibilities.

Thus did the God-like man brush aside for a moment great public duties and listen to Mrs. Lurton's story of her young son, Horace, who serving in Morgan's Cavalry, was captured at Buffington's Island, sent to Johnson's Island as a prisoner, and then ill with fever, the

mother asked that she might carry her boy home to be nursed or to die. Abraham Lincoln, with moistened eye, wrote, "Give this good woman her son." That son was a brave boy in the Confederate Army, and is today an able Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States.

I am privileged to quote Henry Watterson's magnificent tribute to Lincoln, May 31, 1909, at Hodgenville, Kentucky, at unveiling of Lincoln statue in his native county of Larue.

HENRY WATTERSON'S ADDRESS.

"If the wise and good men who made the republic, and the brave and hapless men who fell on both sides in the War of Sections could have survived to this day, they would feel that they have not lived in vain; they would realize that they builded wiser than they knew; beholding a reason for their sacrifices and travail, in the fusion of a huddle of petty sovereignties held together by a rope of sand, into an empire as splendid and as solid as England, and a world power strong enough to stand against the universe."

Mr. Watterson sketches the founders of the republic, and the conditions which had provoked the conflict of sections, evolving Abraham Lincoln out of the primitive elements of American life and thought. Then he continued substantially as follows:

"We are assembled today near the spot where Abraham Lincoln was born, to dedicate a memorial in his honor. This memorial is a tribute from the state of nativity. It is a fitting tribute, for it comes ungrudgingly.

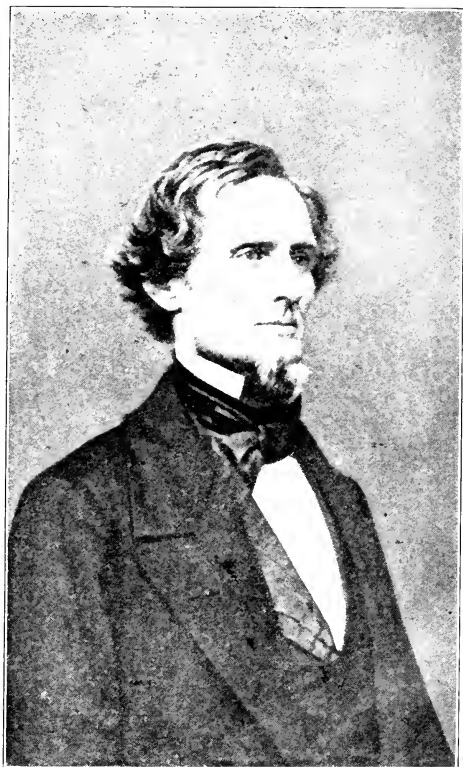
The men composing a majority of the official body which ordained it called themselves Democrats. He was a partisan Republican. The Republican party and the Democratic party yet abide. They face each other sometimes in angry and always in spirited controversy. How comes it that Democrats find inspiration in the name of that Republican, who, more than all others, gave life and perpetuity to the Republican party, and gather lovingly about the site of the cabin in which he first saw the light, to join their Republican fellow-citizens in heartfelt homage?

The answer to this question discloses a national asset and constitutes a blessed heritage. It is that, underlying the thought of the people, party is second to country; that party lines are not lines of battle, separating hostile armies, but divisions of sentiment and opinion touching exigencies which are constantly shifting; that there is usually a certain amount of truth and error on both sides of our popular contentions; that we strive in the ultimate equation to reach the least objectionable of the sum totals; that, in short, disputing among ourselves as partisans at home, we are instantly ready, when pressure comes from abroad, to unite as Americans; and that, after election, the fight being over, its passions are laid under the genial influence of a political system organically resting upon public opinion and party responsibility.

Born, as lowly as the Son of God, in a hovel, reared in penury, squalor, with no gleam of light or fair surrounding; without graces actual or acquired; without



Sincerely
Henry Watkinson



JEFFERSON DAVIS

name or fame or official training; it was reserved for this strange being, late in life, to be snatched from obscurity, raised to supreme command at a supreme moment and intrusted with the destiny of a nation.

The great leaders of his party, the most experienced and accomplished men of the day, were made to stand aside; were sent to the rear, whilst this fantastic figure was led by unseen hands to the front and given the reins of power. It is immaterial whether we are for him or against him; wholly immaterial. That during four years, carrying with him such a weight of responsibility as the world never witnessed before, he filled the vast space allotted him in the eyes and actions of mankind, is to say that he was inspired of God, for nowhere else could he have acquired the wisdom and the virtue.

Where did Shakespeare get his genius? Where did Mozart get his music? Whose hand smote the lyre of the Scottish plowman, and stayed the life of the German priest? God, God, and God alone; and as surely as these were raised up by God, inspired by God was Abraham Lincoln; and a thousand years hence, no drama, no tragedy, no epic poem will be filled with greater wonder, or be followed by mankind with deeper feeling than that which tells the story of his life and death."

I am sure that the tribute to a fallen and beloved leader, uttered by the adjutant-general on the staff of General Simon Bolivar Buckner, and then great as Bishop of Louisiana, would not be inserted here were it not only a very beautiful but a very just tribute.

I am sure that this eloquent speech would not here be preceded by the Bishop's comrade and fellow staff officer, Colonel Robert W. Wooley's letter, if that letter were not in itself an eloquent tribute to the great chieftain, and a just expression of admiration and affection for this friend and comrade, then become "the foremost champion of the church militant."

Galleher and Wooley have both passed away as these words are penned, and their going left vacancies in the ranks of the Brilliant that few men could ever fill.

Colonel R. W. Wooley wrote of the beautiful tribute found in Bishop Galleher's eloquent words at Jefferson Davis' funeral:

"The body of the great chief of the Confederacy lay in state in the lofty hall of the city of New Orleans, guarded by thousands of people to keep it from the claims of other states that demanded the honor of holding the sacred remains. Thousands of men and women came to the street and beautiful park in front to render tokens of respect by their presence and grief. Not a word was uttered. Quiet reigned supreme as on a Sabbath evening, and as pure. In that sorrowing crowd was the soldier who had bent his sword into the shepherd's crook, and had become the foremost champion of the church militant. Silence was gently broken, and the blessing of the good bishop was asked to be offered over the body of the illustrious dead. Slowly mounting the grand steps of the towering portico, the soldier-minister of heaven spoke to the stricken people the words I now send to you."

The Bishop of Louisiana spoke:

"The end of a long and lofty life has come; and a moving volume of human history has been closed and clasped. The strange and sudden dignity of death has been added to the fine and resolute dignity of living.

A man who, in his person and in history, symbolized the solemn convictions and tragic fortunes of millions of men, cannot pass into the glooms that gather around a grave without sign or token from the surcharged bosoms of those he leaves behind, and when Jefferson Davis, reaching 'the very seamark of his utmost sail,' goes to his God, not even the most ignoble can elide the majestic mourning, the sorrowing honors of a last salute.

I am not here to stir, by a breath, the embers of a settled strife, to speak one word unworthy of him and of the hour. What is writ is writ in the world's memory and in the books of God. But I am here to say for our help and inspiration that this man, as a Christian and as a churchman, was a lover of all high and righteous things; as a citizen, was fashioned in the old, faithful type; as a soldier, was marked and fitted for more than fame, the Lord God having set on him the seal of a pure knighthood; as a statesman, he was the peer of the princes in that realm; as a patriot, through every day of his illustrious life was an incorruptible and impassioned defender of the liberties of men.

Gracious and gentle, even to the lowliest—nay, especially to them—tender as he was brave, he deserved to win all the love that followed.

Fearless and unselfish, he could not well escape the lifelong conflicts to which he was committed. Greatly and strangely misconceived, he bore injustice with the calmness befitting his place. He suffered many and grievous wrongs, suffered most for the sake of others, and these others will remember him and his unflinching fidelity with deepening gratitude, while the Potomac seeks the Chesapeake, or the Mississippi sweeps by Briarfield on its way to the Mexican Sea.

When on the December midnight the worn warrior joined the ranks of the patient and prevailing ones, who

'Loved their land, with love far brought if one of the mighty dead gave the challenge: "Art thou of us?"

He answered: "I am here." " "

More eloquent than many have spoken is the tribute to both Abraham Lincoln and Jefferson Davis by the Honorable George Baber, in Washington, April 7, 1907. Mr. Baber said:

"Discarding all partisan or sectional sentiment and contemplating the eminent relation borne by these illustrious sons of Kentucky to the most gigantic struggle of modern centuries, I am free to say that the impartial historian will, in all coming time, assign to them the most exalted places in the annals of the world's greatest epoch. Their names, though leading opposing forces in civil strife, shall be held always in patriotic reverence by the united American people everywhere."

By now going back for a time in the history of Kentucky and Kentuckians, let us recall that in 1778 Kentuckians under George Rogers Clarke drove the Indians and the English from what are now

the states of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, and extended the boundaries of our country to the Mississippi and to the Great Lakes.

Kentucky furnished more than one-third the troops that for the United States fought the War of 1812. Kentucky alone fought and won the Battle of the Thames. Kentucky furnished and mounted Colonel Richard M. Johnson's regiment of cavalry in May, 1813, and in answer to the call of Governor Isaac Shelby, issued July 31, 1813, furnished August 31, 1813, ten regiments of cavalry, assembled by companies in their respective counties, and rendezvousing at Newport, Kentucky, after marching from seventy-two to two hundred miles. And not only this, but these ten regiments furnished their own horses and equipment and arms, bringing rifles where they had rifles, or tomahawks where they had only tomahawks, and it may be correctly said that no volunteers in the army of any country have exemplified so much heroism as did these ten regiments of mounted men who answered the summons of Kentucky within thirty days, ready, with equipment utterly inadequate to demolish the Indians and to drive the British from the country.

Kentucky supplied the volunteers which aided Perry to win the great naval victory of Lake Erie.

Kentucky gave to the world Foster, with a musical literature superior to any, creating an atmosphere of simple melody having none to equal. A music not of the negro, but coming from environment that made possible: "My Old Kentucky Home," "Old Black Joe," "Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming," "Old Folks at Home," "Nellie Bly," "Massa's in de Cold, Cold Groun."

Foster's music breathes a pathos and a charm unsurpassed in all the music world.

Kentucky furnished to the world the greatest surgeon of his time, Ephraim McDowell, "the father of ovariectomy."

Kentucky gave John J. Audubon, the greatest ornithologist who ever lived.

Kentucky supplied to the world, through John Fitch, the first steamboats.

Kentucky contributed Theodore O'Hara, author of "The Bivouac of the Dead," and in authorship of prose and of poem stands in front with men and women of letters, with orators, soldiers, editors and statesmen.

THE KENTUCKY MOUNTED GUN MEN AND THE SABINE WAR.

By Treaty in 1831, negotiated by Henry Clay, the Sabine River was established as boundary between Mexico, on the Texas border, and the United States.

Jackson in 1835 endeavored and failed to acquire by purchase the territories of Texas and California. A large number of Americans settled in Texas and were anxious for annexation. The anti-slave holding states on the one hand—in resentment of what they considered a purpose to establish another slave state—and the Mexican Government on the other hand—in resentment of disloyal manipulation—greatly exasperated these American colonists and they organized in 1835 under Sam Houston and established a provisional government at Austin.

It is thought to be true that after failing to obtain Texas and California by purchase, Jackson encouraged on part of the colonists such agitation and resistance to Mexican authority as would—and did—lead ten years afterwards to open rupture with Mexico.

The massacre of the Alamo occurred—the battle of San Jacinto followed.

On January 23, 1836, Lewis Cass, secretary of war, issued the following instructions to Major-general Gaines:

“War Department,

Jan. 23, 1836.

Brevet Major-general Edmund P. Gaines,

Memphis, Tenn.

Sir:

I am instructed by the President to request that you would repair to some proper position near the Western Frontier of the state of Louisiana, and there assume the personal command of all the troops of the United States who are or may be employed in any part of the region adjoining the Mexican boundary. It is not the object of this order to change at all the relations between yourself and the military department under your command, but to require your personal presence at a point where public considerations demand the exercise of great discretion and experience. An order will be issued without delay to the Sixth Regiment to proceed to Fort Jessup, and this force together with all the troops in the Western part of Louisiana and in the country West of the Mississippi and South of the Missouri Rivers, will be employed, as occasion may require, in carrying into effect the instructions herein communicated to you.

The state of affairs in Texas calls for immediate measures on the part of the Government. It is the duty of the United States to remain entirely neutral, and to cause their neutrality to be respected. It is possible that the course of operations may induce one or the other of the contending parties to approach the boundary line with the view to cross it in arms. Should you find that the case, you will give notice to the persons having the direction, that they will not be permitted to cross into the territory of the United States, and if they attempt to do so by force you will resist them with the means at your disposal.

The Thirty-third Article of the treaty with Mexico requires both the contracting parties to prevent ‘by force, all hostilities and incursions on the part of the Indian nations living within their respective boundaries, so that the United

States of America will not suffer their Indians to attack the citizens of the Mexican States,' etc.

The provisions of this Article you will cause to be faithfully enforced, and the various Indian agents and the officers of the Indian department in that region will be required to furnish you any information in their power in relation to this matter, and to carry into effect any instructions you may give. You will make known to the various Indian tribes inhabiting that part of the United States the determination of the government to prevent any hostile incursions into Texas, and you will call upon the chiefs to inculcate upon all their people the necessity of carefully abstaining from any violation of the above mentioned engagement, and you will not hesitate to use the force at your disposal for the purpose of preventing any such designs.

Should you be called upon by the civil authority for any aid towards enforcing the laws having relation to the neutral duties of the United States, you will render such assistance as the laws prescribe.

You are requested to communicate freely with the district attorneys of both districts of Louisiana on all points of law connected with the execution of these instructions, and those officers will be desired to give you their opinion.

I will thank you to keep us advised of any occurrences in that quarter which it may be important for the Government to know.

Very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

(Signed) LEWIS CASS,

Secretary of War."

Secretary Cass supplemented on May 4th, 1836, with the following instruction to General Gaines:

"War Department,

Washington, May 4, 1836.

Major-general E. P. Gaines,

Fort Jessup, Louisiana.

Sir:

I have received your letter of the 8th ultimo, and in answer have to inform you that the President will sanction the employment of whatever force may be necessary to protect the Western Frontier of the United States from hostile incursions. This department has addressed the governors of the states of Louisiana, Mississippi, Tennessee, Kentucky and Alabama, requesting them to call into service such militia force as you may find necessary in carrying into effect the instructions heretofore given you. The theatre of operations is so distant from the seat of government that much must be entrusted to your discretion. The two great objects you have to attain, are first, the protection of the frontiers; secondly, as strict a performance of the neutral duties of the United States as the great object of self-defence will permit. You will take care and do no act which can give just cause of offense to any other government, and on the other hand you will not permit the frontiers to be invaded by any forces whatever. I have to request that the militia you may call may not be more numerous than the exigencies shall seem to require. They ought to be called into service for six months

if practicable, to be disbanded whenever not wanted, and you will take care that all due economy is preserved as well in your disbursements as in the preservation and accountability of the public property.

It is very necessary that you should communicate freely to the commanding officers of any military parties who may approach the frontiers and inform them of that while you have been ordered to that quarter with a view to the execution of the neutral obligations of the United States, you have also been instructed that this duty will be executed under any circumstances that may happen.

You will also remonstrate against the employment of any of the Indians. Although the dictates of humanity forbid the use of this species of force which cannot be restrained yet the right of the United States to remonstrate against service rests upon other grounds. From the habits and disposition of the Indians it is well known that the power of employing them cannot restrain them within the legitimate rules of warfare. If they approach the frontiers they will pay no regard to a mere imaginary line but will carry on their depredations and massacres wherever inhabitants can be found and where there is no force to oppose them. It is altogether idle to expect that in such a state of things the frontier settlements of the United States would not be exposed to these calamities. Whoever calls the Indians into service and induces them to approach our border cannot but be aware of the consequences that must ensue. All this you will represent to the proper officers and you will use your best exertions to keep such a force from marching towards your position, and if they do so, to repel and disperse it.

Very respectfully, etc.

(Signed) LEWIS CASS,

Secretary of War."

On the same date Secretary Cass addressed the following communication to the Honorable J. T. Morehead, governor of Kentucky:

"War Department,

Washington, May 4, 1836.

*His Excellency J. T. Morehead,
Acting Governor of Kentucky,
Frankfort, Ky.*

Sir:

I am instructed by the President to request that Your Excellency will call into service of the United States such number of militia as may be required by General Gaines to whom has been entrusted the command of the forces for the protection of the Southwestern frontier to serve not less than three months after their arrival at their place of rendezvous unless sooner discharged.

Very respectfully, etc.

(Signed) L. CASS,

Secretary of War."

On June 28, 1836, General Gaines made requisition on the state of Kentucky for one regiment of mounted men, and this requisition was promptly honored and ten companies were mustered into service August 17, 1836.

Quiet was restored on the frontier and this regiment, known as the "Kentucky Mounted Gun Men," was mustered out of service September 18th following.

Leslie Combs was colonel, Thomas A. Russell was lieutenant-colonel, George Boswell was major. The ten companies were commanded by and mustered in as follows:

Captain George B. Crittenden's Company at Frankfort.

Captain Humphrey Marshall's Company at Louisville.

Captain George C. Dunlap's Company at Versailles.

Captain Henry Crawford's Company at Shelbyville.

Captain Edwin Carter's Company at Lexington.

Captain John E. Walker's Company at Westport.

Captain F. S. Coleman's Company at Cynthiana.

Captain William Jenkins' Company at Richmond.

Captain Silas F. Hunt's Company at New Castle.

Captain Burr H. May's Company at Port William.

The following certifies from J. M. Bullock, secretary of state, and G. Croghan, inspector general, appear on each of the muster rolls.

"Department of State, Secretary's Office,

Frankfort, May 2, 1837.

I, James M. Bullock, secretary of state of the Commonwealth of Kentucky, do hereby certify that the officers, non-commissioned officers, musicians and privates enrolled upon this roll were called into service and their services accepted by the late executive of this state during the summer of 1836 under a requisition from Major-general Gaines of date 28 June, 1836. In testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of my said office to be affixed at Frankfort on the second day of May in the year of our Lord one thousand and eight hundred and thirty-seven and in the forty-fifth year of the commonwealth.

J. M. BULLOCK,

Secretary of State.

The officers, non-commissioned officers, musicians and privates enumerated upon this roll are embraced within the provisions of the Third Section of the Act of Congress of March 1st, 1837, making appropriation for the support of the army for the year 1837, they having been called into service and their service accepted by the late executive of the state of Kentucky during the summer of 1836 under a requisition from Major-general Gaines of date the 28th June, 1836.

G. CROGHAN,

Frankfort, 2nd May, 1837.

Inspector General."

The disturbance which induced the orders to General Gaines seems to have been designated The Sabine War. Under Act of Congress approved March 2nd, 1837, "One month's pay with all allowances which they would have been entitled to if they had been in actual service" was allowed and paid.

Following the Act of Congress making provision for payment of these troops for service:

"An Act making appropriations for the support of the army for the year one thousand eight hundred and thirty-seven, and for other purposes.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the following sums be, and the same are hereby, appropriated, to be paid out of any money in the treasury not otherwise appropriated for the support of the army, during the year one thousand eight hundred and thirty-seven; that is to say:

Sec. 3. And be it further enacted, That the secretary of war be and he hereby is directed to cause to be paid to the volunteers and militia of Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama, and Mississippi, including the companies in Mississippi, mustered into the service, who were duly called into service, and whose service was accepted by the executive of the state respectively during the summer of the year one thousand and eight hundred and thirty-six, under requisitions from the secretary of war or from generals commanding the troops of the United States, and who were discharged before marching, the amount of one month's pay, with all the allowances to which they would have been entitled if they had been in actual service during the period of one month; that the same be paid out of any money in the treasury not otherwise appropriated.

Approved March 2, 1837."

In some way there has been omitted from all histories any mention of the events and organizations here related.

Men who do service for their country are entitled to recognition. Many of the volunteers who enlisted under the requisition made by the president on the state of Kentucky, became greatly distinguished in after life. A number of these had already served in the War of 1812, and among the private soldiers who were afterwards officers of renown in the Mexican War and in the War between the States, the officer and the private who offered his life for his country, deserves to be known to his countrymen—

GENERAL SIMON BOLIVAR BUCKNER.

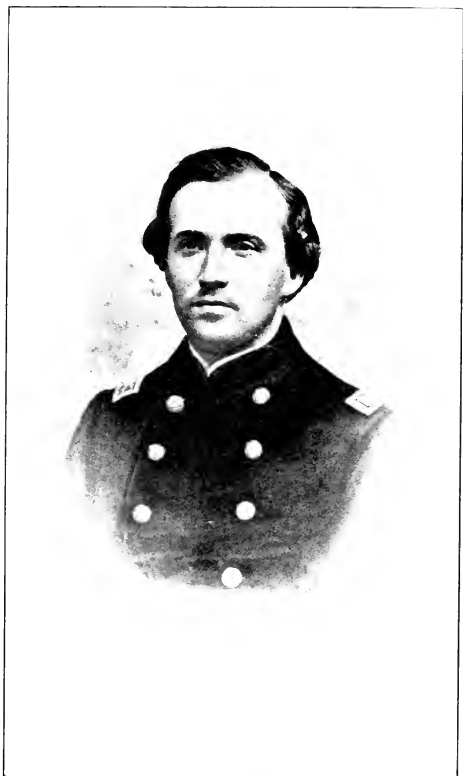
In June, 1860, a great Kentuckian—a great citizen of the country—a man who had served with distinction in the Mexican War, a man who afterwards became lieutenant-general in the Confederate States Army, and in 1887 governor of Kentucky, Simon Bolivar Buckner, was then what the statutes of the state of Kentucky designated "adjutant and inspector-general."

As such officer he reviewed the State Guard organizations near Lexington, where then was the Fair Grounds, and where now is the State University.

General Buckner was a superb horseman. He rode a beautiful chestnut Denmark horse loaned him by Mr. William A. Dudley, and no boy who was that day privileged to see that reviewing and inspecting officer ever forgot the appearance and the magnetic influence of General Buckner.



GENERAL SIMON BOLIVAR BUCKNER



CAPTAIN JOHN H. MORGAN

CHAPTER XV.

LOCAL MILITARY COMPANIES AT LEXINGTON.

In Lexington we had two local military companies commanded by brothers-in-law, one by Captain John H. Morgan, known as the "Lexington Rifles," and one by Captain Sanders D. Bruce and called the "Lexington Chasseurs." Both companies were composed of representative young men; both were well drilled and efficient and had had a good deal of military training, especially in tactics.

At the inception of the war these companies divided in governmental allegiance. Captain Morgan went to the Confederate Army, followed by most of the Lexington Rifles and by many of the Lexington Chasseurs, and Morgan became one of the most distinguished cavalry leaders of the war.

Captain Bruce went with the United States Army, and was followed by many of the Lexington Chasseurs. Bruce became a colonel of infantry and commanded a brigade with credit.

Many of both companies became officers in either army. Two boys, members of the Lexington Chasseurs, who were faithful and ambitious, were made corporals in the Chasseurs after two years' service. One was Thomas J. Bush, who served in the war as aide-de-camp with rank of captain on the staff of General Don Carlos Buell, the other corporal went into the Confederate Army and is the writer of this narrative.

My material interests were chiefly in Arkansas and there I went to so arrange affairs as to give my life to the Confederate cause.

Coming back to Bowling Green I was sworn into service by General John C. Breckinridge, and under his advice returned to Lexington to raise a company for Captain John H. Morgan's Squadron.

I stopped two days as the guest of the Second Infantry, commanded by Colonel Roger W. Hanson, and camped near Munfordville. The ready tact, the thoroughness of this great officer greatly impressed me. His personal knowledge and direction of every detail influenced my whole after life.

General Simon Bolivar Buckner—while governor of Kentucky, and when young Simon Bolivar was a baby—said to me: "Castleman, you and Roger Hanson are the only men I ever knew that personally saw to every detail."

Passing through the lines of the contending armies I returned to Fayette county to raise the cavalry company. One by one recruits were quietly enlisted, recruits whose fidelity and prudence were so positive as to justify me in fixing a date for assembly at my mother's residence, then two miles from Lexington on the Newtown Pike, and almost in sight of a strong force of United States troops.

CHAPTER XVI.

GETTING AWAY TO WAR.

Everyone was punctual. There were forty-one present. Eleven o'clock at night was the hour for the rendezvous. The boys were well armed. We had each a minnie rifle and a brace of revolvers, and plenty of ammunition.

The minnie rifles were those formerly used by the Lexington Chasseurs. They were taken, "without permission," by my brother, Humphreys and myself, and quietly stored in my mother's house for the use of my comrades. Mr. Thomas Bradley, of Lexington, was most generous in contributing to our armory.

My good mother had for each of us a haversack, and plentifully filled by her own hands, aided by perfectly reliable, loyal negro servants, although the servants were not advised of the uses destined in this preparation.

But two miles distant from our rendezvous there was at Lexington a strong garrison of United States Troops. The chances were that in some way we might be reported. This apprehension induced the thought as to what we might best do in case of attack. There were four alternatives carefully considered. One was to fight from what was then a deep cut which commenced near the Erdman branch, a quarter of a mile towards Lexington, and extended towards my mother's residence and opposite the present residence of Dr. Norwood. Another, to quietly go out to the Georgetown Turnpike through the Sutton Farm (now leased by August Belmont and known as the "Nursery Stud"). The third was to escape through the McGrathiana farm and to come out to the Newtown Turnpike through William McCracken's farm. The fourth was to go boldly out of my mother's front gate, fight with our carefully instructed rear guard, and "trust in the Lord."

We discussed together quickly, the whole situation. To avoid confusion in case of emergency every individual understood in advance as to all details and contingencies and this policy was agreed to in respect to future service. We threw out a chain of pickets two hundred feet apart towards the beginning of the above described cut so that alarm might be quickly passed. It was just at midnight when word came along the picket line that the tread of cavalry was heard approaching from Lexington.

The reserve was quickly assembled. The horses were in charge of number two of each set of fours. The course wisest for us to pursue was debated. My good mother was with us. At the sound of her

gentle voice there was instant silence, as she said: "Boys, your going has greatly distressed me, but 'tis your duty and I have been glad to aid you. Now there has already come your first terrible trial, you should not allow a live Yankee to come through yonder cut."

The suggestion from this self-possessed brave woman was accepted as an order. Obedience to such a command was instantaneous. The reserve quickly moved and took up the line of pickets. Horses were taken to a nearby shelter previously agreed upon. There were thirty of us left on foot. We quietly formed by files on the "left into line" each to a panel of post and rail fence, the commander taking the first panel. The panel were eight feet. No shot was to be fired until opened on the left of the line.

Fortunately for us the enemy halted a quarter of a mile away and returned towards Lexington. We found afterwards that it was the mounted guard posting relief.

The following expressions come from one of the best of Confederate soldiers, Honorable Cabell B. Bullock.

"Lexington, Kentucky, Jan. 11, 1914.

In regard to that very interesting incident connected with the history of a band of young men who afterwards were members of Company D, Second Regiment of Kentucky Volunteer Cavalry, C. S. A. of which regiment John H. Morgan was the first colonel.

The rendezvous by my boyhood friend and kinsman, John Breckinridge Castleman, at his mother's home, almost in sight of the Federal garrison at Lexington numbering about 3,000 men. I think it deserves much more notice than it has received. General Basil W. Duke in his history of 'Morgan's Cavalry' alludes to it when he says: 'John B. Castleman, who had just come out of Kentucky (fighting as he came) with a number of recruits, was made captain of Company D,' but I am sure that some particular account of the work done by Castleman in recruiting these men, selecting the men in whom he could confide, having them assemble at his mother's home, less than two miles from Lexington with its garrison of Federal soldiers, the enlistment of these gallant young men in Morgan's Cavalry regiment, would not only be interesting, but would be a most valuable contribution to the history of the 'War between the States,' and, more especially, would be important contribution to the local history of Fayette county, and of the boys of the Bluegrass who fought as Confederate soldiers during the days of 1861-1865.

At the time I first heard of the brilliant achievement of my boyhood friend and kinsman—then not yet twenty-one years of age—I could scarcely believe it to be entirely true. It required so much prudence, so much dash, so much knowledge of human nature in order to decide as to whom the organizer of such an expedition could trust with his secret, such a cool, wise head, such a stout heart; but it was an achievement conceived and executed most successfully by this young man, with the co-operation of a band of the choice young men of the Bluegrass section of Kentucky."

We left our rendezvous at 1:30 a. m. and quietly moved out Newtown Turnpike to a sequestered and pre-selected spot only eight miles from Lexington on the farm of Andy Carroll, than whom a braver or more faithful man never lived.

The next night, after all that neighborhood was asleep, we took up our line of march to Mt. Sterling, representing to each awakened toll-gate keeper that we were United States Cavalry, thus preventing any comment. Before the night had ended we were the guests of Mr. George Hamilton, near Mt. Sterling, screened from observation in a quiet spot on the farm of a host whose great courtesy none of us ever forgot. We avoided Paris and Mt. Sterling. We passed on the Flat Rock Road and through private roads and farms where prudence demanded.

We left Paris to our right and intersected the Flat Rock Road just beyond Paris on the road leading to Mt. Sterling, and crossing the Maysville and Paris Road, I think 'twas about two miles from Paris, finally reached the home of our good host who lived on the Owingsville Road, about eight miles from Mt. Sterling. We were expected and cared for. We rode this first night about forty miles. Mr. Hamilton led us across early that afternoon to the road leading from Mt. Sterling to Jackson. We rode before daylight of the following morning to Jackson, distant from Mr. Hamilton's about seventy-five miles. We were safe and rested during the day and night, then taking up our march next day we traversed the counties in Eastern Kentucky on to the Big Stone Gap and in to Virginia.

JACKSON IN BREATHITT COUNTY.

It was remarkable that in the county of Breathitt my young comrades found their first immunity from danger in 1862, and that in 1878 I should have been called on to suppress, in Breathitt county, the first organized "feud" endangering the peace of the commonwealth. McCreary was governor of Kentucky. Sixty men, many of these afterwards distinguished, were sent on three months' active winter service to Jackson.

The governor had the indefensible notion that the inexperienced soldier should cook, and by his lack of knowing how endanger the health of others. None knew anything about the culinary art except Sergeant Dr. Ap. Morgan Vance of Company D, Louisville Legion. Vance diminished my apprehension by volunteering to do the cooking for the sixty soldiers and saved the boys' lives from the menace demanded by the governor's order. Vance gave the boys good food instead of medicine, and while serving as "cook" was commissioned regimental surgeon with rank of major but continued to be cook to the end of the campaign. Vance has since become a great surgeon.

We afterwards passed by the Clinch River on to Bristol, Tenn. We journeyed to Knoxville and reported to General E. Kirby Smith, to whom we were able to give detail information that the general admitted was of value in his subsequent move into Kentucky. We were authorized by General Smith to report to Captain John H. Morgan at Chattanooga. We were superbly mounted on Denmark horses, every one of which had stood the march of about four hundred miles in ten days without the slightest detriment. Their condition elicited the most enthusiastic commendation of Captain Morgan, and of Lieutenant Basil W. Duke. The same horses made the July raid back into Kentucky two months afterwards, marching continuously for six hundred miles.

My mother asked, when we rendezvoused under her roof, that we should respect her wish to leave Humphreys, her next youngest son, and George, a boy of thirteen, for the time being with her. The good mother expressed a purpose to send Humphreys a little later and George too, if the war continued, and when he grew large enough to carry an army rifle.

That morning at four o'clock, being about two and a half hours after the company took up its perilous march, these two boys took seven surplus minnie rifles, and their accoutrements and ammunition, packed them in a "top buggy" and drove to the residence of Dr. Grissom, who lived near the small Indian fort, back of Cabell's Dale. The Grissoms were prudent and very reliable people and took charge of these contraband of war.

CHAPTER XVII.

MY MOTHER'S RESIDENCE SURROUNDED
BY U. S. TROOPS.

After the rendezvous the following night about one o'clock my mother's residence was surrounded, entered and searched by a detachment of two hundred United States Infantry from Warner's regiment, and commanded by Captain H. K. Milward. My mother, with characteristic fortitude, offered Captain Milward every facility for the performance of a duty obviously not pleasant to him. The captain advised that he was reluctant to arrest Humphreys, but he had to do this. My mother quietly replied: "Captain Milward, you should have come last night, but your command should have been larger. My son John and his comrades would have greeted you."

Humphreys was sent to Johnson's Island as a political prisoner, was enlisted in the Confederate service by Lieutenant-colonel Morehead, of Mississippi, answered to a dead soldier prisoner's name, was exchanged and served in Morgan's Cavalry until the close of the war, and was a member of the selected "Advance Guard."

These boys, Humphreys Castleman and George A. Castleman, are long since dead.



HUMPHREYS CASTLEMAN



GEORGE ALFRED CASTLEMAN

CHAPTER XVIII.

WITH MORGAN AND HIS MEN.

When we reported to Captain Morgan at Chattanooga, we were designated Company D, being the fourth company that Morgan commanded. Companies A, B and C represented what to that time, was known as Morgan's Squadron, and had won distinction under Morgan and Duke at Corinth, and afterwards had been cut to pieces at Lebanon.

At Chattanooga Company "D" was strengthened by the enlistment of some extraordinary men, among others, Thomas H. Hines, of whom much will be said hereafter. This private soldier was afterwards Chief Justice of Kentucky. His younger brother, James M. Hines—an unusual soldier—afterwards in civil life a gifted lawyer and father of Walker D. Hines, who at the time of writing this narrative is one of the greatest railroad lawyers of the country; Phil. B. Thompson, several times a member of Congress from Kentucky, and his twin brother, John B. Thompson, one of the most distinguished citizens of the commonwealth, P. Booker Reed, subsequently mayor of Louisville; and a number of others no less conspicuously brave as soldiers nor distinguished as citizens.

It was such men that made up the rank and file of the Confederate Army.

Captain John H. Morgan had for distinguished services in the battle of Corinth, been commissioned to raise a regiment of cavalry. With John H. Morgan as Colonel and Adjutant Basil W. Duke as Lieutenant-colonel the Second Kentucky Cavalry was organized, and together with auxiliaries giving him a total of about eight hundred men, early in July, 1862, Morgan marched on what was known as the "First Kentucky Raid."

General Basil W. Duke, in his beautifully written and thrilling history of Morgan's Cavalry, recounted the experiences of this raid. I shall repeat none of those in this narrative, nor write of the events delineated by that gifted writer and remarkable soldier, except where such events relate particularly to Company D, or where they supply the unfortunate omissions of my own unwritten official reports.

It may be mentioned here that in a subsequent war, profiting by the recollection of forgotten verbal reports, the writer never failed to make formal official written reports, recording with the War Department every unusual service of his comrades.

When Morgan reached Georgetown, Ky., the middle of July, 1862, all along the road his strength had been so exaggerated as to

secure him partial immunity from attacks of garrisons that heavily exceeded our actual strength. So daring a raid had then no precedent, and we engaged attention of the enemy to an extraordinary degree.

After the close of our first day's rest at Georgetown I had Captain Morgan's consent to go to Lexington and ascertain the condition there and at surrounding towns. The trip to Lexington was not without hazard, but boys think little of personal danger.

From reliable sources I learned that at Lexington there were approximately three thousand raw troops under command perhaps of Colonel Leonidas Metcalf, and General Green Clay Smith, and that about one-half of Colonel Metcalf's own regiment of cavalry garrisoned Cynthiana; that Colonel John M. Harlan (afterwards a greatly respected and distinguished Justice of the Supreme Court) was probably at Paris, that there was no garrison at Winchester and that Woolford's Cavalry was at Somerset.

To William R. McCaw, an unusually intelligent lad of seventeen, to my exceptionally bright brother George, and to Charles Chipley, I was indebted for much of the information obtained.

I completed a thirty-mile ride while yet 'twas dark and reported the facts to Colonel Morgan and Lieutenant-colonel Duke.

The regiment was rapidly recruited at Georgetown and regimental organization was strengthened. Among other companies then recruited was one to which W. C. P. Breckinridge was elected captain. This gifted man often referred to his experience as "having been an enlisted man, a captain, and as having been engaged in battle all in twenty-four hours."

Breckinridge subsequently commanded the Ninth Kentucky Cavalry of Morgan's Division with unusual distinction, and in civil life was remarkable as an orator, a lawyer, as an editor and as a loyal friend. This man, my kinsman, my comrade, my friend through boyhood and manhood, has died before these lines are written, and the tongue is stilled that moved men as did none other of his time.



COLONEL WM. C. P. BRECKINRIDGE

CHAPTER XIX.

BAPTISM OF BATTLE.

MY FIRST INDEPENDENT COMMAND AND FIGHT.

On the second morning of our rest at Georgetown Morgan's Cavalry was formed in line, and Lieutenant-colonel Duke ordered me to report to Colonel Morgan, who was in front of the troops. It was seven o'clock. Colonel Morgan explained that he was going to capture Cynthiana and then Paris and to go from Paris to Winchester, that he might be endangered by having his numerical strength conjectured by the enemy; that he must prevent the reinforcement of Cynthiana, and that he relied on me with Company D to accomplish this result.

Colonel Morgan explained the situation and ordered me to take Company D and proceed in the direction of Lexington and menace the heavy garrison there; to avoid either being captured or taking prisoners as we were too far from our lines to be encumbered with prisoners; to save my comrades but to engage the enemy; to exercise my discretion, bearing in mind I would be isolated, to destroy the enemy's communication by wire or by railroad; to report to the regiment the second day thereafter at Winchester.

Company D was moved from the regimental formation and immediately marched on the turnpike towards Lexington. We noticed that the regiment moved at once in column out on the Paris Road towards Cynthiana. The distance from Lexington to Georgetown is twelve miles. All the roads leading north from Lexington led directly or indirectly to Cynthiana. We needed to promptly ascertain any movement of the large garrison at Lexington.

At five miles distant from Lexington the Iron Works Road starts at the Maysville Turnpike, then crosses the Russell Cave Turnpike, then the Newtown Turnpike, then the Georgetown Turnpike, and intersects the Frankfort and Georgetown Turnpike, crossing each turnpike at an interval of about two miles.

When Company D reached the intersection of the Iron Works Road crossing the Georgetown Turnpike distant four miles from Georgetown at Donerail they left the road leading to Lexington and moved east on the Iron Works Road and halted. We sent a scout towards Lexington eight miles distant, to run in the pickets and the outposts, encountering these near the tollgate on the Lexington and Georgetown Road, one mile from Lexington. This work was admirably done with a squad of eight men under command of Lieutenant

Morris. They traveled fourteen miles within an hour and drove the enemy's outposts well into Lexington, and as it subsequently developed, caused halt of Metcalf's Brigade, out the Newtown Turnpike. *Any* body of Morgan's Cavalry was then thought to be the whole command.

Sergeant J. Lawrence Jones, afterwards a distinguished man in civil life, was ordered to form the company in close column of masses so they might distinctly hear what were our orders and what we were expected to do. Each one of this company was capable of commanding. Attention was called to the fact it was clear that the cavalry service demanded individualism, self-reliance, coolness, intelligent action. The boys were cautioned to pay attention, keep in touch and to keep cool. There were eighty-two men, rank, file and officers, present for duty.

These men and boys were confident and courageous. Many of them knew every bit of the country in which we were then serving. They were such men as made up Morgan's Cavalry.

MY FIRST MEETING WITH BASIL W. DUKE.

From where we stood on the Iron Works Road awaiting return of the boys with Lieutenant Morris, there was in plain view the residence of Mr. James K. Duke, uncle of Lieutenant-colonel Basil W. Duke.

I explained to Company D that twelve years prior to that time, when I was nine years old, I had gone with my mother to call on Mrs. Duke, and while sitting in the parlor endeavoring to be composed in the presence of two charming old ladies, I was beckoned to by a lad whom I gladly joined. In introducing himself the boy said: "My name is Basil; what is your name?" I said: "My name is John."

He took me to a sloping hillside back of the house and near a spring house which I pointed out in the distance and from whose loft he got a toy cannon, charged it with powder and salt, and amused himself and me by shooting, but not injuring, his uncle's Short Horn calves that grazed near the spring. This was my first meeting with Basil W. Duke. I was by him introduced to miniature artillery service the first time I ever saw the boy who afterwards became great as a soldier and distinguished as a citizen, and ever since has been my good friend and recipient of my sincerest devotion.

We marched on the Iron Works Road for nearly two miles. Our advance was halted about eight hundred yards from the intersection of the Newtown Turnpike, at what was known as Taylor's Cross Roads. We found there at the gate of Mr. William Cooper, three boys. They were William R. McCaw, Allie Cooper and George A. Castleman. These boys informed us that less than half a mile ahead of us, at the

cross roads concealed from us by an elevation midway between us and the cross roads, was a brigade of troops moving slowly from Lexington, commanded by Colonel Metcalf, composed of about two thousand cavalry and one battery, and that the battery was commanded by my friend, Captain Henry T. Duncan.

Attention of Company D was called to the fact that it was our duty to drive the enemy back towards Lexington, and we were certain to do this by surprising him. That we had the advantage of knowing how many raw recruits the enemy had and of his not knowing whether the whole of Morgan's Cavalry was upon him, that if we had to charge and follow his column towards Lexington we must come back to the cross roads because for half a mile there was post and rail fence and stone wall on the south side of the road which could not be hurriedly pulled down.

The boys were very quiet and we were within three hundred yards of the enemy before he saw us. We were moving on a dirt road. His advance guard was at the cross roads and some were dismounted. The head of his column had halted one-half mile towards Lexington. We followed the enemy's advance guard against the head of his column. We stampeded Metcalf's brigade, and having accomplished our purpose we withdrew to the Iron Works Road.

I subjoin the account of the fight at Taylor's Cross Roads written by eye-witnesses, William R. McCaw and Thomas Satterwhite, and have the pleasure of adding correspondence with my old neighbor and boyhood friend, Honorable Henry T. Duncan. Duncan was my friend, a lovable boy and man. He lived only four miles from Castleton, and here at Taylor's Cross Roads, in sight of my home where we had together played in youth, we exemplified the horrors of a civil war by opposing each other in hostile armies, he with his Parrott guns to defend against the assault of the cavalry led by me, and with me were a number of Captain Duncan's neighborhood boy friends.

WILLIAM R. McCAW'S ACCOUNT OF THE FIGHT AT TAYLOR'S CROSS ROADS.

"About the middle of July, 1862, the writer, while at Dr. Chipley's on the Newtown Turnpike in the suburbs of Lexington, was aroused one morning before daylight by a knock on the window which Charley Chipley and myself soon discovered was made by Captain Jno. B. Castleman who told us he had been into Lexington, but came in and spent an hour with us and then left to join his command, which was at Georgetown.

Those were times to try men's souls, but boylike, we saw only the fun in the fight which we thought was bound to come off. So that morning George Castleman and myself got on our horses and rode

with our friend Al. Cooper down to his father's house on the Iron Works Road, going around the Federal forces which were on the Newtown Turnpike, leaving our horses at Mr. Vance's back of Castleton, and crossing the roads over to Mr. Cooper's on foot. We learned through Billy Cooper, a member of Castleman's company who had been allowed to come to his old home in advance of his company, that the company would soon pass by Mr. Cooper's front gate on the Iron Works Road, about six hundred yards from the crossing of the Newtown Turnpike near Mt. Horeb Church.

We at once started for the gate, reaching there in time to meet the company, numbering not more than about eighty men, and telling Captain Castleman we thought the Yankee force consisted of about two thousand cavalry and one battery commanded by Captain Henry T. Duncan, the whole under command of Colonel Metcalf of the cavalry and that an advance guard of about one hundred men had been placed at the Cross Roads, just ahead.

With his company he at once moved up the road until he reached the crest of the ridge, about three hundred yards from the cross roads where he could see the Federals had stationed a strong force, far outnumbering his own. These he promptly charged, killing and wounding several of them, and driving them at a run towards Lexington until they reached their main force about half a mile back. After throwing these into confusion by his sudden and brave dash he managed to withdraw to Mt. Horeb Church without difficulty, and about five hours later when the Federals sent a body of cavalry into the triangle near the Church Captain Castleman charged them from behind the church, unhorsed several of them and drove the rest away. He then withdrew with his company. All of this fighting we could distinctly see from our position on the ridge in Mr. Cooper's woods.

Boy as I was then, the impression has never left me of that company charging down the road. In all my after experiences as a soldier in the "Lost Cause" never did I witness such bravery and gallantry as was displayed by Castleman and his men that day, nor was there ever a nobler charge made in any fight, anywhere, against such odds.

In the afternoon Metcalf's command appeared in full force and supposing our party to belong to Morgan's force, at once began firing at us with artillery. We remained in range just long enough to drive Mr. Cooper's cattle and horses in the pasture under the hill out of danger. For our officiousness in this affair George Castleman, Al. Cooper and myself were carried to jail in Lexington, where we were kept for a short while until released at the solicitation of the Reverend R. J. Breckinridge, Mr. D. A. Sayre and Mr. W. A. Dudley on condition we should stay with Mr. Dudley (who kindly took charge of all of us) on his farm at the head of North Broadway until we had his permission

to leave. We remained with him, his lovely wife and charming family until about the time of the battle of Richmond when Mr. Dudley, with a twinkle in his eye, told us that as quartermaster general of the state, he had urgent business in Louisville and that we might go where we pleased. We boys took him at his word and returned to our homes, all of us enlisting in the Confederate Army under General Kirby Smith as soon as he reached Lexington.

Strange to say, all of Mr. Dudley's family living at that time are dead, and all the boys who were with me that day have answered the last roll call, leaving me, a grizzled old veteran, fighting the battles over whenever I meet the old comrades who, like myself, are 'only waiting till the shadows have a little longer grown' when we, too, will cross the Great Divide, where the 'Why' of the Civil War will be made plain to the men of the Gray and the Blue as it never had, nor ever will be, in this world.

WILLIAM R. McCaw.

Versailles, Ky.,

February 1, 1911."

William R. McCaw was a good soldier, is an estimable citizen and lives now, as these lines are penned, near Versailles, Kentucky. McCaw's father, John McCaw, Esq., was one of the most respected citizens of Lexington.

WHAT CHANGES THE WAR BROUGHT ABOUT.

A few hundred yards south of Horeb church was one of the beautiful Bluegrass woodlands of Castleton. It was the "Cowpen Woods," whose gates were closed by Joe Breckinridge and me ten years before, when we encountered that awful ghost. And it was in Horeb church graveyard that we had the adventure with the spirit of the dark night.

Now I was in the Confederate Army and with me in Company D were a number of Joe's boyhood playmates.

Joe was in the United States Army and we were at war. We had that morning seen Joe's very distinguished brother, William C. P. Breckinridge, ride out of Georgetown as one of Morgan's captains, en route to Cynthiana. And we of Company D were then engaged in a death struggle to prevent a brigade of the United States Army from attacking the main body of Morgan's command.

To the Castleton woodland Company D withdrew, leaving a chain of pickets to watch the enemy and report if Metcalf moved again towards Taylor's Cross Roads, for Morgan might not yet be safe at Cynthiana. We had taken the precaution to lay low the rail fence opposite Horeb Church, on the north side of the Iron Works Road. A line running directly across represented the base of an approximately

equilateral triangle, whose other two sides were formed by the Iron Works Road and the Newtown Turnpike.

Company D rested in the woodland near a pond where our horses were watered and allowed to eat the nourishing bluegrass, then in full seed. While we held the bridles we ate a soldier's lunch, and once relieved our comrades who formed the chain of pickets that ran to Horeb church.

About two o'clock the sergeant of the guard reported that about two hundred and fifty of Metcalf's Cavalry were slowly moving out on the Newtown Turnpike.

Company D rode up quickly and massed behind Horeb Church, protected sufficiently in moving by favorable undulating land. Six men (two sets of fours), with Private Thomas H. Hines, were sent quietly across the road which ran by the side of Horeb church, and instructed to lie down behind the fence in Wilson's woodland that ran along the Iron Works Road. They were told that if we should charge the enemy across the triangle to fire instantly one—and only one—carefully aimed volley at Metcalf's Cavalry, so as to give us the credit of their unerring aim in alarming the enemy and to fire along the moving column at at least fifty foot intervals, so as to distribute the effect. No one can fire rifles accurately in a cavalry charge. It was understood that we would quickly charge between the six sharpshooters and Metcalf's advance, and a second fire would endanger us. These six men were very good shots. They were, in addition to T. H. Hines, J. M. Hines, John Allen, (brother of the distinguished author, James Lane Allen) William Cooper, George Downing and Hiram Dulaney.

At that time Taylor's pond extended part of its most shallow water in between us and the Newtown Turnpike, and the boys knew that if we had to charge the enemy much of the second platoon of Company D would need to charge through a portion of Taylor's pond.

Mounted we stood amidst the churchyard graves, where were buried many of our kin and dear ones, my own horse astride my father's grave. Private Dewitt Duncan, with unusual impressiveness, repeated some verses of Gray's "Elegy in a Country Church Yard."

One recalls now:

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e're gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour;
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.

The advancing Regiment of Metcalf's Cavalry moved very slowly and with evident timidity, and when reaching a point opposite to us, the boys charged from either side of the church and routed the enemy.

The accurate fire of the six sharpshooters was of great service to us. The enemy gave the mounted men credit.

We then withdrew from the scene, marching through Castleton and through the farms of Cromwell, Wallace, Atcheson, Richardson, the Carter Harrison farm, and that of Colonel Robert Innis (now Elendorf) always avoiding the public roads. From the woodpile of the latter we "borrowed" axes, with which we felled the telegraph poles, and with which we cut kindling to light the fires that destroyed two small bridges on the Kentucky Central Railroad, and checked the enemy's moving any train towards Cynthiana.

After darkness had come to screen us from observation, we marched through farms to that of Colonel Neil McCann, about seven miles from Lexington and south of Winchester Turnpike. At that hospitable home we bivouacked for part of the night and "man and beast" were well fed.

At Lexington the enemy was several thousand strong. Morgan was thirty miles away. The situation was not altogether comfortable but always we were stimulated by the unfailing "ignorance and audacity of youth."

Just while this narrative is being written the writer has received a letter from a daughter of Colonel Neil McCann, who was a lovely girl and very good to us that anxious night, and from that letter I quote as follows, to-wit

"5224 Pitt Street,

New Orleans,

February 12, 1914.

Dear General Castleman:

Having noticed in a Kentucky paper that you anticipated writing a sketch of Company D of Colonel John H. Morgan's Regiment, memories of the old days come to me and I desire to write you. I remember, as if it were yesterday, the night you came with your company to my father's house, and with what willingness my father provided for both men and horses. I was then a girl of sixteen. I remember the jokes of John Hines, Lawrence Jones and others, and how silent you were, for we knew you felt the responsibility of your company, so near the enemy.

I felt that night as if I were living in the time of 'Robin Hood' with Company D eating supper in the woodland by moonlight, and how quietly you all rode away. I had many thrilling experiences during the war, but nothing made the impression on my youthful mind as did that incident.

Very truly yours,

SALLY McCANN LEACH."

At dawn of the following morning we took possession of Winchester, picketed every road, arrested and destroyed the arms of the incoming volunteers who were assembling to aid in repelling "the invasion of Morgan's Cavalry," and gave notice that hourly we expected the arrival of General Humphrey Marshall's army of six thousand men. This "grape vine" travelled fast to Lexington and secured us from molestation although Marshall probably had no army, and could not have been closer than two hundred miles.

Our Winchester camp was just outside the town on the Paris road. On that road James D. Hines was on picket duty and was seen approaching with a man and woman on horseback. Hines advanced and briefly explained that Mr. and Mrs. James P. Gay were coming to town to ascertain the whereabouts of Morgan and they thought that we were United States Cavalry. Mr. Gay rode up and explained that his immediate solicitude arose from his having on his farm four hundred government mules which he wanted to save from the Confederates and was greatly irritated because of our seeming ignorance of Morgan's whereabouts. We finally explained to Mr. Gay that we were the horrible people he was trying to evade. His and Mrs. Gay's alarm was diminished by our assurance that we had little use for mules, but that he must hold them subject to our demand. With this comforting assurance Mr. and Mrs. Gay were allowed to return home.

Thirty years after Mr. Gay represented Clark County in the Kentucky Legislature and James D. Hines and I were by him invited to Frankfort. Mr. Gay never grew tired of telling of his experience with Morgan's Cavalry and the mules.

To avoid picketing so many roads, entailing great hardship and danger, we withdrew to the country, picketing only one road and reported to Colonel Morgan the following morning. But unfortunately we made no written report, we did not then know that verbal reports are apt to be forgotten.

LETTER FROM HONORABLE HENRY T. DUNCAN ABOUT THE
FIGHT—FIFTY YEARS AGO—AT TAYLOR'S CROSS ROADS.

"Santa Barbara Club,
Santa Barbara, California.

March 9, 1912.

General John B. Castleman,

My dear friend:

Permit me to impose on you for some data in regard to events during the Civil War.

I want the date, day of week, and month, when you had the meeting with Colonel Metcalf at the junction of the Iron Works Road and Newtown Road.

Would like also to know the number of men under your command. Was it true that you burned the bridges on the Kentucky Central Railroad at that time?

Was your command with General Morgan in the Imaginary battle of Paris some days later, and do you know the strength of General Morgan's command?

I want, after long delays, to write up my story of 'The Slaughter of Mrs. Cooper's Cows.' As soon as I finish it would like to submit it to you for suggestions.

Shall return to Lexington about April 15th.

Have had a delightful winter here, beautiful weather and no end of social attentions.

With renewed assurances of my high regard and friendship.

Yours very truly,

H. T. DUNCAN."

MY ANSWER.

"Louisville, March 23, 1912.

*Honorable H. T. Duncan,
Santa Barbara, California.*

My dear comrade:

I have the pleasure to own receipt of your favour of the ninth inst., and to comply with your wish.

I am going to be Irishman enough to answer your question by asking you one.

What did you estimate the strength of Morgan's Cavalry that attacked Colonel Metcalf's Brigade and stampeded his organization?

Of course, I realized that Metcalf's material was undisciplined and untrained and I took advantage of that fact.

I remain, my dear comrade,

Yours most truly,

JOHN B. CASTLEMAN."

MAJOR DUNCAN'S REPLY.

"Santa Barbara Club,

California, April 8, 1912.

General John B. Castleman,

My dear Friend:

Your esteemed favor of March 25th, after several days' delay by the great storms in the West, reached me last Wednesday.

I am very glad to answer your question as to my estimate of the strength of your command at the skirmish between you and your command and that of Metcalf.

When your cavalry came dashing in pursuit of the pickets of Colonel Metcalf you made a fine showing as you were flanked on both sides by stone walls.

Two twenty-pound Parrott guns, loaded with canister, had been placed on the crest of the hill ready to fire, when Metcalf came up and said: 'I do not wish to kill our Kentucky boys in Morgan's Command, and it would be like murder to fire on them when crowded in the turnpike. I want to take them as prisoners.'

I had watched your force very carefully with a field glass and estimated their numbers at not to exceed seventy-five.

Suddenly you retraced your charge and rapidly retired to the crossing of the roads, then along the Iron Works Road to the old church where you vanished.

We afterwards took one prisoner, and Willie McCaw.

I hope to reach home about 20th of April.

You will kindly write me at Lexington,

Yours very truly,

H. T. DUNCAN."

"Louisville, Ky., May 30, 1912.

Major H. T. Duncan,

Lexington, Ky.

My dear Comrade:

I duly received your last letter from Santa Barbara, and am now complying with your request. I am gratified that Colonel Metcalf was so considerate as neither to kill our boys nor to capture us. As a matter of fact, those boys were afraid of nothing and always knew what they were doing. The following will give you partial account of what led to and followed the fight at Taylor's Cross Roads.

Colonel John H. Morgan had about 850 men. He arrived at Georgetown July 16, 1862. I went into Lexington that night to ascertain what sort of troops comprised the garrison and who were the officers in command.

The purpose of my visit was accomplished and next morning I reported the result to Colonel Morgan and Lieutenant-colonel Duke. It was a foolish, hazardous trip of a boy, but it was successful. In the morning of July 18th the command was formed.

Mine was Company D of Morgan's Regiment and comprised about 82, rank, file and officers. Lieutenant-colonel Duke ordered me to report to Colonel Morgan who was mounted some distance in front of the line.

Colonel Morgan instructed me to move at once, about Lexington, menacing the garrison there. To prevent any troops coming to Cynthiana and to report to him the second morning thereafter at Winchester.

Company D went towards Lexington and Colonel Morgan marched on the Paris Turnpike, destined for Cynthiana.

Company D halted at Donerail, four miles from Georgetown and the boys were informed what our orders and obligations were and how we were to accomplish them.

A detail ran the United States pickets into Lexington on the Georgetown Road. We moved west on the Iron Works Road, and two miles distant we were met by W. R. McCaw, Allie Cooper and George A. Castleman, at the gate of Mr. William Cooper. These intelligent boys informed us that Metcalf was moving with about two thousand men out on the Newtown Turnpike and that the head of the column was halted at Taylor's Cross Roads, about one-third of a mile in front of us, and that in this column you commanded a battery. It seemed to be a fact that our attack on the pickets on the Georgetown Road three miles in your rear had caused Metcalf to halt. I explained to Company D that we would surprise and charge and rout the column. That Metcalf would reasonably suppose that 'twas the whole of Morgan's Command. But that we would have to retreat back to the Cross Roads because the fencing of stone and post and rail left us no other means of ready escape. They were advised that if we found the head of

the column at the Cross Roads we would follow their living wall of protection and that when we went as far as seemed prudent we would retrace our steps in two files—and keep off the light turnpike road as a moderate protection against artillery fire. The boys behaved well. Metcalf's Brigade was stampeded. We lost no one.

When we again reached the cross roads we went to Horeb church, and posting a chain of pickets to watch your movements, went into the first woodland at Castleton and bivouacked around the pond. At two o'clock the pickets reported advance of about two hundred and fifty of your cavalry. We moved up and were screened behind Horeb church. Your cavalry were moving with obvious timidity on the Newtown Pike. When they got opposite us and about five hundred yards distant across the triangle, we charged their flank in company line and drove them back with confusion and loss.

Honorable Andy Gorham informed me, in after years, that about ten o'clock Metcalf formed in line of battle about six hundred of his demoralized force in the woodland of Alex Brand.

About two o'clock we marched through farms till beyond the Maysville Pike, destroyed two small railroad bridges, and the telegraph wires.

We could then in the distance, hear your battery firing.

After night, and under cover of darkness, we marched through farms, and bivouacked for a few hours on the farm of Colonel Neil McCann, seven miles from Lexington. We next morning took possession of Winchester where we reported to Colonel Morgan on the following day.

The United States troops saw but they certainly did not attack Morgan at Paris.

I remain, my dear comrade,

Yours very truly,

JOHN B. CASTLEMAN."

Major Henry T. Duncan was a greatly esteemed citizen of Lexington; had been mayor and editor, and passed away in 1912.

It seems strange now to note that in 1898 in Porto Rico, during the Spanish War, it was my pleasure to have a son of my quondam "friend and enemy," Major Henry T. Duncan, serve for a time under me as acting assistant adjutant-general. This exceptionally able officer is now Major George B. Duncan of the Ninth Infantry. At the time my son, Major David Castleman, commanded the Second Battalion of the First Regiment Kentucky Infantry, all of us serving together in the United States Army, wearing the same uniform in the military force of a re-united country.

"Louisville, Ky., Aug. 22, 1911.

At a meeting of the former officers of the Second Battalion, First Regiment of Kentucky Infantry, United States Volunteers, it was

Resolved. That the officers and men of the Second Battalion extend to General John B. Castleman and Mrs. Castleman and family our sincere sympathy in the loss of our former commander, Major David Castleman.

He was a forceful, capable and efficient officer, a good comrade, a true friend, a soldier and a man.

W. A. COLSTON,
Formerly Captain E Company,
H. WATSON LINDSEY,
Formerly Captain F Company,
JOS. M. SOHAN,
Formerly Captain G Company,
I. F. SHULHAFFER,
Formerly First Lieutenant M Company.

(The Battery)''

One of my critics has told me that to our fights with Metcalf "there was given as much space as would describe the Battle of Waterloo."

That may be true, but these boys did relatively more to vanquish an enemy outnumbering them thirty to one than did Wellington and Blucher. At any rate they protected Colonel Morgan at Cynthiana and were proud of the result. The average age of these boys was less than twenty.

CHAPTER XX.

MORGAN LEAVES KENTUCKY.

When we returned from Kentucky and camped at Sparta, Tenn., Morgan, with little preparation of horse, so far as grain feeding went, determined to capture Gallatin, destroy the L. & N. railroad and block the two tunnels north of Gallatin. General Duke gives the total of the command making this march as approximately eight hundred.

It was most remarkable that after this continuous march of at least ninety miles in twenty-five hours, not a rider lagged behind. When the column reached Gallatin it was as compact as when leaving Sparta. It must be admitted that passing through the enemy's country creates a positive reason for "keeping up with the column."

Adding to this long continuous march, Colonel Morgan, with about five hundred men, marched to and attacked Edgefield Junction—twenty miles distant—while Lieutenant-colonel Duke, with about two hundred men, marched to and destroyed the two tunnels, the north tunnel being twelve miles distant. Thus five hundred horses, within about thirty hours, marched one hundred and forty miles, while two hundred marched one hundred and twenty-four miles.

The American saddle horses, almost all of Denmark blood, that made this march, had shortly before come three hundred miles from Kentucky, and some of them had marched an equal distance into Kentucky, yet no horse was left at Sparta. Every one was serviceable. Of the forty-one horses that had left my mother's residence in April all save one had gone back to Kentucky, had come back again into Tennessee and had been fresh in making the march on Gallatin, and all this meant marching of more than fourteen hundred miles in three months.

General Basil W. Duke, in writing in 1896, says of the American saddle horse as a cavalry horse:

"The saddle-bred horse is very valuable for cavalry service, because of other reasons than merely his superior powers of endurance. His smoother action and easier gaits render the march less fatiguing to the rider; he succumbs less readily to privations and exposures, and responds more cheerfully to kind and careful treatment. He acquires more promptly and perfectly the drill and habits of the camp and march, and his intelligence and courage make him more reliable on the field.

When Morgan marched from Sparta in August, 1862, to surprise a garrison at Gallatin, he accomplished the distance of fully ninety miles, including detours made to conceal his route, in about twenty-five hours. On the Ohio raid, after more than two weeks of very severe previous marching, his command, then about

2,100 strong, marched without halting from Summansville, Indiana, to a point twenty-eight miles due east from Cincinnati, a distance which may fairly be estimated as ninety-four miles. This march was accomplished in about thirty-five hours. Many—indeed, the greater number—of the Kentucky horses which had started on the raid performed this march without flinching; and many of them kept on to Buffington, some even bearing their riders across the Ohio River and returning to the Confederacy. The horses which had been impressed in Indiana and Ohio failed in such an ordeal, never lasting more than a day or two, and often succumbing after a ride of eight or ten hours."

In capturing Gallatin the railroad property included four locomotives, and these Colonel Morgan ordered me to destroy. Already we had learned that it was easy to destroy railroads by cribbing ties, piling rails across the crib and building a fire, we could ride on with assurance that the heat, doing its work, would bend and make useless the rails. But we knew little then of the destruction of locomotives. We tried on one axes and sledges, but with unsatisfactory and slow results. We determined then to fire up, open the throttle and let two locomotives attempt, at high rate of speed, to pass on the same track. This scheme was most satisfactory and one locomotive was thus used to further block the South Tunnel which Lieutenant-colonel Duke had already completely obstructed. When this locomotive reached the South tunnel its speed was more than one hundred miles per hour.

CAMP AT HARTSVILLE.

Hartsville was sixteen miles distant and here Colonel Morgan withdrew and established camp near an attractive village inhabited by agreeable and kindly people.

We rested for one week in this camp when word came that a force of United States troops from Nashville had taken possession of Gallatin, destroyed private property and arrested the old men. Reaching Gallatin early in the morning the people who had so gladly welcomed us when a week before we had captured there a portion of the Twenty-eighth Kentucky Infantry were now in tears because of the depredations committed and arrests made by the United States troops. The effect on Morgan's Cavalry was very marked. The cries of distress coming from women and children whom a week before, had been bright and joyous, very greatly enraged the soldiers who had neither the time nor the opportunity to investigate or reason. Pursuit was vigorous and effective. Quite a number of the enemy were killed and captured. The citizen prisoners were released and because of returning with them our welcome back to Gallatin was again delightful.

We went to camp where one week before we had captured a part of General Boone's regiment. Tired men were aroused before dawn

with intimation conveyed by a private citizen that a brigade of United States Cavalry had the evening before seized our Hartsville camp and were then nearing Gallatin.

The First Sergeant of Company D, J. Lawrence Jones, was a lovable man and a good soldier, but unreasonably punctilious in all camp and military order, and especially in respect to details of his personal attire. Other companies had formed, adjutant's call had sounded, and Sergeant Jones was giving particular care to his always faultless dress.

Riding over to where the sergeant stood, with a pocket mirror suspended by a pin in the bark of an elm tree, I said: "Sergeant Jones, Sergeant McCann has formed the company, the regiment is moving, the enemy is upon us, we wait your readiness; when you report the company we will move."

Lawrence Jones put on his finishing touches, deliberately mounted and reported Company D, and we fell in on the left instead of being fourth company in the moving regiment. It was our custom to form alphabetically.

The purpose of Morgan and Duke was communicated throughout the command. There was always sort of a free masonry, born of close relations between rank, file and officers. It was whispered we were heavily outnumbered and Colonel Morgan would probably move out the Scottsville Road that forked a short distance from Gallatin with the road leading to Hartsville and on which the enemy was rapidly approaching. When, however, we reached this junction we found the enemy in possession of the Scottsville Road. We were formed for battle and were ordered to attack. In the right flank on which Company D was, by reason of tardiness, happened to our advantage. We were under fire of what seemed to be part of a regiment a few hundred yards away.

At this juncture we had an added and most striking proof of the influence of personal example of the coolest and always most self-possessed officer that we encountered during the war. We were formed in line and had there in Company D nearly one-eighth of Morgan's effective force. We had more than one hundred present for duty.

Lieutenant-colonel Duke had ridden along the regimental line telling his comrades that we seemed to be outnumbered about two to one, that fight was unavoidable, that victory was necessary and easy, and that when we broke the overlapping line of the enemy he must never be allowed to reform until we drove him into the Cumberland River, adding: "Company D meet the enemy's flank and drive him back, Gano's squadron will help you on the flank." The quiet, confident manner of Lieutenant-colonel Duke was wonderfully effective on the whole regiment, and Company D showed the effect

of the personal presence and marvelously quiet and confident attitude of this remarkable officer.

The whole of the enemy's line was quickly broken and never allowed to re-form. His fatality was unusual and it developed that Company D had encountered the Ninth Pennsylvania Cavalry. Adjutant Wynkoop of the Ninth was numbered among the fallen. P. Booker Reed, a gallant and always impetuous soldier, forgot the caution to observe the enemy only, and had set a dangerous example by taking a tempting brace of pistols from young Wynkoop's body. This led to a rebuke on the battlefield which my friend and brave comrade was reluctant to forget.

James D. Hines had trouble in getting his rifle to fire, and while trying it the rifle unexpectedly went off in the air. The commanding officer of the company cautioned the company against shooting without aim. When the fight was over this very good soldier came to me, saying: "Captain, you did me an injustice on the battlefield in accusing me of firing my gun without aim when I was trying to shoot it. My gun was out of order." I responded: "Well, my good comrade, you are not the soldier I was after." I am now acknowledging for the first time that Jim Hines was the occasion of the caution.

The battle of Gallatin was a most attractive fight in that it could be seen all along the line and was exclusively a cavalry fight, resulting in capture of General Johnson commanding United States troops and nearly one-half of his command.

In ten days Morgan had taken many more prisoners than his command numbered, and captured a regiment of cavalry at Cynthiana, and half of Johnson's Brigade, and had so far destroyed the L. & N. railroad as to render it impossible of use by General Buell's army retreating from Tennessee.

When General Duke was preparing to write his history of Morgan's Cavalry, he went to the scene of the battle of Gallatin, accompanied by Colonel Bennett. Bennett related with enthusiastic interest his recollections of this brilliant fight and located General Duke under a large elm tree.

When he had concluded General Duke said: "Bennett, you left me under that tree, you must get me away." "No," said Bennett, "you stayed right there." General Duke does not incorporate this episode in his history.

Reference has been made above to the extraordinary, cool, deliberate demeanor of Basil W. Duke. I am by no means alone, for 'twas the common sentiment of a body of intelligent men and discriminating soldiers, that no officer that any of us ever served under in battle had so wonderful an influence in securing from troops deliberate action. And the more severe the service, the more danger



GENERAL JOHN H. MORGAN
ON THE BATTLEFIELD

involved, the more quiet and composed and undisturbed was this brilliant cavalryman.

It is conservative to say that all men seem to be brave in action. Touch of elbow and din of arms make all men fight. But the really efficient courage is that which is demonstrated by composure. It is the deliberate man whose influence with other men is felt in time of danger.

In 1898 an experience of General Duke very well exemplified his deliberate composure.

In the springtime masked robbers entered and robbed his residence. In the autumn of the same year he was again visited by this enterprising class of citizens of whose presence he was admonished by seeing one in mask with revolver leveled on him as he was aroused from slumber and sat upright in bed.

The General, realizing his disadvantage, quietly said to the uninvited guest:

"I am very glad to see you. Your visiting me a second time in a few months is a tribute to my wealth which is most gratifying. If I have anything that may interest you by all means take it, and accept my profound apology for not having more that you might consider worthy your attention. Indeed, my friends, I am reminded of the old story of the man who was asked if he could change a dollar, who replying said: 'No, but I thank you for the compliment.' "

The robbers seemed impressed by their deliberate host and immediately left the house.

It is rare that one meets a man more fully illustrating Emerson's tribute to composure when he wrote:

"In the supremacy of self-control consists one of the perfections of the ideal man."

CHAPTER XXI.

THE CONFEDERATE ARMIES LEAVE KENTUCKY.

When the Confederate Armies entered Kentucky in 1862, General E. Kirby Smith from East Tennessee, and General Bragg from Middle Tennessee, Colonel Morgan reported to General Kirby Smith at Lexington.

The fame of Morgan's Cavalry made it easy for the brilliant commander to increase his cavalry organization to a strong brigade.

Bragg fought the indecisive battle of Perryville and commenced to retreat from a state where success at that time seemed to be essential to the Confederate Government.

General Morgan obtained authority to move at his discretion to the rear of the Federal Army with his final destination the vicinity of Nashville, Tennessee. On the 21st of October Morgan camped at Leitchfield, Kentucky. Colonel Shanks was reported as commanding a regiment of United States Cavalry operating from Owensboro, and camped then at Hartford in Ohio County. General Morgan informed me that he intended to go, via Morgantown, in Muhlenberg County, and ordered me to move promptly with Company D to Hartford and drive Shanks back to Owensboro, so as to avoid having him menace his column. I was instructed to report to Morgantown on the morning of the twenty-fourth. We created the impression that we were the advance of Morgan's Cavalry whose entire force was immediately behind. This pretense of strength was always a protection, and we always moved on and out of danger before the enemy discovered our weakness. We scared Shanks out of Hartford. He retreated to Owensboro and burned the bridge over Panther Creek. This course of the enemy brought to us relief because of the increased difficulty of his returning to Hartford.

We camped on the road leading towards Morgantown, leaving the town of Hartford and minimizing our picket duty. After midnight of the twenty-fourth we started for Morgantown and ferried Green River at Cromwell in a small ferry boat, "roped across." Cromwell was about equi-distant between Morgantown and Hartford, being, as I remember, about twelve miles from either town.

The night was cool and when within sight of the camp fires at Morgantown it occurred to us that the fires were too close together for cavalry camp and took means to ascertain definitely. We awakened a citizen near the roadside and asked what troops occupied Morgantown. He answered, with evident satisfaction, that United States troops from Bowling Green under Colonel Sanders Bruce (my old

captain in 1860) were camped ahead of us, and that as they advanced Morgan retreated out the Rochester Road.

We explained to our enemy (who mistook us for United States cavalry) that we feared he was mistaken, and compelled him to mount behind one of Company D and go with us. He expressed himself as having little respect for our intelligence or our courage, and suggested that we need not fear Morgan because he was certainly gone. When we deemed it imprudent to go nearer to Morgantown, we demanded of our mystified and drafted citizen that he should pilot us across to the Rochester Road over—as I remember he called it—Hog Ridge. He insisted that Morgan was gone and that we need not be scared, and that, at any rate, no one could, in that dark night, find his way across to the Rochester Road. We did, however, manage to reach the Rochester Road, and at daylight moved quickly toward Rochester, about fifteen miles distant. When we reached Rochester at the mouth of Mud River, and where that appropriately named stream pours into Green River, we were alarmed in finding that Morgan had sunk the small flat ferry boats on which he had crossed with his entire force. Half of Company D set about raising one of the little ferry boats, and the other half were on duty watching for the enemy to pursue us from Morgantown. Rochester was naturally well situated for defence. We finally crossed Mud River and reported to Morgan at Greenville.

It did seem strange that the captain of the Lexington Chasseurs, Captain Sanders D. Bruce, and the captain of the Lexington Rifles, Captain John H. Morgan, whose companies, with others of the Kentucky State Guard, were in 1860 reviewed by General Simon Bolivar Buckner, should have been at Morgantown on the 24th of October, 1862, Colonel Bruce commanding United States troops and General Morgan commanding Confederate Cavalry.

OF MY YOUNG BROTHER GEORGE A. CASTLEMAN.

In his delightful "Camp Fire Stories" General Basil W. Duke wrote as follows:

"On one occasion in the latter part of September, 1862, during General Bragg's occupation of Kentucky, I experienced a surprise stranger than ever happened to me before or afterwards. I was on my way from Cynthiana to Lexington and was riding with a single companion—Sam Murrell, my chief of couriers.

About four o'clock in the afternoon we had reached a point, about five miles from Lexington, whence the pike stretched in front of us for perhaps six or seven hundred yards, running between two beautiful woodland pastures. I was well acquainted with the region, but had never seen it look so lovely, nor had I ever gazed on it with so much pleasure. Under the bright sunlight the great trees reared their stately trunks and widely branching limbs in what seemed more than

usual majesty, and the dense foliage with which they were yet clad, stirred by a slight breeze, showed every shade of green. So far as I could see on either hand, the bluegrass, still retaining, despite the past summer's heat, its freshest and richest hue, gave each undulating hill and verdant hollow some peculiar charm. The white pike appeared in the slanting sunbeams like a broad band of silver. The whole scene glowed with beauty.

As we rode along in silent contemplation of this spectacle, a gate, about two hundred yards in front of us, swung open and the figure, seemingly, of a very large man mounted on a very big horse, came out upon the road. Neither Murrell nor I had caught sight of this horseman previously to his advent through the gate, and we could not understand how, in the open glades of the pasture, he could have escaped our observation. His sudden and unexpected appearance, therefore, seemed rather mysterious, and attracted an attention we might not otherwise have given him. He wore a slouched black hat, and a short jacket, the color of which we could not discern; and, as he sat on his horse in erect and military fashion, and was alert and confident in bearing, we took him to be a soldier, probably a Confederate cavalryman. His conduct, however, soon induced us to change this opinion, and suspect him of being a Yankee.

He halted for a moment, after coming fairly into view, and then, apparently alarmed at seeing us, made off up the road at top speed. We had watched him closely and when he thus took flight gave chase. Having swift horses, we rapidly gained on him, but neither our calls to him to stop nor our threats to shoot if he did not, had any effect. He neither checked his speed in the least nor even turned his head. We had drawn our pistols and in a few moments more might have fired, when what seemed a marvelous transformation happened.

We had gotten within fifty or sixty feet of him, when suddenly, man and horse, which had appeared just before of colossal size, dwindled to the dimensions of a boy of fifteen and a black pony. Some curious mirage effect of sun or atmosphere had wrought the previous deception. We stared in astonishment and could scarcely believe our eyes. When the little fellow—he was one of the handsomest boys I had ever seen—looked up at me with a frank, happy smile, perfectly fearless, although confronted by two armed strangers, I really felt abashed. I glanced at the pistol I was holding with a sense of shame, succeeded by one of horror as I reflected that I might have fired upon him.

'Bud', said I, 'why did you run away when you saw us?'

'Oh, I didn't see you or think about you at all', he replied. 'I always run Mollic'—that was the pony's name—'up this stretch of pike when I'm coming home from school.'

His face seemed familiar, although I was confident that I had never seen him. But Murrell, who had been regarding him intently, asked: 'Are you not a brother of Captain John B. Castleman?'

'Yes', he replied, 'I'm his youngest brother. My name's George, and I'm going to join his company.'

He was as good as his word. His three brothers were in the Confederate Army, two of them in the Second Kentucky Cavalry, which I then commanded. He was the youngest child and his mother's darling, but sore as was the trial she let him go. So in a few days he, too, was enlisted in the Second Kentucky and a member of his brother John's company. He immediately became a great favorite in

the regiment, and especially so with Lieutenant-colonel John B. Hutchinson, who had him detailed as his orderly.

In the subsequent retreat from Kentucky I had another encounter with him, less startling but more amusing than our first meeting. On the afternoon of October 24th Morgan's command encamped at Greenville, in Western Kentucky, and during the night there was a heavy fall of snow. The men were not provided with tents, but were well supplied with blankets and gum clothes, and wrapping themselves well in these were as comfortable as they would have been under shelter. I rode out early in the morning to the camp of the Second Kentucky, and had some difficulty in finding any one except the camp guards. Inasmuch as we proposed to let them rest that day, the men had not yet arisen, and the level field in which they were encamped was marked by white mounds, under each of which lay one or more sleepers. The field really looked like a graveyard enshrouded in snow.

'Which is Colonel Hutchinson's mound?' I asked one of the sentries, after having admired the scene for a few minutes.

'There it is', he answered, pointing to an unusually large one. I made my way to it as carefully as I could on horseback, and shouted Hutchinson's name at the top of my voice. What followed made me think of the resurrection. On all sides and throughout the encampment the mounds opened, and men sprang up, as one may imagine the dead will rise from their graves on the last day. Hutchinson was a tall and extremely powerful man, and he loomed up bearing George Castleman in his arms, as easily as if he were an infant. When he recognized me he broke into a loud shout of laughter and let the boy drop. George immediately addressed himself to me with his usual courtesy.

'I'm glad to see you at our headquarters, Colonel,' he said, 'but we can't offer you much of a breakfast this morning.' "

Company D was an unusual company of young men and boys, as good as any but no better than many in Morgan's cavalry.

In making inquiry in February, 1914, I could give besides the writer only five of this old company living out of one hundred and seventy-one enlistments. Being in Florida and out of reach of cold weather I ordered these old fellows "to report to me there for pleasure." There were:

A. F. Eastin, 80 years.	Joseph Robb, 71 years.
C. L. Hines, 75 years.	M. R. Lockhart, 70 years.
A. B. Lancaster, 74 years.	Jno. B. Thompson, 70 years.
Richard Bacon, 73 years.	

These are all highly esteemed and "well to do" citizens.

The day the dear old veterans were to leave Lexington, Kentucky, Eastin contracted pneumonia and in two days was dead.

M. R. Lockhart is the only one living of the boys who rendezvoused at my mother's residence spring of 1862.

CHAPTER XXII.

FIGHT AT WOODBURY, TENNESSEE.

After the winter campaign or raid into Kentucky and after the battle of Murfreesboro, Bragg had established his headquarters at Tullahoma. Morgan's command was doing outpost duty to the right of the army and the Second Kentucky was posted near Woodbury. Our camp was located so as to protect the intersecting roads two miles back of Woodbury on the McMinnville Road. On the 24th of January, 1863, Lieutenant Ben Drake was the officer of the guard and was posted in front of Woodbury on the Readyville Road, about a mile out from Woodbury. Drake reported that he had withdrawn the videttes and had brought his base back near Woodbury because of the advance of Federal troops who seemed to be reconnoitering in force. In answer to the question as to the strength of the enemy he estimated them as about three thousand, composed, as far as he could judge, in chief part of infantry and what seemed to be a battery and a battalion of cavalry. We were mounting the customary morning guard for the purpose of relieving the outpost and the pickets on duty. Lieutenant-colonel John B. Hutchinson was in command of the regiment. I was second officer in regimental command. After thoroughly understanding Drake's report, Hutchinson said to me: "Castleman, I'll go out with the new guard and hold the enemy in check until you come." Realizing the importance of the position we occupied on the right of the army and knowing the hopelessness of a conflict with the enemy five or six times our strength, I remonstrated with Hutchinson against putting the regiment in needless action. Turning to me immediately, with graceful, captivating manner but with very determined demeanor, which was characteristic of this very good soldier, Hutchinson put his hand on my shoulder and said: "My dear Castleman, I have on numerous occasions promised the people of Woodbury that no live Yankee should come into that town unless over my dead body, and I am going to keep my promise." He added: "I understand the force of your protest, but I am not going to consider your advice. Form the regiment and come ahead." In less than thirty minutes the column of the Second Kentucky was in motion. The very good officer had preceded me, as he had proposed to do, with the new guard. Beyond Woodbury I found Hutchinson skirmishing with the enemy and exposing himself by conspicuous and fearless example. Riding back a short distance toward the head of our advancing column it was agreed that I should throw the regiment into action by companies on the right of the road, and this was afterwards done. The horses

were left over a hill which carefully concealed them. Captain Cooper was instructed to move to the brow of the hill and discover his unrevealed reserve force to the enemy. Under heavy fire the old regiment moved by company formation with as much composure as if they were going into regimental parade. We had scarcely formed before "dear old Hutch," as we were in the habit of calling him, was killed. Desiring to carry out as far as possible the last wish of this beloved officer, we continued the fight for an hour, but from the outset it was a hopeless engagement. Hutchinson had given his life in the fulfillment of his promise to the people of Woodbury, and we had lost some good men in a fruitless action.

Riding behind the right of Company C and addressing myself to Harry Weissinger, Phil. Bates, Neville Bullitt and other brave fellows who were in the company, I ordered them to move up against a rail fence in front of us and shelter themselves by lying down. Notwithstanding the positive order, Harry Weissinger, under heavy fire, but with characteristic habit of disputation, replied "Captain, we've got a damn good pick at them from this point." The range was a long one and the fire from the enemy not agreeable. Just at this time I received a little wound in my right ankle, a ball which had glanced under my horse's belt, burned his skin and gave me momentary alarm. It was one of those little punctures which soldiers sometimes get, of which no notice is taken. A year afterward Dr. Paul F. Eve, surgeon in the army, advised me that the bone was a little injured and might possibly give me some annoyance, if I lived to be an old man, but he thought it would never be a serious matter. As I get older my experience with that slight wound brings me into more intimate recollection of the day at Woodbury.

As I rode down the regimental line, within thirty feet of my right were two men of my own company who were remarkable shots. One was Will Cooper and the other was George Downing. I called upon Cooper to shoot a United States officer who was exposing himself and setting, what was for us, a bad example to his men. Cooper fired with one of the old minnie rifles that we had carried the night we left my mother's house. The horse of the officer fell. Just then A. F. Eastin was badly wounded near Cooper's side and was afterwards faithfully nursed and, I think, his life saved by the good soldier and good friend, John H. Carter. When we withdrew from the field we took and retained position of our camp grounds.

I mention here that five years after this period I was a student at the Law Department of the University of Louisville. Stopping for a moment with George B. Eastin in front of the Willard Hotel, some old soldiers were talking of the war, and General Walter Whitaker was descanting upon the fight at Woodbury. I said to General

Whittaker: "Were you at Woodbury?" His response was: "Yes, I commanded the Federal forces there." He said "Castleman, were you there?" I said: "Yes, General Whittaker, I commanded the Confederate forces there." I related the story about Cooper's executing my order in killing the horse of the officer who was making himself obnoxious on the Federal side. With mingled excitement and laughter Whittaker rose to his feet and said: "Why, my God, Castleman, that was my horse." "Well," said I, "if I had known that, General, I wouldn't have done it, my neighbors should not have been molested."

CAPTAIN CARTER'S ACCOUNT OF THE BATTLE OF WOODBURY.

"BATTLE OF WOODBURY, TENNESSEE. (JANUARY 24TH, 1863.)

During the winter of 1863 that body of Confederates known as Morgan's Old Regiment, or Duke's, or "the old regulars," had been camped for several weeks at Woodbury on picket duty against the advance of General Rosecrans, a strong force of whose army was in camp at Readyville, about seven miles below.

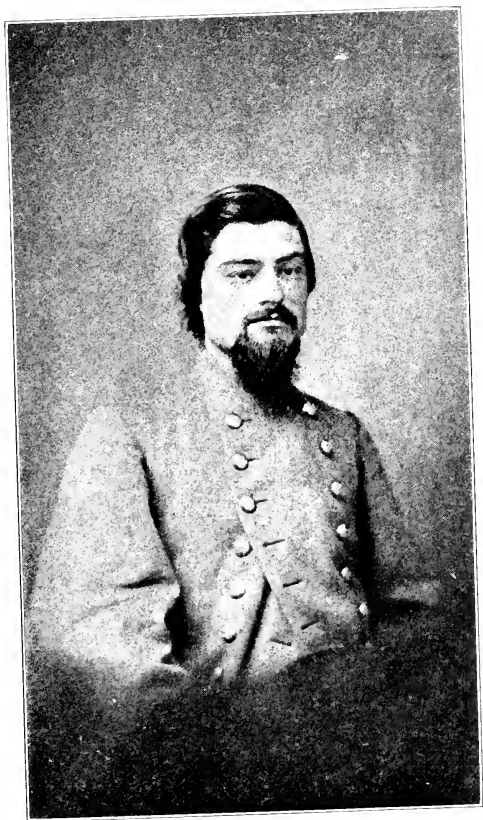
On the morning of January 24th our pickets reported that a large force of the enemy, consisting of infantry, cavalry and artillery, was advancing. Colonel Hutchinson, then in command of our regiment, contrary to the advice of his best officers, resolved to fight and ordered Captain Castleman to form the regiment and advance beyond Woodbury to meet the enemy, which he did. The men were there dismounted and advanced to the top of a hill just beyond Colonel Orand's house.

In front of our position was an open field one hundred and fifty or two hundred yards wide. On the far side of this was a thick woodland. The enemy soon appeared in the edge of the woods and in line of battle started across the open field, but the rapid fire of our long Enfields soon made them seek the shelter of the woods. We held them in check for perhaps half an hour when, their whole force of from four thousand to six thousand advancing, we were forced to retire to our horses. Colonel Hutchinson had been killed and Captain Castleman, in command, led the regiment back to a strong position just this side of Woodbury and formed another line of battle, but the enemy had seen enough of the old regulars and did not renew the attack and the next morning went back to Readyville.

This fight at Woodbury has been justly called one of the most stubborn and best managed of any in which the regiment was engaged. The next morning we went back to our old camp with hearts filled with grief at the loss of our beloved colonel, who was the idol of the regiment.

INCIDENTS OF THE FIGHT.

As the command began to fall back a fine mule, saddled and bridled, was seen hitched at an old stable about seventy-five yards from the pike, with no one near him. Captain Castleman suggested to one of the men near him to get the mule. The man hesitated and Castleman put spurs to his horse and in a shower of bullets from the enemy, then within a hundred and fifty yards and rapidly coming on, rode to the mule, and brought him to the command. This cool action raised the



GENERAL BASIL W. DUKE

courage of the men to the highest pitch and the retreat was conducted in good order.

Just before the retreat was ordered, A. F. Eastin, one of our very best men, received what was then thought to be a mortal wound. He recovered sufficiently to go with us on the Ohio raid and was captured and kept in Camp Chase and Douglas until near the close of the war, when he was exchanged and returned to his command, and surrendered with us at Washington, Ga., on May 10th, 1865, returned to Kentucky where he still lives, honored and respected by all who know him.

JOHN H. CARTER.

Lexington, Kentucky, June 30th, 1884."

In August, 1903, I was at Shelbyville, Kentucky, and received cordial greeting from a fine fellow whom I had not seen for nearly forty years. He said: "Castleman, you do not know me, and could not tell on what notable occasion I last saw you."

"Yes," said I, "this is my good old, brave comrade, George Keene, and I will not forget you at Woodbury, more than forty years ago. I was talking to Colonel Hutchinson on the Readyville Road near the bridge, as I recall it. You were on picket detail. You were by the fence on the right of the road. While talking to him Colonel Hutchinson was killed and I called you and said: 'George, help Charley Haddox put Colonel Hutchinson's body on his horse and carry the splendid fellow back to camp.' "

"Yes, that is a true bill, and I told you you would be killed too."

George Keene is a most highly respected citizen and good farmer of Shelby county, Kentucky.

CHAPTER XXIII.

SNOW HILL.

On April 3d, 1863, several regiments of Morgan's Cavalry under command of Gano were on the right of Bragg's army which continued headquarters at Tullahoma. On the Liberty Road our position was taken at Snow Hill, which was by no means impregnable. I was in command of the Second Regiment in elongation of a line which was formed by the other regiments and battery on the left of the road. It was on the left that the main attack was expected. The ground about Snow Hill was irregular and continuity of alignment was impossible. In front of my line of formation was a hill raising well up from a depression between that and the one I occupied, and this hill was a menace to our position. To have taken possession of it would have been to push the Second Regiment in front of formation of the other regiments and to have exposed both of my flanks, and although I should have had command of the road it would have been at the sacrifice of safety to the second Regiment. We had sufficient time to prepare an improvised breastworks for the entire regiment, using logs and rocks and favorable depressions for this purpose. Our horses had been left about three hundred yards back and out of sight and every staff officer was required to remain with them. It is quite usual in all wars for a commanding officer to have to take a position of exposure, even though it be not an agreeable task, but for this he deserves no credit. Some account of the fight is given from the communication of the Honorable Charles Y. Wilson, who was himself a fine soldier, a good officer and was commissioner of agriculture for the state of Kentucky under Governor Simon Bolivar Buckner.

After the general withdrawal of Morgan's Cavalry, the Second Regiment moved from the field in good order.

Company C, under Captain Sheldon, was ordered to a position on the right, which would protect an intersecting road that ran between the hill we were required, by Gano's orders, to occupy, and the hill opposite us which commanded the Liberty Road. This detached Sheldon from the regimental line about two hundred feet.

HONORABLE C. Y. WILSON'S ACCOUNT.

Veteran C. Y. Wilson tells a story on Colonel John B. Castleman.

At the meeting of the Confederate Association of Kentucky last week, in accordance with the request of President John H. Leathers, six members of the Association gave five-minute accounts of the most heroic actions witnessed dur-

ing the war. Messrs. Davis and Charles Y. Wilson gave graphic details of how men faced death. Major Wilson told the following:

“General John H. Morgan was camped with his command in the vicinity of Snow Hill in DeKalb County in Tennessee, on the 3d of April, 1863, which was Friday. General John M. Palmer, who was in the vicinity of Murfreesboro with a formidable force of cavalry and infantry, came out on the pike passing the little town of Liberty, and coming in the direction of Snow Hill. His infantry was in wagons in order that they might keep up with the cavalry and capture, if possible, the daring and dashing Morgan, who was a prominent and distinguished leader of the young Confederate blood of Kentucky. Snow Hill from its crest, leading backward, was a level section, going in the direction of Smithville and McMinnville. Winding down the side of the hill was a beautiful pike in our front. We were on the crest of the hill with a deep ravine in the center between two of the range of hills on one side, but in our front was a valley running diagonally across our pike which would enable the enemy to flank us on our left with their entire force of cavalry, leaving the infantry to attack us in front. The enemy's plans were well and judiciously made and came near proving successful.

I belonged to Morgan's old regiment, the Second Kentucky Cavalry, but generally known as Duke's Regiment. When we approached the brow of Snow Hill, Burn's battery was ordered to a vantage point on the hill so as to command the valley in our front. Colonel John B. Castleman was ordered to take the Second Kentucky Cavalry and go to the right of the pike and occupy that part of the hill and intercept any advance in that direction; we rode down and around the hills on our right and were finally dismounted and ordered just above a ravine. In our front was a high hill with possibly an angle of forty degrees. Colonel Castleman formed his line with instructions to get all the logs in the vicinity and make our head protection with rocks piled on the logs, and not to shoot under any circumstances until orders were given by himself. Of course, we were all in a hurry to fix our breastworks and did so in short order. I well remember that I concluded to get behind a big tree instead of the works. About this time two regiments of infantry appeared on the top of the hill in front and deployed a skirmish line to develop our position. Colonel Castleman was mounted and sitting erect on a blooded iron gray Kentucky mare about forty feet in the rear. The two regiments and the skirmishers kept up a very direct fire at our commanding officer, and, our regiment being almost invisible, the whole fire was directed at Colonel Castleman.

During the contest I looked around, expecting every moment to see him fall, as the skirmishers were at that time within sixty or seventy yards of our line. But there he sat, induced by consideration of his duty in keeping in touch with his regiment, as immovable as a statue. Finally his mare was shot, his clothes were shot, and, if I remember right, every leg of the beautiful mare was broken, and she had a large number of bullets strike her in the body. Lieutenant Ashbrook disobeyed his Colonel's orders in attempting to come to his relief and was shot down. Thomas R. Jordan arose from his secluded position and ran to his Colonel's side and fell wounded. Finally the order was given by Colonel Castleman from his prostrate position to “Commence firing,” and very few of the Federal skirmishers returned to see the loved ones at home. The Federal flanking column had succeeded in passing up the valley in our front, and a courier coming in great

haste ordered us to retreat. When I left the tree I had taken as a refuge I passed Colonel Castleman with tears in his eyes looking at the dying struggles of that beautiful Kentucky thoroughbred that had carried him safely in so many contests, he himself lying almost helpless on the ground. Colonel Castleman's action in the fight was one of the most conspicuous evidences of courage I had ever witnessed in my three and a half years of service in the Confederate Army. Not that he was possibly possessed of more courage than others, but his perilous position made his courage most conspicuous. He had ordered his mounted staff to the rear and was the only mounted soldier visible to the enemy."

(From *Courier-Journal*, Saturday, April 17th, 1897.)

Colonel W. C. P. Breckinridge with the Ninth Kentucky was on the left of the Liberty Road. The Second Kentucky was on the right. The subjoined is a tribute from Colonel Breckinridge.

"The Herald most cordially congratulates General Castleman upon his richly earned promotion. It greatly desired to see him receive appointment as a general officer when war was declared; but it is a much greater honor to have won it—won it fairly by honest, skilful and self-sacrificing service. It was a just as well as kindly act upon the part of President McKinley and we are glad to have an opportunity to approve this act.

One of the most picturesque and striking memories of service in the olden days, when some of us were getting our rights, is of Captain Castleman at Snow Hill holding the Second Kentucky in line and keeping an attacking Federal force in check."

(From the *Lexington Herald*, February, 1899.)

CHAPTER XXIV.

MORGAN'S WINTER RAID, DECEMBER, 1863.

In December, 1863, Morgan made his winter raid on Kentucky. I mention here only one or two personal matters incident to the extraordinary work accomplished in this raid by General Morgan. There had been operating about Springfield a body of cavalry under Colonel Halisey. Stopping one night at Springfield Lieutenant George B. Eastin, of Company D, had the privilege of being numbered among a lot of Confederate soldiers who were enjoying a "square meal" at the hospitable home of Mr. Cunningham. There were present several charming young women. The discussion by the family of the petty tyrannies of Colonel Halisey was such as to excite the interest of the meal-taking Confederate soldiers. One of the most attractive young ladies made the proposition that she would marry any Confederate soldier who killed Halisey. Eastin, with his accustomed courtesy, rose from his chair and accepted the challenge.

The position in which General Morgan was placed had become dangerous, because of the prevalence everywhere in the vicinity of the Federal troops. We moved early from Springfield. I was field officer of the day. Eastin and Captain Treble asked permission to go a mile off the road to a shoe shop to get a pair of shoes, as they were well nigh barefooted. I cautioned them of the danger which would result from their returning after the rear guard had passed. Promising to look out for them, they went away together. Unfortunately they struck our line of march behind the rear guard and were given chase by three Federal officers, who were far in advance of their pursuing column. Eastin quickly wheeled his horse into a narrow intersecting road—Captain Treble sped on, pursued by the two leading officers—Eastin met the rear officer and a pistol and close combat ensued and the Federal officer was killed. Eastin had killed Colonel Halisey in unexpected compliance with his promise made the night before to his hostess. He took from Halisey his sword and pistol and continued to wear the sword until at the time of the Ohio raid we made a detour of Louisville under the command of Major William J. Davis. Crossing the Ohio River at Twelve Mile Island, above Louisville and finding capture inevitable, he hid the sword under a log where he thought it would not be found, and went to prison under the name of Private George Donald. His reason was to avoid attracting attention on account of a reward having been offered for him because of his having killed Halisey. Eastin escaped from prison and subsequently did service to which I shall have occasion to refer hereafter.

The pistol with which Eastin killed Halisey was left in custody of Mrs. Myers at McMinnville, and I now have this in my possession. This is a Colt, six-inch barrel, 32 caliber, percussion cap.

Chief Justice M. R. Hardin of the Kentucky Court of Appeals was a great admirer of Lieutenant George B. Eastin (who afterwards became a justice of the same court) and in 1867 Justice Hardin wrote the subjoined poem describing the personal combat between the two mounted officers.

COLONEL HALISEY'S LAST BATTLE.

Morgan's men, with movement fleet,
Were marching Southward in retreat,
While close upon their chosen course
Was pressing hard the Federal force.
With numbers great, on flank and rear,
Intent on forcing battle where
The Rolling Fork and Muldraugh's height
Would check the rebel in his flight.

The cautious chieftain knew the map
Too well to fall in such a trap,
And neither man nor horse gave rest
Till Muldraugh's Hill was fully passed;
And, as along their dangerous route
They heard the fire of Federal scout,
And saw the forms of men in blue,
In martial columns come in view,
The coal black plume and glittering blade
Of Halisey were oft displayed.

Even danger seemed but to invite
The presence of this daring knight,
And woe to those who wore the gray,
Who, straggling, fell within his way.

Fierce, imperious and severe,
He sought, as did the man of Gath,
In boastful mood and vengeful wrath,
Some foeman bold enough to feel
His prowess, worthy of his steel;
And, often as he thus defied
The Southern warrior's martial pride,
Was seen to halt and wave his blade
A foeman, true as ever laid
A hand on hilt or trigger drew
For country's cause—and honor's too;
But strategy forbade delay,
And thus deferred the coming fray.

The sun was sinking fast to rest
Behind old Muldraugh's frowning crest;
Fatigue and cold had chilled the zeal
Which danger makes the soldier feel,
And gloomy silence reigned among
The retreating and pursuing throng.

But Hark! In front is heard a yell
Of exultation—"All is well!"
The pass is gained, and shouts resound
That Morgan holds the vantage ground,
And orders are announced at rear
To "Halt and rest the Column here."

And now is Eastin, for 'twas he,
With air of proudest chivalry,
That dared defy the Federal knight
Who challenge gave for mortal fight
Free to go and end this feud
By work of death—at least, of blood.

The evening sun rays cold and bleak
Still shine upon the mountain peak,
And mingle in the fitful glare
Of Federal camp-fires burning near.
The soldiers, long enured to war,
Welcome the night with little care
For cause of past or present sorrow,
Or dangers that await the morrow,
And, with songs attuned to softest lays
Of love and home in better days,
Make their camp-fires, and prepare
To cook and eat their scanty fare.

But Eastin hath already gone,
And met his vaunting foe alone,
Their charges, each a noble steed,
Panting to witness warlike deed,
As if instinctively imbued,
With sense of warrior's deadly feud,
With arching necks together pressed,
Bring the combatants breast to breast.
And now, as if Confederate cause
Were staked against offended laws,
And loving hopes of lady fair
Confessed in holy words of prayer,
And honor, too, more dear than life,
Depended on this deadly strife,
Each warrior seems in God to trust,
As though he felt his cause was just.

But, perchance, to breathe one prayer,
 Or call to mind some memory dear,
 Or think of loved ones far away,
 Unconscious of this fearful fray,
 Or swear to justice of his cause,
 Each yields a momentary pause.
 If truce it is, this side of heaven,
 It is the last that will be given.

Now each the other well surveys,
 Nor thought, nor look of fear betrays,
 But few and haughty words were those,
 Which either champion deigns to use.
 "Traitor, surrender!" the Federal cries,
 "Your arms, or your life," the foe replies.
 And instantly does each one place
 His pistol to the other's face.
 One second more (How fast it flies!)
 Ere Halisey or Eastin dies.

Meanwhile, the thoughts of either foe
 No one but God can ever know.
 For aught we know, some trace of fear
 May, for the instant, linger where
 Nothing but quick and deadly aim
 Can either from his doom reclaim.

'Tis o'er—the work of death is done,
 Another soul from earth is gone.
 Nor need fair rebel lady wail,
 Her champion's weapon did not fail,
 But through and through the warlike head
 Of Halisey a bullet sped.

'Tis o'er—a stifled groan and heavy sound,
 And clank of sabre on the ground,
 And death's dreadful portals crost,
 Halisey's last battle fought and lost.

NOTE:—A distinguished critic commenting on Justice Hardin's poem says: "'Colonel Halisey's Last Battle' by Chief Justice Hardin is worthy of the undoubted genius of its distinguished author. To its structure and easy flow it reminds one of 'The Fire Worshippers,' one of the gems of 'Lalla Rookh.'"



LIEUTENANT GEORGE B. EASTIN AT TWENTY-ONE.

CHAPTER XXV.

GENERAL JOHN H. MORGAN, HIS OHIO RAID,
IMPRISONMENT AND ESCAPE.

General Morgan had made his disastrous raid through Indiana and Ohio. General Morgan had undertaken to do with a division of cavalry what, in early stages of the war, he had found it easy to do with a regiment.

In 1862 this great officer had found it possible with his old regiment to pass two hundred miles in the rear of the enemy, destroy public property and transportation lines, capture isolated garrisons, and employ the attention of large forces of United States troops. General Morgan's cavalry was always well organized, always efficiently officered, and always remarkably manned and superbly mounted. General Morgan was wonderfully resourceful, quick in decision and accurate in judgment.

But cavalry raids had, in the summer of 1863, become less alarming to the opposing armies, and more dangerous to the raiders. It developed that the immediate transportation lines and depots of supplies for the army represented the interest which vitally concerned the enemy.

Therefore the raid of a division of cavalry three hundred miles from the Confederate line, and with the Ohio River intervening, more excited the need of combined effort to capture than the thought of great damage to the interests of United States armies in the front.

And with combination of overwhelming, available forces of the United States, and with gunboat service on the Ohio, which could move up the Ohio River as rapidly as Morgan's cavalry, could on parallel lines traverse the roads through the state of Ohio, it became difficult indeed for General Morgan to extricate himself from the enemy's pursuit. So with final capitulation at Buffington's Island, we find this great officer and subordinate officers imprisoned, and of this and his escape the thrilling statement of Captain Thomas H. Hines follows, to-wit:

GENERAL MORGAN'S ESCAPE.

On the 31st of July and the 1st of August, 1863, General John H. Morgan, General Basil W. Duke, and sixty-eight officers of that command were, by order of General Burnside, confined in the Ohio state penitentiary, at Columbus. Before entering the main prison we were searched and relieved of our pocket knives, money, and all other articles of value, subjected to a bath, the shaving of our faces, and the cutting of our hair. We were placed each in a separate cell in the first and

second ranges of cells on the south side in the east wing of the prison. These cells were let into a solid block of masonry one hundred and sixty feet long and twenty-five feet thick. They were six feet high, three and a half feet wide, and six feet deep, with iron grated doors, facing a hall twelve feet wide, between the cells and the inside wall of the wing, and running entirely around the block of masonry in which the cells are let. There are five tiers of cells with a narrow platform running in front of each tier, and reached by wooden steps running up at the end of the block.

General Morgan and General Duke were on the second range, General Morgan being confined in the last cell at the east end of the range, those who escaped with General Morgan having their cells in the first range. The main building, workshops and yard were enclosed by a solid stone wall thirty feet high four feet in thickness, and level on top, so as to form a walkway for the armed guards stationed there during the day.

From five o'clock in the evening until seven o'clock in the morning we were locked in our cells, with no possible means of communication with each other, but in the daytime, between those hours, we were permitted to mingle together in the hall twelve feet wide and one hundred and sixty feet long, which was cut off from the other portion of the building. At each end of the hall and within the partitions was an armed military sentine¹. I had observed that the floor of my cell was upon a level with the ground upon the outside of the building, which was low and flat, and also that the floor of the cell was perfectly dry and free from mould. It occurred to me that, as the rear of the cell was to a great extent excluded from the light and air, this dryness and freedom from mould could not exist unless there was underneath an air chamber. If this chamber should be found to exist, and could be reached, a tunnel might be run through the foundations into the yard, from which we might escape by scaling the outer wall, the air-chamber furnishing a receptacle for the earth and stone to be taken out in running the tunnel. The next morning when our cells were unlocked, and we were permitted to assemble in the hall, I went to General Morgan's cell, and laid before him the plan as I have sketched it. Its feasibility appeared to him unquestioned, and to it he gave unqualified approval. If, then, our supposition was correct as to the existence of the air-chamber beneath the lower range of cells, a limited number of those occupying that range could escape, and only a limited number, because the greater the number the longer the time required to complete the work, and the greater the danger of discovery while prosecuting it, in making our way over the outer wall, and in escaping after getting on the outside.

With these considerations in view, General Morgan and I agreed upon the following officers, whose cells were nearest the point at which the tunnel was to begin, to join us in the enterprise: Captain J. C. Bennett, Captain L. D. Hoekersmith, Captain C. S. Magee, Captain Ralph Sheldon, and Captain Samuel B. Taylor. The plan was then laid before them, and received their approval. It was agreed that the work should be begun in my cell, and continue from there until completed. In order, however, to do this without detection, it was necessary that some means should be found to prevent the daily inspection of that cell, it being the custom for the deputy warden, with the guards, to visit and have swept each cell every morning. This end was accomplished by my obtaining permission from the warden to furnish a broom and sweep my own cell. For a

few mornings after this permission was obtained the deputy warden would pass, glance in my cell, compliment me on its neatness, and go on. After a few days my cell was allowed to go without any inspection whatever, and then we were ready to begin work, having obtained through some of our associates, who had been sent to the hospital, some table knives. In my cell, as in the others, there was a narrow iron cot, used as a bedstead, which could be folded and propped up to the cell wall. My estimate was that the work could be completed within a month. On the 4th of November work was begun, under the rear end of my cot. We cut through six inches of cement, and took out six layers of brick put in and cemented with the ends up. Here we came to the air-chamber, and found it six feet wide by four feet high, and running the entire length of the range of cells. The cement and brick taken out in effecting an entrance to the air-chamber were placed in my bedtick, upon which I slept, during the progress of this portion of the work, after which it was removed to the chamber. We found the chamber heavily grated at the end, against which a large quantity of coal had been heaped, cutting off any chance of exit in that way. We then began a tunnel, running it at right angles from the side of the chamber, and almost directly beneath my cell. We cut through the foundation wall of the cell block five feet, through twelve feet of grouting, to the outer wall of the east wing of the prison, and four feet up near the surface of the yard, in an unfrequented place between this wing and the female department of the prison. During the progress of the work, in which we were greatly assisted by several of our comrades who were not to go out, notably among them Captain Thomas W. Bullitt, of Louisville, Kentucky, I sat at the entrance to my cell studiously engaged on Gibbon's "Rome," and trying to master French. By this device I was enabled to be constantly on guard without being suspected, as I had pursued the same course during the whole period of my imprisonment. Those who did the work were relieved every hour. This was accomplished and the danger of the guards overhearing the work as they passed obviated by adopting a system of signals, which consisted of giving taps on the floor over the chamber. One knock was to suspend work, two to proceed and three to come out. On one occasion by oversight, we came near being discovered. The prisoners were taken out to their meals by ranges, and on this day those confined in the first range were called for dinner while Captain Hockersmith was in the tunnel. The deputy warden on calling the roll, missed Hockersmith, and came back to inquire for him. General Morgan engaged the attention of the warden by asking his opinion as to the propriety of a remonstrance that the General had prepared, to be sent to General Burnside. Flattered by the deference shown to his opinion by General Morgan, the warden unwittingly gave Captain Hockersmith time to get out and fall into line for dinner. While the tunnel was being run, Colonel C. C. Morgan, a brother of General Morgan, made a rope, in links, of bedticking, thirty-five feet in length, and from the iron poker of the hall stove we made a hook, in the nature of a grappling iron, to attach to the end of the rope.

The work was now complete with the exception of making an entrance from each of the cells of those who were to come out to the chamber. This could only be done with safety by working from the chamber upward, as the cells were daily inspected. The difficulty presented in doing this, was the fact that we did not know at what point to begin in order to open holes in the cells at the proper place.

To accomplish this a measurement was necessary, but we had nothing to measure with. Fortunately the deputy warden again ignorantly aided us. I got into a discussion with him as to the length of the hall, and to convince me of my error he sent for his measuring line, and after the hall had been measured and his statement verified, General Morgan occupied the attention of the deputy warden, while I took up the line, measured the distance from center to center of the cells (all being of uniform size) and marked it upon the stick used in my cell for propping up my cot. With this stick, measuring from the middle of the hole in my cell, the proper distance was marked off in the chamber for the holes in the other cells. The chamber was quite dark and light being necessary for the work, we had obtained through our sick comrades in the hospital, candles and matches. The hole in my cell during the progress of the work was kept covered with a large hand satchel containing my change of clothing. We cut from underneath upward until there was only a thin crust of the cement left in each of the cells from which escapes were to be made. Money was necessary to pay our expenses of transportation and for other contingencies as they might arise. General Morgan had some money that the search did not discover, but it was not enough. Shortly after we began work I wrote to my sister in Kentucky a letter, which through a trusted convict I sent out and mailed, requesting her to go to my library and get certain books, and in the back of a designated one, which she was to open with a thin knife, place a certain amount of Federal money, repaste the back, write my name across the inside of the back where the money was concealed, and send the box by express. In due course of time the books with the money came to hand. It only remained now to get information as to the time of the running of the trains and to await a cloudy night, as it was then full moon. Our trusty convict was again found useful. He was quite an old man, called "Heavy," had been faithful, and his time having almost expired, he was permitted to go on errands for the officials to the city. I gave him ten dollars to bring us a daily paper and six ounces of French brandy. Neither he nor anyone within the prison or on the outside had any intimation of our contemplated escape.

It was our first thought to make our way to the Confederacy by the way of Canada; but on inspecting the time table, it was seen that a knowledge of the escape would necessarily come to the prison officials before we would reach and cross over the Canada border. There was nothing left, then, but to take the train south, which we found, if on time, would reach Cincinnati, Ohio, before the cells were opened in the morning, at which time we expected our absence to be discovered. One thing remained to be done, and that was to ascertain the easiest and safest place at which to scale the outside wall of the prison. The windows opening outward were so high that we could not see the wall. In the hall was a ladder setting against the wall, fifty feet long, that had been used for sweeping down the wall. A view from the top of the ladder would give us a correct idea of the outside surroundings, but the difficulty was in getting that view without exciting suspicion.

Fortunately the warden came in while we were discussing the great strength and activity of Captain Samuel B. Taylor, who was very small of stature, when it was suggested that Taylor could go hand over hand on the under side of the ladder to the top and, with a moment's rest, return in the same way. To the warden this seemed impossible, and to convince him Taylor was permitted to make the

trial, which he did successfully. At the top of the ladder he rested for a minute and took a mental photograph of the wall. When the warden had left, Taylor communicated the fact that directly South of and at almost right angles from the east end of the block in which we were confined there was a double gate to the outer wall, the inside one being of wooden uprights four inches apart, and the outside one as solid as the wall; the wooden gate being supported by the wing wall of the female department, which joined to the main outer wall. On the evening of the 27th of November the cloudy weather so anxiously waited and watched for came, and prior to being locked in our cells it was agreed to make the attempt at escape that night. Cell No. 21, next to my cell, No. 20, on the first range, was occupied by Colonel R. C. Morgan, a brother of General Morgan. That cell had been prepared for General Morgan by opening a hole to the chamber, and when the hour of locking up came General Morgan stepped into Cell 21, and Colonel Morgan into General Morgan's cell in the second range. The guard did not discover the exchange, as General Morgan and Colonel Morgan were about the same physical proportions, and each stood with his back to the cell door when it was being locked.

At intervals of two hours every night, beginning at eight, the guards came around to each cell and passed a light through the grating to see that all was well with the prisoners. The approach of the guard was often so stealthily made that a knowledge of his presence was first had by seeing him at the door of the cell. To avoid surprise of this kind we sprinkled fine coal along in front of the cells, walking upon which would give us warning.

We ascertained from the paper we had procured that a train left for Cincinnati at 1:05 a. m., and, as the regular time for the guard to make his round of the cells was twelve o'clock, we arranged to descend to the chamber immediately thereafter. Captain Taylor was the first to descend, passing under each cell to notify the others. General Morgan had been permitted to keep his watch, and this he gave to Taylor that he might not mistake the time to go.

At the appointed hour Taylor gave the signal, each of us arranged his cot with the seat in his cell so as to represent a sleeping prisoner, and easily breaking the thin layer of cement, descended to the chamber, passed through the tunnel, breaking down the thin stratum of earth at the end. We came out near the wall of the female prison—it was raining slightly—crawled by the side of the wall to the wooden gate, east our grappling iron attached to the rope over the gate, drew up the rope and made our way by the wing wall to the outside wall, where we entered a sentry-box and divested ourselves of our outer soiled garments. In the daytime the sentinels were placed on this wall, but at night they were on the inside of the walls and at the main entrance to the prison. On the top of the wall we found a cord running along the outer edge and connected with a bell in the office of the prison. This cord General Morgan cut with one of the knives we used in tunneling.

Having removed all trace of soil from our clothes and persons, we attached the iron hook to the railing on the outer edge of the wall, and descended to the ground within sixty yards of where the prison guards were sitting around the fire, conversing. Here we separated, General Morgan and myself going to the depot, quarter of a mile from the prison, where I purchased two tickets for Cincinnati and entered the car by the side of a Federal major in uniform, and I on the seat

immediately in their rear. General Morgan entered into conversation with the major. As the train passed near the prison wall where we had descended, the major remarked to General Morgan, "There is where the rebel, General Morgan and his officers are put for safekeeping." The General replied: "I hope they will keep him as safe as he is now." Our train passed through Dayton, Ohio, and there, for some unknown reason, we were delayed an hour. This rendered it hazardous to go to the depot in the city of Cincinnati, since by that time the prison officials would, in all probability, know of our escape and telegraph to intercept us. In fact, they did telegraph in every direction, and offered a reward for our re-capture. Instead then, of going to the depot in Cincinnati we got off, while the train was moving slowly, in the outskirts of the city, near Ludlow Ferry, on the Ohio River. Going directly to the ferry we were crossed over and landed in a skiff immediately in front of the residence of Mrs. Ludlow. We were warmly received took a cup of coffee with the family, were furnished a guide, and walked some three miles in the country where we were furnished horses. Thence through Florence to Union, in Boone county, Kentucky. We remained concealed at the house of Mr. Corbin until the next night. During this time Mr. Corbin, Mr. Green Smith, Mr. Platt, Dr. Dulaney and other friends of the cause supplied us with good, fresh horses and a pair of pistols each.

Here an incident occurs to me that may account for the delay of the Federals in ascertaining the route we had taken. There lived in Canada West, some fifteen miles below Windsor, on the Detroit River, Mr. Joseph H. Morgan. He came over from Ireland about the time of the rebellion of 1848, where Meagher, O'Brien and Mitchell fled to this country for protection. He was intensely Southern in his sympathies, and made many sacrifices for those who were engaged in the Southern cause. The morning of our escape, November 28th, he happened in Windsor, and, seeing a dispatch announcing the escape, he stepped into the Hiron House and registered "J. H. Morgan," was assigned a room and immediately it was telegraphed everywhere that General Morgan had escaped to Canada. This ruse doubtless threw the authorities off our track for some time, and in that way may have been materially beneficial to us.

On the evening of the 29th of November we left Union. Passing through New Liberty in Owen county, crossing Kentucky River at the ferry on the road to New Castle in Henry county, we stopped at the house of Mr. Pollard at 2 a. m. December 1st. Not knowing the politics of Mr. Pollard it was necessary to proceed with caution. On reaching his house we aroused him and made known our desire to spend the remainder of the night with him. He admitted us and took us into the family room, where there was a lamp dimly burning on the center-table. On the light being turned up I discovered a *Cincinnati Enquirer*, with large displayed head lines, announcing the escape of General Morgan, Captain Hines and five other officers from the Ohio penitentiary. The fact that this newspaper was taken by Mr. Pollard was to me sufficient evidence that he was a Southern sympathizer. Glancing at the paper I looked up and remarked "I see that General Morgan, Hines and other officers have escaped from the penitentiary." He responded: "Yes, and you are Captain Hines, are you not?" I replied: "Yes and what is your name?" "Pollard," he answered. "Allow me, then to introduce General Morgan." I found that I had not made a mistake. We assumed the character of cattle buyers, Mr. Pollard furnishing us with cattle whips to make

the assumption plausible. Our first objective point was the residence of Judge W. S. Pryor, in the outskirts of the town of New Castle, as he was known to be in every way trustworthy. We reached there about noon of the 1st of December, and found Judge Pryor at home, with a number of guests. We were introduced by Mr. Pollard to Judge Pryor and his guests under our assumed names, General Morgan as Hunt, and myself as Williams. Making known our pretended business, we walked out to look at the stock, when our true characters were made known to Judge Pryor; and becoming fully informed as to the price of different grades of cattle, we returned to the house and took dinner, discussing in the meantime in the presence of the visitors the matter of the purchase of the cattle. A price was finally agreed upon to be paid on delivery in Louisville on the following Friday.

After dinner Judge Pryor rode with us and put us in charge of a guide, who conducted us that night to Major Helm's in Shelby county, where we remained during the day of the second. We stopped on the third in the vicinity of Bardstown.

The night of the fourth we resumed our journey, and stopped on the morning of the fifth at Mr. McCormack's at Rolling Fork Creek in Nelson county, thence through Taylor, Green, Adair, and Cumberland counties, crossing Cumberland River some nine miles below Burksville, by swimming our horses by the side of a canoe. Near the place of crossing, on the south side, we stopped over night with a private in Colonel Jacob's Federal Cavalry, passing ourselves as citizens on the lookout for stolen horses. Next morning, in approaching the road from Burksville to Sparta, Tennessee, we came out by a by-way immediately in the rear of a dwelling fronting on the Burksville-Sparta road, and screening us from view. As we emerged from the woodland a woman appeared at the back door of the dwelling and motioned us back. We withdrew from view but kept in sight of the door from which the signal to retire was given, when after a few minutes the woman appeared again and signaled us to come forward. She informed us that a body of Federal cavalry had just passed, going in the direction of Burksville, and that the officer in command informed her that he was attempting to intercept General Morgan. We followed the Burksville road something like a mile, and in sight of the rear guard. We crossed Obey's River near the mouth of Wolf, and halted for two days in the hills of Overton county. We moved directly toward the Tennessee River, striking it about fifteen miles below Kingston, at Bridge's Ferry, December 13th. There was no boat to be used in crossing, and the river was very high and angry, and about one hundred and fifty yards wide. We obtained an axe from a house nearby and proceeded to split logs and make a raft on which to cross and by which to swim our horses. We had learned that two miles and half below us was a Federal camp. This stimulated us to the utmost, but notwithstanding our greatest efforts we were three hours in crossing.

General Morgan, myself, and four mounted men crossed over a spur of the mountains and descended by a bridle-path to a ravine or gulch upon the opposite side, and halted in some thick underbrush about ten steps from a path passing along the ravine. Not knowing the country, it was necessary to have information or a guide, and observing a log cabin about a hundred yards up the ravine, I rode there to get directions, leaving General Morgan and the others on their horses near the path. I found at the house a woman and some children. She

could not direct me over the other spur of the mountain, but consented that her ten-year-old son might go with me and show the way. He mounted behind me, and by the time he was seated I heard the clatter of hoofs down the ravine, and, looking I saw a body of about seventy-five cavalry coming directly toward me, and passing within ten steps of where the general and his men were sitting on their horses. I saw that my own escape was doubtful, and that any halt or delay of the cavalry would certainly result in the discovery and capture of General Morgan. Thus taking in the situation, and seeing in an instant that the escape of General Morgan depended upon misleading the cavalry, I lifted the boy from behind me and dashed to the head of the column and exclaimed: "Hurry up, Major, or the rebels will escape!" He replied: "Who are you?" I answered: "I belong to the Home Guard Company in the bend—hurry or they are gone." We dashed on, I riding by the major at head of the column some half a mile, when we came to where a dry branch crossed the road, and, as it had been raining that day, it was easily seen from the soil that had washed down from the side of the mountain that no one had passed there since the rain. Seeing this, the command halted, and the major again demanded to know who I was. I replied that I was a member of General Morgan's command. "Yes, d—n you, you have led me off from Morgan; I have a notion to hang you for it." "No, that was not General Morgan. I have served under him for two years and know him well, and have no object in deceiving you, for if it was Morgan he is now safe." "You lie, for he was recognized at the house where you got the axe. I would not have missed getting him for ten thousand dollars. I will hang you for it." Up to this time I had taken the situation smilingly and pleasantly, because I did not apprehend violence; but the officer, livid with rage from disappointment, directed one of his men to take the halter from his horse and hang me to a designated limb of a tree. The halter was adjusted around my neck, and thrown over the limb. Seeing that the officer was desperately in earnest, I said: "Major, before you perform this operation, allow me to make a suggestion." "Be d—n quick about it, then." "Suppose that was General Morgan, as you insist, and I have led you astray as you insist, wouldn't I, being a member of his command, deserve to be hung if I had not done what you charge me with?" He dropped his head for a moment, looked up with a more pleasant expression and said: "By God, boys, he is right—let him alone."

I am satisfied that this manner of appeal to soldierly pride is the only thing that saved me. I was placed under guard of two soldiers and sent across the river to camp, while the officer in command took his men over the mountains in search of General Morgan. General Morgan, however, succeeded in making good his escape. The next evening the major returned with his command from his unsuccessful pursuit. He questioned me closely, wanting to know my name; if I was a private in the command, as I had stated to him at the time of my capture. Remembering that in prison the underclothing of Captain Bullitt had been exchanged for mine, and that I had on his with his name on them in ink, I assumed the name of Bullitt.

On the evening of the second day in this camp the major invited me to go with him and take supper at the house of a Unionist a half a mile away. We spent the evening with the family until nine o'clock, when the major suggested that we should go back to camp. On reaching the front gate, twenty steps from the front veranda, he found that he had left his shawl in the house and returned

to get it, requesting me to await his return. A young lady of the family was standing in the door, and when he went in to get the shawl she closed the door. I was then perfectly free, but I could not get my consent to go. For a moment of time, while thus at liberty, I suffered intensely in the effort to determine what was the proper thing to do. Upon the one hand was the tempting offer of freedom, while on the other was the fact that the officer had treated me with great kindness, more as a comrade than as a prisoner, that the acceptance of his hospitality was a tacit parole, and my escape would involve him in trouble. I remained until his return. He was greatly agitated, and surprised undoubtedly at finding me quietly awaiting his return. I had determined not to return to prison, but rather than break faith I awaited some other occasion. Notwithstanding all this, something excited suspicion of me, for the next morning, while lying in a tent apparently asleep, I heard the officer direct a sergeant to detail ten men and guard me to Kingston. I was taken to Kingston and placed in jail, and there met three of our party who had been captured. After two days' confinement there, we were sent under guard of twelve soldiers to the camp of the Third Kentucky Infantry, under command of Lieutenant-colonel Dunlap. The camp was opposite the town of Lowden, and was prepared for winter quarters. The large forest trees had been felled for a quarter of a mile around the camp, and log huts built in regular line for the occupation of the troops. We were placed in one of these huts with three guards on the outside, while the guards who delivered us there were located around a camp-fire some ten steps in front of the only door to our hut, and around the whole encampment was the regular camp guard. The next day, as we learned, we were to be sent to Knoxville. We determined to escape that night.

It was perfectly clear, the moon about full, making the camp almost as light as day, and as the moon did not go down until a short time before daylight we concluded to await its setting. The door of the cabin was fastened by a latch on the inside. The night was cold. We had only pretended to sleep, awaiting our opportunity. When the moon was down we arose, one after the other, from our couches, and went to the fire to warm. We engaged the guards in pleasant conversation, detailing incidents of the war. I stood with my right next the door, facing the fire and the three guards, and my comrades standing immediately on my left. While narrating some incident in which the guards were absorbed, I placed my right hand upon the latch of the door, with a signal to the other prisoners, and, without breaking the thread of the narrative, bade the guards good night, threw the door open, ran through the guards in front of the door, passed the sentinel at the camp limits, and followed the road we had been brought in to the mountains. The guards in front of the door fired upon me, as well as the sentinel on his beat. Unfortunately and unwittingly I threw the door open with such force that it rebounded and caught my comrades on the inside. Fortunately three of these prisoners, by great daring and cool courage, escaped before they were taken north to prison. All was hurry and confusion in the camp. The horses in camp were bridled, saddled and mounted, and rapidly ridden out on the road I had taken, but by the time the pursuers reached the timber I was high up on the mountain-side, and complacently watched them as they scudded by. As I ran from my prison house I fixed my eye upon Venus, the morning star, as my guide, and traveled until daylight, when I had reached the summit of a mountain, where I found a sedge-grass field of about twenty acres, in the middle of which I lay down on the

frozen ground and remained until the sun had gone down and darkness was gathering. During the day the soldiers in search of me frequently passed within thirty steps of me, so close that I could hear their conjectures as to where I would most likely be found.

As dark approached I descended the mountain and cautiously approached a humble dwelling, and seeing no one but a woman and some children, I entered and asked for supper. While my supper was being prepared, no little to my disappointment, the husband, a strapping, manly looking fellow, with his rifle on his shoulder, walked in. I had already assumed a character, and that was as agent to purchase horses for the Federal Government. I had come down that evening on the train from Knoxville, and was anxious to get a canoe and someone to paddle me down to Kingston, where I had an engagement for the next day to meet some gentlemen, who were to have horses there, by agreement with me, for sale. Could the gentleman tell me where I could get a canoe and someone to go with me?

After supper my hospitable entertainer walked with me to the residence of the owner of a canoe. The family had retired, and when the owner of the premises came out there came with him a Federal soldier who was staying over night with him. This was not encouraging. After making my business known and offering large compensation, the owner of the canoe agreed to start with me by daylight. During my walk down there my guide had mentioned that a certain person living opposite the place where the canoe was owned had several horses that he would likely sell. I suggested that in order to save time and get as early a start as possible for Kingston, that the canoe owner would take me over to see to the purchase of these horses that night. The river was high and dangerous to cross at night, but by persuasive promises of good compensation I was taken over and landed some quarter of a mile from the house. With an injunction to await me, when the canoe landed I started toward the house; but when out of sight I changed my course and took to the mountains.

For eight days I traveled by night, taking my course by the stars, laying up in the mountains by day, and getting food early in the evening wherever I could find a place where there were no men. I passed through the Federal Army and reached the Confederate lines on the 27th of December, near Dalton, Georgia.

General Morgan in writing January 1st, 1864, to Captain Hines' father said:

"I regret exceedingly to inform you that your gallant son was captured at the Tennessee River upon the 14th ult. We had just crossed when the Federals dashed upon us and succeeded in getting him. To him in a great measure I owe my escape. When captured suppose he did not give his true name. If such is the case he will be taken to some of the military prisons, where he will certainly escape."

CHAPTER XXVI.

MORGAN'S LAST KENTUCKY RAID.

After Morgan's escape from the penitentiary, he was accompanied by Thomas H. Hines from the prison through Ohio, through Kentucky and safely to our line. Morgan commenced re-organizing such fragments of his men as the War Department of the Confederate Government authorized to report back to the good commander. From all sources he had gotten together about 1,800 men, about 600 of whom were dismounted and many of whom were poorly equipped. With this indifferently organized and badly equipped body Morgan determined to make a raid into Kentucky. Those of us who knew Morgan well and had the privilege of constant association with him were distressed at the change in the demeanor of the old commander. Morgan was low spirited, was embarrassed by misfortune, and unjustly criticized. He had not the buoyancy, nor the self reliance, which was his wont, and had not any longer his accustomed faculty of inspiring the enthusiasm which combined with his remarkable characteristics, but the loyalty of those who were with him became all the more conspicuous. There seemed to be a general recognition of the change that had taken place in General Morgan, and a determined purpose on the part of each to give him support in every way. I never saw affection more clearly demonstrated and sympathy more pronounced. But through all that followed the wonderful judgment and foresight and care in guarding against critical conditions were lessened and few intelligent officers and soldiers of the old Morgan men started on the last raid in Kentucky without the fear that it might be a mistake. Yet our habit of living on the enemy had been a part of the achievements of Morgan. The great cavalryman thought he could see, as a result of going into Kentucky at that time, remounts, reinvigorated enthusiasm and a restrengthened column, but only the first of these hopes was ever realized.

Under such conditions the latter part of May we left Russell Court House in Virginia, and after passing Gladdsville, moving toward Pound Gap, General Morgan was advised that a regiment of cavalry three hundred strong had passed through Pound Gap and was moving toward him on the Gladdsville Road. He sent Major R. A. Allston with about two hundred well mounted men to make a detour and get in behind this regiment. The enemy had been admonished of Morgan's advance and we climbed the hill slopes up to the Pound Gap Road to find that we were too late to intercept the Federal Cavalry. This proved to us a serious misfortune, because the enemy which we had

failed to intercept moved immediately back to Burbridge's camp at Louisa, and gave Burbridge the advantage of at least two days' earlier notice than he would otherwise have had.

On the second of June Morgan passed through Pound Gap destined to reach Mt. Sterling by the most available road. We had little for man to eat and nothing for horse, except the grazing which the country afforded with a bit of grain now and then to be found. Thus equally poorly rationed, a march of two hundred miles was made with about twelve hundred horse and six hundred dismounted men. Before we reached Mt. Sterling one hundred horses had been exhausted, but not a man left behind. Thus, on this route, the contest between the man and beast, under equal disadvantages, showed the superiority of the endurance of the human being. In five days we were in Mt. Sterling. On the eighth Morgan ordered the major portion of the mounted men moved forward on the Winchester Road, reaching Winchester that afternoon. There was a general expression of surprise that the old commander was leaving Martin in charge of the dismounted men at Mt. Sterling and leaving in a separate camp Giltner, with part of his men, thus dividing the column into two distinct sections, and without requiring that Giltner should move up and be in touch with Martin.

One has rarely seen more heroism than was shown by these dismounted men. They were footsore and tired, and it was on the following morning that these men, exhausted, were attacked in their beds by Burbridge, suffering heavily in killed and wounded, and rescued under extraordinary circumstances by individual heroism, and by the striking example of Colonel Martin and his Acting Adjutant George B. Eastin.

We awaited at Winchester the arrival of the troops which were left at Mt. Sterling, and then we moved on to Lexington. The column was halted about a mile from Lexington on the Winchester Pike. It was about one o'clock and a very dark night. I volunteered to test the enemy by going into Lexington under a flag of truce, and demanding the surrender of the place. The explanation was made to General Morgan that such an endeavor made in the dark need not be especially dangerous, if the precaution were taken to cry out repeatedly the words: "Bearer of flag of truce." The escorts to the bearer of the flag were Key Morgan, General Morgan's youngest brother, and Humphreys Castleman, my brother. On the left of Winchester street, as we went in, and not very far from Limestone street, a window was raised and a lady's voice called out, asking if we were not of Morgan's Cavalry. She announced to us that she was Mrs. John George, whose husband was with Morgan's cavalry, and begged that we should not go further because Captain Hawes' battery was posted a short distance ahead of us. Strange to say, we had encountered no pickets.

I advised the boys to quickly pull their horses well up on the sidewalk, and we halted and announced our mission with unusual vehemence. Finally an officer, who proved to be Captain Hawes, came in hearing distance and commanded a halt, and asked that the bearer of the flag of truce should dismount and advance and make known his wishes. Complying, I responded that my instructions were to demand the surrender of Lexington. Captain Hawes responded that he had no such authority, but that he would communicate at once with the commanding officer and let me know the result. In about twenty minutes Captain Hawes returned with instructions to decline to surrender. I had no definite advice as to what General Morgan would do, but detecting Captain Hawes' anxiety I responded to him that the Federal commander must then take the responsibility for the destruction of Lexington, which would be burned, if this was necessary to secure capture. I announced: "We have an 'overwhelming strength' and intend to possess this town." Captain Hawes remonstrated against the threat.

I reported back to General Morgan the result of my efforts and advised that if he would let me have forty volunteers I would *seem* to carry into execution our threat to burn, and that I believed that within a short time the town would be evacuated by the enemy, and without destruction of private property. We sent to Dr. Frazier's wood pile nearby and obtained two axes for the purpose of knocking down fences.

As we had passed in with the flag of truce we observed at the end of Winchester Street a large Government corral. To this we immediately set fire and unintentionally fired Wolff's brewery, which was across the street. We knocked down the fences and soon rode into the old Lexington Association race course grounds. The biggest stable on the grounds was then occupied by Mr. Grinstead. We turned his horses out and fired the stable, and considered that the burning of one there would be sufficient. Our path was lighted all the way by the conflagrations behind us. Opening ways with axes, we took the shortest route to the Kentucky Central Railroad buildings, which stood in front of the Eastern Lunatic Asylum, and back of the residence of General William Preston. In those days wood was used on railroads for firing locomotives and the wood sheds of the Kentucky Central Railroad were at that point very large and full of dry wood, thought to contain as much as one thousand cords. The fire made by this excelled in an illuminating capacity any flame I have ever seen, and though we had but four buildings burning they well nigh circled half the town, and the illumination suggested the appearance of a general conflagration. Riding up towards Short street I saw John Cooper, who had been teller at the bank of David A. Sayre and Company. Concealing my face so as not to be recognized, and soon dis-

covering from his inquiries that John thought, in his excitement, that we were a body of Federal cavalry, he quickly gave me all the information I needed about the Federal forces. I found that they were rapidly withdrawing to the fort which stood south of the Versailles Turnpike on the edge of Lexington, where the stock yards now are and directly north of the Trotting Association grounds. I made a detail consisting of Phil. Thompson, Henry Sampson and Howard McCann with instructions to ride up Short street to Limestone, and from Limestone to Winchester and out until they met General Morgan's column, and present my compliments to General Morgan and say that the town was evacuated. Just at dawn of day General Morgan entered Lexington.

It may be quite well understood that this detail of forty men was not made up of very ordinary soldiers. Among the forty were the Honorable Phil. B. Thompson and his twin brother, the Honorable John B. Thompson, both men distinguished afterwards in public life. I subjoin a letter from the Honorable John B. Thompson, giving his recollection of this experience.

"Harrodsburg, Ky., March 16th, 1907.

*General John B. Castleman,
Louisville, Ky.*

Dear General:

I have your kind letter of March 14th, 1907, requesting me to trace back my memory nearly half a century to the stirring times of the war, when, but a youthful soldier, not exceeding eighteen summers, I served with General John H. Morgan, the most distinguished cavalry commander in the Confederate service, and to recall and relate some facts connected with those times. While my memory of many of the events that transpired during my four years of service with his command in the Confederate army, from long lapse of time, is dim, vague and shadowy, yet I recall some of the circumstances connected with the midnight raid in June of 1864 around the city of Lexington under your immediate command, in which we destroyed by your orders, quite a lot of property belonging to the Government, and to the Kentucky Central R. R.

Coming in from Virginia on what is known as the last raid in Kentucky, we approached Lexington from the east on the Winchester Pike, arriving near Lexington some time during the night. An extremely dangerous and hazardous expedition was to be led out in the darkness of that night, and volunteers for this perilous undertaking were called for and such call found a ready response. This detail was sent out under your command to reconnoiter and threaten the enemy. A consideration of the objects, the purposes and consequences of whatever was done or ordered to be done never disturbed the minds of the men in the least. If it was orders from the commanding officer to do this or that it was done. The command was sufficient to all in General Morgan's cavalry.

We burned a corral in the eastern part of the city; I think also a brewery. As I was not at the time nor am I now very well acquainted with the topography of Lexington, I did not know the various places visited on that night or the streets

traversed. I remember, however, we went across, through the old race track, the fences being torn down for the purpose of permitting our passage and after withdrawing the horses we burned some barns, upon the grounds of the track.

Proceeding northward, as it seems now to me, we destroyed quite a lot of supplies by conflagration belonging to the Government and to the railroad, in the neighborhood of the Kentucky Central depot, including a large amount of cordwood, gathered at that point for fuel for the railroad.

The enemy evacuated Lexington and we took possession for the time being. Being young at that time I had little or no acquaintance with the residents of Lexington and did not expect to meet any person that I knew. I was surprised, however, when I did meet Mr. James B. Beck, a friend and acquaintance, and who was afterwards prominent in public life as the distinguished senator from Kentucky in the United States Congress. Mr. Beck was a very prudent man, almost to timidity. He had, however, married a Southern woman and all his sympathy and feelings ran strongly with the cause of the South. Astonished, seemingly at seeing me there, being a close friend to all of our people and struck no doubt, by my worn and hungry look, he asked me for my brother Phil and where we were going to get breakfast. I told him I did not know; that we always got something to eat somewhere, but really I did not know exactly where we would have breakfast that morning. With all the shrewd caution of a 'canny Scot' he said: 'You might get a good breakfast at my house if you would come up there and order it.' I said: 'Good, we will be there.' He replied: 'Now, bring Phil and some of your friends and take breakfast with me, but mind you you are going to demand this breakfast; I am not going to give it to you, nor serve it to you except it is demanded in such loud, boisterous and threatening manner that I and all my negro servants and neighbors will be so alarmed that we will be afraid not to serve it for you and in a hurry too, for I doubt if you have much time. You may leave here yet I shall have to stay, and I do not intend, after you are gone, that these niggers about my house shall report me for having given breakfast to a lot of Confederate soldiers and turn me over to the tender mercies of Steve Burbridge and the like of him. You must rush in with drawn weapons, making a great clatter of your spurs and dragging them on the pavement and on the floor and with loud voices and boisterous language, including a little swearing, demand that breakfast be gotten for you.'

I told him: 'Good enough, we understand the play.' So I gathered together my brother Phil and some other comrades and imparted to them the knowledge that we were going up to take breakfast with Jim Beck; we were going to order it too, and it was going to be a good one. So away we went rollicking up to his residence, and with great bravado, loud voices, threatening manner and ugly talk in the presence of the niggers, ordered Mr. Beck to have breakfast for all of us at once. And it soon arrived.

What a sorry figure we must have cut, as we ranged ourselves around that breakfast table.

Weary from unremitting vigils, exhausted with unceasing conflict, worn out with long and continuous travel, ragged and dusty, unwashed and unkempt, with nothing but our courage, our honor, our cause, our youth and our hope to sustain us, we certainly presented an unusual appearance at a gentleman's breakfast table. Young, sensitive and abashed, you can scarcely imagine our deep humili-

ation as we sat at the breakfast table in our rags, ravenous to devour—for soldiers do not eat, they devour—whatever was placed before us, when there appeared the eldest daughter of our host, a young girl just on the eve of womanhood, to assist in waiting on us. Tall with a luxuriant growth of brown hair that seemed to fall in gentle neglectfulness around a face serenely innocent and marvelously beautiful, she smiled beneath “Cupid’s perfect bow” at our awkward confusion, conscious that it was the result of her presence, while from the deep azure of her luminous eyes the soul of forgiveness for all our deficiencies passed in merry twinkle to all around the board.

I do not believe, after she made her appearance amongst us, there was left in all combined a sufficient amount of courage to have asked her, in the most humble voice, to ‘please pass the biscuits.’

She waited upon us kindly and smiled on us benignly, and from aught that could be told from her actions, we seemed to be of the very elect.

With breakfast over, no thanks were given, no adieus were said. In deep silence we passed out from that hall and out of the gate to resume once more the stern duties of a soldier’s life, but whatever in life might after betide, none have ever forgotten the brightness of that vision and the joy of that hour.

Very truly yours,

(Signed) J. B. THOMPSON.”



JOHN B. THOMPSON

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE NORTHWESTERN CONSPIRACY.

What I have hitherto written bearing on some personal service in Morgan's cavalry and on the more valuable service of those connected immediately with me, I have been led to write chiefly in deference to the wishes of friends who may take the trouble to read what has been recorded.

We come now to deal with endeavors of which little has been accurately known, because there were few Confederate soldiers who were active participants at any time and most of these have passed into eternal life. These efforts were inaugurated by the Confederate Government in sending representatives to a neutral country and these representatives found asylum in Canada.

AFTER HALF A CENTURY.

Now, more than half a century has passed. Almost all of the men of that day have gone to the life beyond and one is obliged to realize that the lapse of time and failure to accomplish are inscrutable barriers against the penetration of interest in the review of effort.

The writer will present the adverse conditions which were then tightening from all sides about the Confederate Government. And it cannot be expected that any effort to remove those conditions will by all—or even by a great many—be considered as having been practical. It, however, was at least patriotic, honest and courageous and possible of achievement. It is certain that the Confederate authorities had been compelled to realize that then, in the fourth year of a war waged against overwhelming odds, difficulties across the path of final success were increasing.

It was to the whole world cause of wonder and reverence that one-third of the states composing the United States Government should, by force of arms, in 1861 have enunciated their constitutional rights of states, and without having any of the strength which governmental organization supplied, should have risked all in maintenance of principle. And the world watched with increasing respect the struggle of the Southern States organized in 1861 as a Confederate Government without a treasury, without an army, without a navy, and continuing in defense of asserted principles without recognition of any European power, and against opposing armies recruited from the world.

And after four years, increasing exhaustion became each day more and more emphasized. This exhaustion was not generally ad-

mitted nor very generally known. Yet it was being burned into the hearts of the mothers who were sending to enlistment the next son who had grown large enough to carry a gun, and who went to the front to take the place in the ranks of the father or the brother who had been killed in battle. Meanwhile, the heroic but bereaved mother stayed on the farm to direct the faithful slaves in raising crops for those who still lived and fought.

It was known to the captain who enlisted the young boy to succeed the dead father or the brother in the same company in which the boy now elected to serve.

It was known to the colonel of the regiment who had come to personally affiliate with each one of his comrades.

And finally the conditions were known to the commanding generals, and to no one better than to General Lee, who, more than any one else, realized that all this meant final exhaustion.

General Lee had begun to urge upon President Davis the need of more men to continue the wonderful work of his invincible army whose ranks were being thinned by the experiences of war.

He had also urged that better clothing and more food were needed by his beloved followers. General Lee appealed in behalf of exchange of prisoners so that the great Confederate army held harmless in Northwestern prisons might return to duty, and that the vast supply of rations going to the United States soldiers held in Southern prisons might be used to feed the scantily supplied Confederate soldiers.

On the contrary, General Grant advised that the armies of the United States would be endangered by release of the Confederates in captivity, and that it should be the policy of the United States Government to hold Confederate prisoners without exchange.

Captain E. O. Guerrant was an unusually good soldier in Morgan's cavalry, and for well nigh fifty years after the war was a faithful and influential missionary in the mountains of Kentucky. An experience of his in 1864 while in Southwestern Virginia plainly illustrates the depletion of war men and the faithfulness of the negro slave.

Captain Guerrant obtained leave of absence for the day and concluded to explore the country around about. About noon, induced by attractiveness of the farm and hope of a "square meal," he entered the gate leading to a handsome lawn on which stood a spacious house suggestive of pecuniary independence.

As he rode in the avenue he observed half dozen negro men engaged in care-taking. The captain stopped and an elderly negro approached, took off his hat and said: "Sah, my name is Uncle Jerry, and we's glad to see one of our old soldiers; and ole Master and ole Missus and Miss Mary would be powerful glad if you would go to de house and git your dinner."

Captain Guerrant responded, "Well Uncle Jerry, I am glad to see you and these good men with you. Tell me, Uncle Jerry, who lives here?"

"Well sah, Marse John Gillespie and old Missus and young Miss Mary Wallace lives in de big house, and dey aint nobody else on de place seppin we men and de servants at de house, and we stays here and raises craps fur de army while de white folks done gone to de war. Ole Miss had four sons in de war. One of dem, young Marse John, done been killed and just last week Ole Marse and Ole Miss sent little Bobbie to take de place of his brudder John in General Lee's Army, and Miss Mary's husband, Major Wallace done been killed in Stuart's cavalry, and Jim, dat little nigger you see workin dar was wid Major Wallace when he was killed, and den Jim came back to help de rest of us to wuk for de army."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

CONFEDERATE COMMISSIONERS WERE AT THIS TIME APPOINTED TO CANADA.

Something of their respective unsuitableness for the positions, difficulties encountered and why they failed.

Mr. Jefferson Davis in his "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government" with reference to the political sentiment thought to exist in the Western and Northern states, says:

"The aspect of the Peace party was quite encouraging, and it seemed that the real issue to be decided in the presidential election of that year was the continuance or cessation of the war. A commission of three persons, eminent in position and intelligence, was accordingly appointed to visit Canada, with a view to negotiate with such persons in the North as might be relied on to aid the attainment of peace."

The commissioners appointed to perform the exceedingly difficult task assigned was, Jacob Thompson of Mississippi, while Clement C. Clay of Alabama, and James P. Holcombe of Virginia were sent in an advisory capacity.

The authority of President Davis issued April 27th, 1864 was issued to Jacob Thompson—and all official communication from all Government Departments were addressed to Jacob Thompson.

By instructions of the Confederate Government, Messrs. Thompson, Clay and Honorable W. W. Cleary, secretary of the commission, started on May 6, 1864, from Wilmington, North Carolina, in the Clyde built steamer "Thistle," a fast blockade runner.

The "Thistle" steamed down the Cape Fear River, reaching Fort Fisher late in the afternoon, and there anchored till darkness freed her from the danger of easy observation. She steamed to sea midst thirteen United States vessels that composed the blockading squadron.

The fuel of the blockade runner was anthracite coal, the furnace hooded, the lights out, and the speed unusual.

Blockade runners were painted a color that made them inconspicuous against the sea. Whenever the watch officer observed a steamer ahead, the course of the blockade runner was changed to elude possible pursuit. A steamer following for several hours alarmed the "Thistle" passengers. But finally the captain of the blockade runner comforted all on board by announcing that he was running faster than his pursuer, and finally arrived safely in the Bermudas, at the Port of St. George.

Subsequently the commissioners sailed for Halifax on the British mail steamer "Alpha," and arrived at Halifax on the 19th of May.

Here Commissioner Clay was detained on account of illness, and Commissioner Thompson, with Secretary Cleary, set out for Montreal, arriving there on May 29th.

Mr. Thompson opened an account with the Bank of Ontario, but found it advisable afterward to make his headquarters at the more conveniently located city of Toronto.

Mr. Clay chose St. Catherine's for his place of residence, and the severance of residential locations was fairly indicative of the absence of concurrent action which existed from the beginning even to the end of the commissioners' service in Canada. Jacob Thompson was a successful man of business, a politician of unusual ability, had served in the cabinet of President Buchanan as secretary of the interior, was always a gentleman, but was not a diplomat.

Mr. Thompson was somewhat disqualified for the duties of commissioner by being unable to realize that many men were not as honorable as he.

Mr. Thompson, along with Henry Watterson, had seen field service on the staff of General Forrest, and to such counselors General Forrest owed much.

Mr. Clay was a man of culture and of some political experience. He had represented the state of Alabama in both houses of the United States Congress. It would have been difficult for President Davis to have found one prominent in political life who was more unfitted to perform the duties exacted. He was not a practical man, he lacked judgment and he was in ill health, was peevish, irritable and suspicious—he distrusted his colleague, Mr. Thompson, and he relied on those who were often unworthy. From the very outset he was out of harmony with Commissioner Thompson; with his residence at St. Catherine's, removed from Mr. Thompson's semi-official residence at Toronto, and demanded and was paid then the sum of \$93,000.00 from which he should make such expenditures as might accord with his undisputed judgment. The lack of accord of these two commissioners might have made success difficult even had the duties exacted been easier of attainment.

James P. Holcombe was an accomplished scholar with neither experience nor tact nor knowledge of men, all of which were requisites to deal with the serious questions presented to the Confederate commissioners.

The Confederate Commission in Canada would have been more efficient if Thompson alone had represented the Confederate Government.

The duties imposed expanded much beyond those first considered, and authority respecting such duties was provided for in the elastic verbal instructions given by President Davis. The fulfillment

of these duties required thorough knowledge of political conditions and politicians—of newspapers and of proprietors of these papers—of military conditions and of military men, of discernment of the probable influence of action. Above all the duties required an unusual judgment of men. The manifest absence of many of these qualifications, and especially of judgment of men, justified at a very early date doubt as to large measure of success.

President Davis relied chiefly on Jacob Thompson, and on April 27th, 1864, issued the following authority to wit:

“Richmond, Va., April 27th, 1864.

Hon. Jacob Thompson:

Sir:—Confiding special trust in your zeal, discretion and patriotism, I hereby direct you to proceed at once to Canada; there to carry out the instructions you have received from me verbally, in such manner as shall seem most likely to conduce to the furtherance of the interests of the Confederate States of America which have been intrusted to you.

Very respectfully and truly yours,
(Signed) JEFFERSON DAVIS.”

Commissioner Thompson considered it advisable to sojourn temporarily at Montreal, not alone to open a bank account for the ample funds at his command, but to carry into effect as far as might seem to be possible, the verbal instructions given him by President Davis.

These instructions enjoined the quiet ascertainment of opinions of influential men in the United States as to positive expression of potent opinion hostile to the continuance of the war.

Not alone did there exist the powerful opposition to the continued prosecution of the War between the States because of no constitutional right; not alone the precedent asserted in the earlier history of the country by New England of the absolute right of state government; but quite apart from this absolute right of government there had come now to the hearts and homes of all the people the thought that the war was being waged for the liberation of slaves, and that for this end lives and property of the white people of the United States were offered in sacrifice.

To further crystallize this feeling, and to mould it in some way into hostile expression was the essential duty of the Confederate commissioner. This could be best effected primarily by means of the newspapers. And this certainly could not be immediately done with hope of widespread influence. The commissioners looked to New York as a necessary starting point.

It was not long before there came upon the scene a strong visionary, persistent man in the ubiquitous George N. Sanders. In my experience of a long life, accustomed to dealing with men, I have known no counterpart of this very unusual man. Commissioner Clay soon

yielded entirely to his influence, most men were swayed by his plausible theories, and he was a constant menace to the interests for which the Confederate commissioners were made responsible. He controlled Mr. Clay, he dominated, while he was there, Mr. James P. Holcombe. Sanders entertained the wildest views as to what legitimately constituted "retaliation," and upon most of the Confederate soldiers who had escaped to Canada from Northern prisons he impressed his wild and impracticable thoughts.

He had no influence with Commissioner Thompson, and had none with Hines nor with me.

"During the several years prior to and after the Civil War the name of George N. Sanders was daily on the tongues of men of nearly every Christian nation. In Europe he was confidant and companion of such men as Louis Kossuth, Victor Hugo, Ladru Rollin and Garibaldi; while in America he hobnobbed with the president and his cabinet, and was close to all politicians.

Questions of eminent national importance were troubling the minds of citizens of the republic during the decade between 1835 and 1845. Nearly every Kentuckian of prominence was interested in the outcome of Texas independence. That state had declared its independence in 1835. In November 1843, George N. Sanders called the first meeting held in the United States for the annexation of Texas. It was held in a little tailor shop at Ghent, Ky., and comprised a baker's dozen of representative citizens of Carroll county, Ky.; Frank Bledsoe was the secretary of the meeting. George N. Sanders drew up the resolutions which were adopted. He was named to correspond with the different candidates for president. This correspondence elicited letters from James K. Polk, Tyler, Buchanan, Woodbury and the widely celebrated Robert J. Walker, on the subject of the 'Annexation of Texas.' Mr. Van Buren was the only candidate that did not reply. The deepest national interest was manifested in the replies to which popular anticipation had been directed by the press.

In recognition for his services Pierce appointed Sanders consul to London. The Senate at first rejected the nomination, but later confirmed it at the intercession of Seward, strangely enough, a decided political opponent. Mr. Sanders resided two years in London, where he was known for his boundless hospitality and rabid republicanism. It was there that he gave the famous dinner to Buchanan, then minister to the Court of St. James, and, as the spirit of the occasion, inspired the defiant tone of the after-dinner speeches. It was George N. Sanders who pushed Buchanan and encouraged Soule, at Ostend, to manifest a determination to appropriate Cuba at all hazards regardless of international law, Monroe Doctrine, or anything else. It was while consul at London that he entered heart and soul into the dream of Victor Hugo, Ladru Rollin, Mazzini, and Garibaldi for the overthrow of all monarchies and the establishment of universal republican forms of government. He astonished them with the recklessness of his ambition.

A contemporary correspondent of Forney's Press wrote of Sanders:

'He sees everybody and talks to everybody, high and low. He has little veneration for great men. He would ask Justice Taney to take a drink and criticize George Washington, were he living, to his face.'

'Born in Kentucky and raised in New York, he takes a view of the whole country and is ready to take charge of it too.'

'Sanders became a national character and was considered one of the most adept political wire-pullers in the country when it came to politics.' "

It was quite impossible for Mr. Sanders to control his innate activities. He had no authority to do anything, and Commissioner Thompson declined to confer with Mr. Sanders, or to take part in any scheme promoted by him. He knew Mr. Sanders' proclivity for meddling, and his caution was increased by the warning of Captain Hines and myself that this busy man had obtained control of the opinions of Mr. Clay and Mr. Holcombe and might get any one in trouble by his active brain and tireless scheming.

Sanders soon assumed the authority to invite Horace Greeley to secure from President Lincoln safe conduct for himself and Commissioners Clay and Holcombe to Washington in order that they might discuss with President Lincoln the situation of affairs. Messrs. Clay, Holcombe, Greeley and Sanders met at Niagara, when President Lincoln advised Mr. Greeley that he would be pleased to confer with any one having authority to treat of peace on basis of 'Integrity of the whole Union and the Abandonment of Slavery.'

Commissioner Thompson declined to be a party to the conference.

Captain Hines and I advised Commissioner Thompson that Sanders had urged that we do the Confederate Government the service, and ourselves and those we would identify with us the honor to "retaliate" by robbing the banks at Niagara and at Buffalo. We explained that we could easily take possession of the banks at both places, but declined to accede to his views that this would be a legitimate act of war, or that it would be "an honor," or that the Confederate Government could be brought to sanction such action.

We explained that such course would violate our obligations to Canada, embarrass the Confederate Government and jeopardize the Confederate commissioners who sought asylum in the Dominion. No argument, however, satisfied Mr. Sanders, and we were at all times very reticent in discussing in his presence any matter of moment, although exceedingly fond of him personally.

General Basil W. Duke, writing in 1896, said:

"The true character and purposes of the Northwestern Conspiracy have never been understood outside of the ranks of the initiated save by very few; and yet it is a matter of astonishment that it was kept so closely veiled, inasmuch as a vast number of men were engaged in it, and necessarily informed, to a greater or less extent, of its objects. Necessarily the danger attendant upon such a course of action compelled an unusual degree of secrecy and prudence. Every one in any manner connected with it took his life in his hand. The Confederate emissaries

Richmond, Virginia.
April 27 1864
Hon Jacob Thompson
Sir:

Confiding special
trust in your zeal, discretion
and patriotism I hereby
direct you to proceed at once
to Canada, there to carry out
the instructions you have
received from me verbally
in such manner as shall
seem most likely to con-
duce to the furtherance of
the interests of the Confed-
erate States of America which
have been entrusted to you

Very respectfully
& truly yours
Jefferson Davis



JACOB THOMPSON

Dec. 6th 1882

Frankfort Ky

Major J. B. Cushman
Louisville, Ky

Dear Genl:-

I find it almost impossible
to get the time to prepare the promised
article on the Western Confederacy,
and therefore write to ask if
you will not undertake it? There
seems to be a general demand for its
production. If you will undertake
to write it immediately I will
give you all my private papers

bearing on the matter including
original orders. What say you?

Yours truly

Thos. H. Hines

who planned it, and were most active in enlisting its numerous agents and abettors, would have been shot as spies upon conviction, and the citizens of Northern states who became their allies were liable to trial and execution for treason. How generally and unsparingly such punishment would have been inflicted, had sufficient proof to sustain it been forthcoming, all who remember the temper of the time will realize; how relentlessly such doom was executed in some instances, wherein cases against the accused seemed made out, the friends of the sufferers can never forget.

It required no ordinary degree of audacity to conceive such a scheme, and an amount of cool, unflinching nerve to patiently and systematically persist, under all the manifold dangers and difficulties surrounding it, working it up, which is now well nigh incredible. But the kind of men who could plan and execute it are the very men to keep a secret themselves and to teach and coerce silence and discretion to others; and wide as were the ramifications of this perilous business, and tremendous as were the consequences involved in its issue, although its existence was discovered, its real policy, its formidable dimensions, and how nearly it reached the accomplishment of its aims, were never known. In the very heat and strain of war the people of the North were startled by learning that while their armies were waging battle in the distant region of rebellion, revolt and danger were at their very doors, and strife might at any hour break out in Northern communities direr than that which had desolated Virginia and Tennessee."

In 1882 my friend and comrade, Captain Hines again urged me to write an account of the "Northwestern Conspiracy" and addressed me the following letter:

"COURT OF APPEALS.

Frankfort, Ky., December 6th, 1882.

*Major J. B. Castleman,
Louisville, Ky.*

Dear Breck:

I find it almost impossible to get the time to prepare the promised article on the Western Conspiracy, and therefore write to ask if you will not undertake it? There seems to be a general demand for its production. If you will undertake to write it immediately I will give you all my private papers bearing on the matter, including original orders, etc. What say you?

Yours truly,

THOS. H. HINES."

FELLOW CITIZENS ASK FOR PERMANENT RECORD.

Louisville, Kentucky, October 10, 1895.

General John B. Castleman, Louisville.

We, the undersigned, members of the Confederate Association of Kentucky, having had the pleasure of listening to your admirable address, delivered before the Association on the 8th inst. desire to express our thanks to you for the entertainment given us and to express our appreciation of your efforts to add to the interest of our meeting.

We believe your address, both in the subject matter and the language with which it was clothed, should be preserved as far as possible, as a part of the reliable history of the late Civil War; and especially those portions which relate to your own experiences and reminiscences, including the original documents read by you.

We, therefore, request that you put the address in permanent form, so that the same may be part of the archives of the association, and be read by future generations, as we know of no better and more trustworthy method of preserving the facts of history than to obtain them from one like yourself, who participated in many of the most interesting events, which occurred in the struggle of the Confederate states for Independence.

We respectfully ask your compliance with our request at your earliest convenience.

B. W. Duke	Thos. W. Bullitt	Sam'l Murrell
A. E. Richards	Thos. D. Osborne	Hancock Taylor
John H. Leathers	Randolph H. Blain	D. W. Sanders
Abner Harris	H. W. Bruce	John D. Young
John H. Weller	John Echols	R. C. Davis
T. L. Burnett	H. L. Stone	W. J. Davis
Sam. H. Buchanan	John W. Green	J. T. Ashbrook
Geo. G. Norton	John B. Pirtle	William Lindsay
Harry Weissinger	Norborne G. Gray	

Twenty-eight years ago, in 1886 and 1887, I prepared for the *Southern Bivouac*, a brilliant post-war periodical then published in Louisville by General Basil W. Duke and R. W. Knott, a series of articles, which in a very few instances will be quoted here. I wrote these to the joint credit of Hines and myself, or in his name, as I saw fit. The publication of the preliminary contributions attracted the attention of the Honorable Jefferson Davis. Mr. Davis' characteristic consideration for others, wishing carefully to guard the bona fides of every representative of the Confederate Government in relation to anyone whose co-operation had been obtained, wrote to General Basil W. Duke, asking that there would not be published the *name* of any one who would be embarrassed by the publication.

Sufficient time seemed even then to have elapsed to make such publicity of names a matter of no special personal embarrassment, for it was then twenty-one years after the war had closed. Yet, in deference to Mr. Davis' wish, names were withheld and we had the preliminary treatment of "plays without actors."

Now the lapse of time has been doubled. Half a century marks the distance back to the close of the war. Public opinion has changed. The right to individual action is more determinedly recognized. Differences of opinion as to the propriety of the War between the States is more respected. It has come to be, therefore, that one sees in the opinion of a man living either south or north of the Mason and Dixon line reason for respect and commendation.

Yet during the war preponderance of sentiment in communities North or South was intolerant of all difference of thought. The question of slavery, the question of the rights of the individual states divided the opinions of men and had done so since the very formation of our government. Opinions vehemently expressed by New England in the early history of the country were entertained later by other sections of the country, and by certain elements of communities in all sections at the time the War between the States was being waged and people who thought thus were conscientious in their purpose to do what they might to stop a war which was being conducted along lines not supported by their convictions of governmental right. Thus the people in the Northwestern states, just as the people in all sections of the country, entertained, and, in a timid way, manifested their opposition to the continued prosecution of war. This was not disloyalty to the government, but loyalty to their own conviction of right, and it is a credit rather than a discredit to show that these men, to a certain extent at least, and within the range of prudent and justified action, did what they could or what they dared to do, animated by a hope that they might be instrumental in stopping a war which had not their sympathy.

Responsibility for military results in an undertaking prompted by an almost forlorn hope of the Confederate Government, was intrusted to Captain Thomas H. Hines and to myself, as will be hereinafter shown, and in addition to that already written concerning this intimate friend and comrade, I shall have much to recite.

Hines enlisted under me at Chattanooga, Tenn., in May, 1862, as a private soldier. One may understand the merits of Thomas H. Hines when it is reflected that in civil life he became Chief Justice of the Appellate Court of the State of Kentucky. As a soldier I have known few men like Tom Hines. With the exception of General Basil W. Duke, I knew in army life no man so resourceful and so composed in all difficulties. Running through this narrative I shall have occasion to mention more than one instance showing the personal coolness and readiness in decision of this very modest and very remarkable man.

CHAPTER XXIX.

PRESIDENT DAVIS' SUGGESTIONS.

The following correspondence will explain Mr. Davis' attitude in 1886 in respect to the publications which have been referred to:

"Louisville, Ky., July 10th, 1913.

*General Basil W. Duke,
Louisville, Ky.*

My very dear old Commander:

In 1886 you were editor of the *Southern Bivouac* published then in Louisville by yourself and R. W. Knott, Esq.

In that year you editorially announced that in December following you would begin publication of papers from our comrade, Capt. Thos. Henry Hines and myself, concerning what had become designated as 'The Northwestern Conspiracy.'

The former beloved Chief Executive of the Confederate States, Honorable Jefferson Davis, was then living, and your editorial came under his observation. Mr. Davis wrote you a letter most courteous and considerate, in which he expressed the hope that there would not be included in the contemplated publication the names of any Northwestern sympathizers who had aided us and whose identification with such 'Northwestern Conspiracy' might to them be embarrassing. You brought this letter to me and Mr. Davis' wishes were respected and a few chapters dealing generally with the situation were prepared with elimination of the names of the actors.

It seems to be now a duty to write the truth of these events, even though they may have been inconsequential. My dear comrade, Captain Hines, afterwards chief justice of Kentucky, is dead, and the responsibility devolves on me to perform what was then a divided duty. I am, therefore, asking that you will furnish me the original or else a statement of your recollection of Honorable Jefferson Davis' letter.

I remain, my dear old commander,

Yours most sincerely,

JOHN B. CASTLEMAN."

"Louisville, Ky., July 12, 1913.

*General Jno. B. Castleman,
Louisville, Ky.*

My dear Comrade:

I am just in receipt of yours of the 10th inst., asking that I send you the letter written me by Honorable Jefferson Davis in regard to the publication in 1886 in the *Southern Bivouac*—of which I was one of the editors—of papers furnished by Judge Hines and yourself in relation to the 'Northwestern Conspiracy,' with which you and Judge Hines were connected in an effort to liberate the Confederate prisoners then confined in the prisons located in Illinois, Indiana, and Ohio. I regret very much that I cannot comply with your request. That letter, with other

letters from Mr. Davis, was in some manner mislaid and I have never been able to find it.

I regret this more because of the characteristically earnest and generous feeling which evidently actuated Mr. Davis in what was an effort upon his part to protect our friends in the states mentioned from disclosures which might have proved embarrassing to them.

I am glad to know that you propose to publish this narrative, which I am sure will prove very interesting.

Sincerely your friend and comrade,

BASIL W. DUKE."

When in 1886 and 1887 there began to be published in the *Bivouac* the papers whose matter respected President Davis' wish to avoid names as heretofore explained, Honorable Emmet G. Logan, the very brilliant editor of the *Louisville Times*, printed an editorial at that time which dealt frankly, though not very considerably, with his friends, as follows:

"DISAPPOINTING WAR ARTICLES.

Anything like a vivid or valuable narrative of an episode which might have exercised such a tremendous influence on this government as the one being discussed is impossible when dummies are substituted for men. That a movement was planned, organized and partially executed which in scope was of gigantic and far-reaching dimensions has been a matter of common knowledge ever since its miscarriage, but the men through whose sympathy and aid only could it have been consummated succeeded in withdrawing themselves behind a veil of obscurity which the most curious gaze has failed to penetrate.

The gentlemen who have undertaken to contribute this portion of the war's history have simply excited a legitimate curiosity without in the slightest degree allaying it. They offer the strongest of all sentimental considerations, honor, as the plea for the unfinished and fragmentary character of their story, but in acknowledging this obstacle at the outset they admit their disqualification as historians.

Of course, they must be the judges of what they consider binding obligations on themselves, but from a disinterested standpoint no tenable reason exists why the names of their Northern associates should be withheld. True the estimation in which the loyal people of the North held the Sons of Liberty for some years after the close of the war, while the passions were still inflamed and reason relegated to an unconsidered station, was such as would have condemned them to ostracism, disgrace and danger. But that time is passed. A man may now declare that he acted conscientiously during the distressful period with some hope of being believed, and since a man's moral status must be purely defined by his intentions, if these were honest and sincere, his character cannot suffer. So the large number of men north of the Ohio who were convinced of the justice and righteousness of their course in coming to an agreement with the Confederate commissioners are today beyond reach of serious influence from it. Clement

Vallandigham was a despised and detested name in 1870, if he were living today the obliquy would have disappeared.

Therefore, Messrs. Hines and Castleman should have told their whole tale. For instance, the February paper stated that a candidate for governor in 1864 made his canvass on money furnished by Jacob Thompson and his fellows. What a colorless, insipid passage this is, and how it would have been vitalized and illuminated by telling who this man was. And the same objection holds with regard to the other characters. Frankness compels the charge that this delicacy on the part of the authors has very much impaired the quality of their recital.

In addition, while keeping this alleged faith with their sensitive co-conspirators, they have broken it with the large public to whom the most unqualified promises were made before the publication of the articles that names, dates and particulars would be given. A very widespread interest was aroused under false pretenses, and if this was not deliberately done, then as soon as it was discovered that such serious objections to fulfilling these promises existed, they should have announced the fact and withdrawn the publication."

My dear friend, Emmet G. Logan, the exceptionally able editor, was not informed of the consideration for others which had induced the suppression of names.

Logan was quite right in the opinion that he twenty-seven years ago expressed concerning the flatness of a history without identification of men, but the deference shown then for ex-President Jefferson Davis' views of what he construed as good faith with people of the Northwestern states has at no time been regretted. This editor of unusual brilliancy has gone now to the other side, and is not here to be further disappointed in a narrative whose incomplete outlines at one time induced his expression of disapproval.

In dealing with this question one is confronted by embarrassment due to the fact that much has been already published. That is say, publication of formal proceeding of contemporary military and civil trials, every one of which has been discredited by false testimony bringing out in a general way a vast amount of testimony relating to the matters which must herein be considered, albeit much of this testimony was suborned, and some emanating from men who had been trusted by those acting under direction of Confederate authorities.

It is the writer's purpose—even at the risk of not here reproducing many details of importance—to avoid the repetition of these formal statements and facts, and to endeavor to treat briefly of events and of men whose acts and personal identification may be of advantage in making record of what are important historical transactions.

CHAPTER XXX.

CONFEDERATE PRISONERS IN THE NORTHWEST.

In 1864 Confederate prisoners held by the United States numbered a force well-nigh equal to the efficient numerical strength of Lee's army. It was in the face of these conditions that in 1864 the Confederate Government sent commissioners into Canada clothed with sufficient and with elastic power and supplied with ample means, in the hope that through their instrumentality something might be done to advance the realization of an honorable peace.

The Confederate Government was limited to the resources and men found within its own territory, and the supplies produced each year became more narrowed as the producers were lessened by calls to arms, and as the fields of growing crops were trampled by contending armies.

And the waste of life in field and camp weakened annually the efficient fighting strength of the patriot armies till 'twas plain to be seen that food and clothing and men must waste beyond the point of efficiency.

The United States had vast producing territory whose tillage was undisturbed by contending armies, and all the world contributed to the ranks where liberal bounties offered inducements to soldiers of the old world.

Added to these conditions there was prevalent a repetition of history in the combined influence of transportation companies, manufacturers, contractors and financiers opposing cessation of war which brought to them pecuniary advantage.

Already, as never before that time, these combined influences had taken a hand in governmental direction, a powerful influence in control of Congress. These powers cared nothing for country, nothing for waste of property and life, but solely for the gain which to them came from continued sacrifice of people whose destruction was augmenting vast wealth, for those who sought to promote personal fortune by sacrifice of lives of their countrymen.

Authentic history of this period of effort is shown with incomplete accuracy by the brief records, accounts and letters in my possession and in many essential details cannot be known from other sources.

These records include the "Official Journal" or minute book of the Confederate commissioners in Canada, and of various relative papers and letters. These records are brief and the relative papers and letters are not numerous, but they combine to somewhat elucidate

the history of an effort to aid in securing the liberties of a people who were sacrificing themselves for governmental principle.

These records, accounts and letters came to me in chief part from and because of my intimacy with Jacob Thompson, a lovable man, to whom I was personally greatly devoted, and with whom I lived, studied and traveled for a time abroad, and in some part from Mr. Cleary, secretary to the Confederate commissioners. In one instance three leaves have been cut from the "Official Journal" and in a few cases lines have been blotted out so as to entirely obscure, what has been written, obviously and admittedly because these leaves and these lines were thought by the Confederate Commissioner Thompson to contain compromising record which in some cases would, if known, have furnished sufficient proof of the disregard of right of asylum, and good ground for extradition.

I afterwards mentioned to ex-Commissioner Thompson that it seemed that he had not made, or caused to be made preliminary transcript and then after editing this transferred to permanent record in the "Official Journal." But that with preliminary entries in the Official Journal he had repeatedly made corrections and erasures.

After Commissioner Thompson had on May 30th, 1864, opened a bank account with the Ontario Bank in Montreal, he set about securing interviews with prominent Northern and Eastern men, so as to ascertain in as direct a way as was possible, what was the probable feeling of leading men in those sections in respect to discontinuing the war. This wish was accomplished primarily through the assistance of Mr. Melville of New York City.

It soon became obvious to Commissioner Thompson that the very potent men of the North and East who were growing rich because of the war commanded an influence which would neutralize any effort to discontinue prosecution of hostilities.

In summing up the great morning dailies of New York, it was advised that the *Tribune* could not be approached, that the *Herald* "had lost influence" and that the *World* "was already bought up by the McClelland interest."

Commissioner Thompson concluded that little was to be hoped for immediately from the North and East, and determined to, and did organize an effective move to cause gold to be bought and withdrawn from the market, and thus to depreciate the inflated currency of the United States Government.

Commissioner Thompson left Montreal early in June and by appointment visited at Windsor, Honorable Clement L. Vallandigham who explained the numerical strength and what he thought to be the effective power of the "Sons of Liberty" of which he was "grand commander," giving the enrolled strength of that order as 85,000 in Illinois

50,000 in Indiana and 40,000 in Ohio and reported an efficient organization in Kentucky,—everywhere animated by hostility to the war, founded upon the principles of the Resolutions of 1798–1799 and pledged to offer in support “their lives, fortunes and sacred honor.”

Mr. Vallandigham introduced and in a most unqualified way endorsed James A. Barrett of St. Louis as the “grand lecturer” of the order, or what would correspond with the duties of adjutant-general. Mr. Vallandigham advised purchase of arms for the Sons of Liberty, expressed the opinion that judicious expenditure of money would vastly increase the efficiency of this order; but declined to personally distribute proffered funds.

Mr. Vallandigham favored the formation of a “Western Confederacy,” and Mr. Barrett was charged with the duty of ascertaining and reporting promptly the views of prominent men of the order, and of inviting personal conference with Commissioner Thompson, who had agreed on Mr. Vallandigham’s recommendation to supply arms and funds. Mr. Vallandigham not only favored, but was confident in belief of, the power of the organized “Sons of Liberty” to displace the governing officials in Illinois, Indiana, Ohio and Kentucky.

Commissioner Thompson went to Niagara Falls on the 13th of June, to confer with ex-Governor Washington Hunt of New York.

Commissioner Thompson had a visit from Charles Walsh of Chicago who advised that in Chicago he had two “organized” regiments practically armed, for the ostensible and legitimate purpose of protecting the building in which ’twas proposed to assemble the National Democratic Convention, which was to be held in Chicago.

Mr. Walsh was supplied with arms for his regiments that afterwards proved as most others similarly “organized for service” to have been those whose chief efficiency consisted in lists of men and the imagination of commanders.

Mr. Vallandigham’s most unqualified endorsement of his executive official associate, James A. Barrett, led Commissioner Thompson to supply Mr. Barrett with ample funds to purchase arms and perfect organization wherever required by the Sons of Liberty.

For same purpose funds were liberally supplied by Commissioner Thompson to General John C. Walker of Indiana.

The demand for arms came from Illinois, Indiana, Ohio and Kentucky, Amos Green commanding in Illinois, H. H. Dodd in Indiana, T. C. Massie in Ohio and Joshua F. Bullitt in Kentucky. At the same time arms purchased by W. W. Cleary in New York were shipped direct to Canada.

Commissioner Thompson, in sending his first official communication to Richmond, addressing the Honorable Judah P. Benjamin, secretary of state, set forth to him the impressions which in five weeks

he had gained. These impressions came largely through interviews with Honorable Clement C. Vallandigham, and his associates, whose opinions were honest, but very often not practical. Mr. Vallandigham had a positive confidence in the activities of men who were merely theorists. Mr. Vallandigham and his patriotic associates could not then believe that well nigh quarter of a million men belonging to a patriotic order and entertaining correct views of limited powers of government could not, by their *ipse dixit*, overturn a solidified government, organized in every way and with powerful armies in the field, but this neither Mr. Vallandigham nor his officials of the Sons of Liberty seemed able to understand. They seemed to consider that public sentiment was tantamount to public achievement. Opposition to further enforcement of conscription was increasing throughout the United States, and even in New York the adverse feeling was so intense that New York City not only threatened to resist further draft but to "secede" if effort were made to enforce conscription. Fernando Wood was mayor of New York and was an able and determined man.

It proved to be not easy to immediately secure the aid of any of the metropolitan press. New York daily papers under the influences directing their support of the war's continuance could not be quickly diverted.

Honorable Ben Wood was the proprietor of the New York *Daily News*. On the 10th of August he was supplied with \$25,000 to "*purchase arms*" and subsequently with \$5,000 and on the 26th of August Mr. Wood arranged with Commissioner Thompson for an interview following the National Democratic Convention to be held in Chicago so as to determine the policy of his paper in event of McClelland's nomination.

In harmony with Mr. Vallandigham's opinions, the Sons of Liberty had confident visions about seizing the state governments of Illinois, Indiana and Ohio, and in lieu of the then state officials they proposed to inaugurate and sustain such provisional governments as the Sons of Liberty might elect to instal. To accomplish this ambitious undertaking they came to realize that military force was essential—for it was quite well understood that not by mere theory could such revolution be made effective.

Practical consideration as to the means necessary to effect this ambition led finally to the conclusion that the liberation of Confederate soldiers could alone supply the basic power for such undertaking. With Southern soldiers released from Camp Douglas and Rock Island in Illinois, from Camp Morton in Indiana and from Camp Chase in Ohio, armed at each point and directed by veteran and competent officers—the nucleus of armies could be supplied, rallying bases could be secured and made strong, and state government could be controlled.

To do this, even a small percentage of the numerical strength of the "Sons of Liberty" would suffice, but this strength needed to be efficient, and was required to be upon a reasonable military footing. The Confederate commissioners had furnished money to buy arms and to provide transportation. The Confederate commissioners had done that which Mr. Vallandigham, the grand commander, and what Barrett and Green and Holloway and Welsh and Dodd and Walker and Bowles and Massie and Churchill and Long and Bullitt considered to be the only thing necessary to the definite success of a "Western Confederacy." Animated by confidence born of theory and deadened by danger of action, either initial or co-operative movement of the officials of the Sons of Liberty was not reliable. An army of enlisted men—enrolled in a semi-military order designed to promote well considered patriotic convictions could not be made immediately effective as a military force.

And even though many of the rank and file were willing to make aggressive move in furtherance of the principles, inculcated by the Sons of Liberty, we could only form opinion as to the probable common sentiment by contact with officials who were supposed to reflect the general feeling. Judging, therefore, from this standard, it seemed to be that an organization of more than two hundred thousand men doubtless patriotic in feeling, doubtless inimical to the continued prosecution of the war, were yet not ready to act with violent hostility against the forces of organized government.

We knew that any hostile move of commanding strength would compel onward action.

But there were lacking in the order of the Sons of Liberty leaders who dared to lead.

Thus it was that movement by them agreed for the fourth of July, 1864, for the 16th of July, for the 20th of July all alike induced obvious timidity.

Hines and I were obliged to conclude that any date of agreed action would be generally thought by them to be "premature" and we were compelled to determine that even though every request for means which Mr. Vallandigham and his associates had made had been met promptly by Commissioner Thompson, we had nevertheless to face the fact that small reliance could be placed upon such an organization if needed for military activities, the real scope of whose co-operation seemed to be limited to governmental theories.

Hines and I knew that we could not succeed without the aid of Northwestern men. We had learned to know that this aid was not to be certainly relied upon. We were obliged to know that to some men Commissioner Thompson had entrusted funds for specific purposes whose specific aim had not been attained, to some distribution of arms

had not been free from justified criticism, and that in very few cases were the leaders of the Sons of Liberty really competent and daring. Specific information as to their armed bodies was not to us satisfactory. It seemed to us to be the presentation of leaders, some of whom were honest and brave, yet even the best of whom lacked the capacity for organized direction of incomplete forces. Under all the circumstances we were obliged to make effort to secure such overt action on part of these irresolute men as would render retreat impossible and hostile aggression a necessity. To this result we directed our course, and thinking that a vast number collected in one community offered our only hope, we advised Commissioner Thompson to acquiesce in the expressed opinions of the officials of the Sons of Liberty, who favored the time of holding the National Democratic Convention in Chicago, on the 29th of August, 1864, as the occasion for general movement which would have as its foundation armed hostility to the continuance of a war waged by the sacrifice of the white man's life for the abolition of the black man's slavery.

We knew that a large number, at least fifty thousand men who were members of the Sons of Liberty, should be gathered at the National Democratic Convention in Chicago on the 29th of August. We, indeed, demanded that the transportation fund provided by Commissioner Thompson for this purpose should be used to this end, and that as many as possible of these Sons of Liberty armed for the avowed purpose of resenting any execution of repeated threats that the Democratic Convention should not be held in Chicago. We endeavored to impress the officials of the Sons of Liberty with the actual necessity of this course.

A number of prominent men from the Northern and the Eastern States seemed to make convenient to visit the Falls and to stop at the Clifton House on the Canadian side. It was easy thus, by seeming accident or by actual appointment to be brought into interview with the Confederate commissioners or with those close to these commissioners.

CHAPTER XXXI.

JUDGE JERRY S. BLACK.

On the 14th of August, Judge Jerry S. Black came to Toronto to visit Commissioner Thompson. These two men were close personal and political friends and between them there existed unqualified personal confidence.

Judge Black stated that he came at the instance of Honorable E. M. Stanton, President Lincoln's secretary of war—to ascertain if he could negotiate terms of peace without the condition of independence of the Confederate States Government and final separation.

Judge Black stated that Stanton considered the re-election of Lincoln doubtful unless something were done to crystallize in Lincoln's favor public opinion which then was divided as to the wisdom of continuing the war, and that if Mr. Lincoln should be defeated, the cabinet officers would be treated with indignity and subjected to personal danger.

Judge Black was anxious to secure such adjustment as would protect rights of property and person—provide protection against sectional agitation in the future, but not with any thought of final separation.

Commissioner Thompson replied that he was not authorized to make reply—that the Southern States were only contending for constitutional rights and that they asked now the right of self-government—freed as they were from any obligation to any foreign country.

Commissioner Thompson called Judge Black's attention to the humiliation of the United States by both England and France, recalling as to England the Trent affair, and as to France the trampling under foot the cherished Monroe Doctrine by the then occupation of Mexico and the ruling of Maximilian.

Notwithstanding the tactful but very positive opposition of Hines and myself Judge Black was allowed to return to Washington without encouragement.

The Confederate commissioners in Canada reflected the phantom of foreign recognition which had from the beginning animated and embarrassed the Confederate Government. From all the adverse conditions which were presented to the consciousness of the Richmond authorities; from the diminished resources and weakened armies there seemed to be hope of relief through the obtaining of recognition sought from England or from France.

In failing to take advantage of the opportunity to negotiate an honorable peace along reasonable lines of suggestions intimated by Judge Black as emanating from Mr. Lincoln's secretary of war, and allowing Judge Black to return without definite encouragement to

Washington, the Confederate commissioners failed to foresee that within five months President Davis would himself be instituting through Honorable F. P. Blair of Washington, inquiries as to the terms on which an honorable peace might be secured.

But when Mr. Davis on the twelfth of the following January wrote to Mr. Blair, the presidential election had been held. Mr. Lincoln's war policy had been endorsed by the people, and Mr. Stanton was no longer apprehensive.

So, following the ignis fatuus of recognition rather than the substantial negotiation for peace, the Confederate commissioners had sent Honorable James P. Holcombe abroad on the 23rd of August to confer again with, and to bear an official communication from the commissioners to, Messrs. Mason and Slidell, the Confederate ministers to London and Paris.

The demands for an honorable peace were now immediate and urgent.

The possible benefits to accrue from mere recognition were remote and indefinite, but the hope for the latter had hitherto triumphed over the advantages of the former.

More than a month had passed since Commissioner Thompson sent his first official communication to the Confederate Secretary of State—Honorable Judah P. Benjamin—reciting his impressions of the feeling of the people of the United States and a very positive and unwarranted confidence in the representation of those whose agency circumstances had induced him to rely on.

And when on the 23rd of August Commissioner Thompson wrote to our representatives in England and France and sent Commissioner Holcombe as a special delegate to present remarkable theories of governmental conditions both in the Confederate States and in the United States, Commissioner Thompson said in conclusion:

"After these matters are fairly presented to the courts of England and France, I should be pleased to know what we are to expect from them. My advice to the government at Richmond will be modified by your reply."

Prior to the appointment of the Confederate commissioners to look after the interest of the Confederate States from Canada, Captain Thomas H. Hines had been commissioned by Secretary of War, James A. Seddon, under authority which was as follows:

"CONFEDERATE STATES OF AMERICA,
WAR DEPARTMENT,
Richmond, Va. March 16, 1864

Captain T. Henry Hines:

Sir:—You are detailed for special service to proceed to Canada, passing through the United States under such character and in such mode as you may

deem most safe, for the purpose of collecting there the men of General Morgan's command who may have escaped, and others of the citizens of the Confederate states willing to return and enter the military service of the Confederacy, and arranging for their return either through the United States or by sea. You will place yourself, on arrival, in communication with Honorable J. P. Holcombe, who has been sent as special commissioner to the British Provinces, and in his instructions directed to facilitate the passage of such men to the Confederacy. In passing through the United States you will confer with the leading persons friendly or attached to the cause of the Confederacy, or who may be advocates of peace, and do all in your power to induce our friends to organize and prepare themselves to render such aid as circumstances may allow; and to encourage and animate those favorable to a peaceful adjustment to the employment of all agencies calculated to effect such consummation on terms consistent always with the independence of the Confederate states. You will likewise have in view the possibility by such means as you can command, of effecting any fair and appropriate enterprises of war against our enemies, and will be at liberty to employ such of our soldiers as you may collect, in any hostile operation offering, that may be consistent with the strict observance of neutral obligations incumbent in the British Provinces.

Reliance is felt in your discretion and sagacity to understand and carry out as contingencies may dictate, the details of the general design thus communicated. More specific instructions in anticipation of events that may occur under your observation cannot well be given. You will receive a letter to General Polk in which I request his aid in the transmission of cotton, so as to provide funds for the enterprise, and an order has been given to Colonel Bayne, with whom you will confer, to have two hundred bales of cotton purchased in North Mississippi and placed under your direction for this purpose.

Should the agencies you may employ for transmitting that be unsuccessful, the same means will be adopted of giving you larger credit, and you are advised to report to Colonel Bayne, before leaving the lines of the Confederacy, what success has attended your efforts for such transmission.

Respectfully,

JAMES A. SEDDON, *Secretary of War.*"

Instructions were also forwarded to Lieutenant-general Leonidas Polk, as follows:

"CONFEDERATE STATES OF AMERICA
WAR DEPARTMENT

Richmond, Va., March 16, 1864

Lieutenant-general L. Polk, Commander, etc.,

General:

I shall have occasion to send Captain T. Henry Hines, an enterprising officer, late of General Morgan's command, who was so efficient in aiding in the escape of that general and others from the Ohio penitentiary, on special service through the lines of the enemy. To provide him with funds for the accomplishment of the purpose designed, it will be necessary that I shall have transferred to Memphis some two hundred (200) bales of cotton, which I have ordered an officer of the bureau to have purchased at some convenient point in North Mississippi.

Captain Hines will himself arrange the agencies by which the cotton can be transferred and disposed of, so as to place funds at command in Memphis, and I have to request that facilities, in the way of transportation and permission to pass the lines, may, as far as needful, be granted him and the agent he may select. You will please give appropriate instructions to effect these ends to the officers in command on the border.

Very respectfully,

JAMES A. SEDDON, *Secretary of War.*"

It will be observed that the instructions furnished Captain Hines by the secretary of war authorized him to make requisition not only upon men of Morgan's cavalry, but all other Confederate soldiers whom he might find in the British Provinces, for such service as was within the scope of his commission; and that it was expected he would attempt military operations, leaving to his judgment and discretion the means to be employed for "effecting any fair and appropriate enterprise of war," and "consistent with the strict observance of neutral obligations incumbent in the British Provinces."

In pursuance of these instructions Captain Hines immediately proceeded to Canada, making his way through the United States, and carrying with him \$300,000.00 which, from Baltimore, he sent to the ambassadors in London and in Paris.

Subsequent to the appointment of Honorable Jacob Thompson as Confederate commissioner, President Davis modified the authority of Captain Thomas H. Hines so as to make the control of the Confederate commissioner absolute. The modified appointment reads as follows, to-wit:

"CONFEDERATE STATES OF AMERICA
WAR DEPARTMENT

Richmond, Va., May 27, 1864

Captain T. Henry Hines of the Army of the Confederate States will report to and confer with Honorable Jacob Thompson, special commissioner of the Confederate States Government in Canada, and be guided by his counsel in his proceedings and action on his present service. He may consider his instructions for this department subject to modification, change or revocation by the said commissioner, and will take further direction from him.

JAMES A. SEDDON, *Secretary of War.*"

John B. Castleman was commissioned by Commissioner Thompson to co-operate with Captain Thomas H. Hines, and final formal authority was presented just prior to active operation in the Northwest, and reads as follows, to-wit:

"Toronto, C. W. August 24, 1864.

John B. Castleman, Captain, C. S. A.,

By virtue of the authority vested in me, and having confidence in your courage and fidelity, you are hereby appointed to special service and made re-

sponsible with Captain Thomas H. Hines for an expedition against the United States prisons in the Northwestern states, and such other service as you and he have been verbally instructed about. To you and Captain T. H. Hines is left the selection of such Confederate soldiers in Canada as are probably suited for use in so perilous an undertaking. You are expected to take with you all those on whose courage and discretion you are willing to rely.

Your obedient servant,

JACOB THOMPSON."

CHAPTER XXXII.

ON SECRET SERVICE IN THE NORTHWEST.

On the 25th of August Commissioner Thompson after a meeting of the Commission held in Toronto, as shown by their Official Journal "placed money in the hands of Captains Hines and Castleman to take Confederate soldiers in Canada to Chicago, for the purpose of co-operating with the 'Sons of Liberty' in movements contemplated to be made at the Democratic Convention on the 29th or 30th of August."

Captains Hines and Castleman left for Chicago, after dispatching by different routes for that point, Confederate soldiers to the number of seventy—pistols and ammunition purchased by Mr. Cleary having been delivered to them.

Obvious timidity which had been manifest on the part of officials of the Sons of Liberty whenever there approached a date of agreed action was now accentuated by a determined and irrevocable date of procedure. They had begun to discern what vital consequences would flow in a stream whose source would be found in overt and violent assault on the authority of a government under which they lived. It was to be the antagonism of theoretical forces against organized power.

But their action was our necessity, and in good faith we were prepared to aid them in the realization of their ambitions. We stopped at the Richmond House.

If the selection of men chosen to risk life in the endeavor which official authorization committed to the direction of Captain Thomas H. Hines and myself as was agreed, and in no case had been made by others, we should have somewhat reduced the number of Confederate soldiers who accompanied us to Chicago and thus the efficiency and safety of those with us would have been increased. Instead of seventy there would have been fifty-eight. Twelve of the detail would have been omitted, and this would have excluded a small element of treachery, a small number of those whose self-glorification was a primary influence in life, a small number of men who were sent to us by one or the other commissioners because of "highly respectable connections," and yet a small number of brave and loyal men who were prone to idle—and therefore very dangerous—talk.

One can easily understand that these courageous men were as if over dynamite mines likely to explode any instant by the current of electricity to be made by the contact of wires brought together by any careless or treacherous use of batteries which needed to be constantly guarded.

By seeming to trust, and always guarding, the treacherous, and by thus unconsciously appealing to sense of propriety; by quietly demonstrating to the vain-glorious the distinction which to him would come when success that he should achieve would be possible only through silence; by cajoling into prudent demeanor the "highly connected" soldier of the Confederacy; and, yet the most difficult task of all, by warning the idle talker that through absolute silence alone could we hope to be successful, and that any careless word might be fatal.

Thus through three days of anxiety concerning our own comrades and through three days of fear that we should have confirmed our serious apprehension that the citizen—no matter to what organization belonging—was not a soldier, we lived in Chicago midst conditions which our schooled air of confidence and nonchalance made appear agreeable.

The result of Confederate soldiers going to Chicago and transactions immediately following, are set out in the official report following, addressed to the Confederate Secretary of War through Commissioner Thompson.

(Official Journal.)

"September 8th Received report of Captain J. B. Castleman relative to operations at Chicago (See Report), also a letter from Captain Castleman asking for authority to organize a corps for Special Secret Service, the service proposed as follows: 'Our operations shall be confined to and directed against railroads, public stores, steamers, buildings in the public use, and such things and property as are of benefit to the enemy and the destruction of which will advance the interests of the Confederacy.'"

Mr. Thompson transmitted the following letter to Mr. Clay, viz:

"Toronto, C. W., Sept. 8th, 1864.

To Honorable C. C. Clay:

Dear Sir:

The proposition of Captain Castleman embarrasses me. It is evident that no authority of ours can protect him from consequences, and as he and those to be organized by him are officers and soldiers of the C. S. A. *we have no power to make details.* This service, if rendered, would be valuable, but there is no way that I know of but for them to act on their own responsibility. One thing is certain, an authority given by us, if brought out, would place us in an awkward position to the Canadian authorities, if a demand was made upon them by the United States for us. At all events, it is a dangerous subject for us to handle, and one on which I feel unwilling to make documents which may be produced against us, and embarrass the parties who bear them.

I wish to write you on other subjects but have no time now as Schultz is in a hurry to return.

I am endeavoring to put the best face on things.

Your obedient servant,

J. THOMPSON."

The following is the letter enclosed, viz:

"September 8th, 1864.

To Capt. J. B. Castleman:

Sir:

We have received your letter. The matter proposed to be effected is very desirable and the work when done, would be most acceptable to the Confederate States. We do not believe you could do a more valuable service, and should you engage in the enterprise we shall take pleasure in according you every aid.

Your obedient servant,

J. THOMPSON."

Much of the letter of Commissioner Thompson to me is erased from the Official Journal. These erasures seem to have been replete with some of the utterances which Commissioner Thompson thought to be ground for extradition in case such papers were obtained by the enemy. So having written more than was prudent, he had blotted out certain lines, and entrusted his reply of September 8th to my faithful messenger—stating in his letter of that date to Commissioner Clay "Schultz is in a hurry to return."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

REPORT TO THE CONFEDERATE SECRETARY OF WAR.

The following report to the Confederate secretary of war will sufficiently explain our experience in Chicago during the meeting of the National Democratic Convention which nominated McClelland.

CAPTAIN CASTLEMAN'S REPORT REFERRED TO IN THE OFFICIAL JOURNAL
OF SEPTEMBER 8, 1864.

"Marshall, Illinois,
September 7, 1864.

*Through Commissioner Thompson
to*

*Honorable James A. Seddon, Secretary of War,
Richmond, Va.*

Sir:

Pursuant to power granted by the President, I was commissioned by the Confederate commissioners in Canada under formal authority of the 24th ulto., to co-operate with Captain T. Henry Hines in operating in the Northwestern States for the release of prisoners of war, and do such else as would promote the legitimate interests of the Confederate States.

August twenty-seventh we took to Chicago from Canada seventy Confederate soldiers and relied chiefly on promised support of the Military Order of Sons of Liberty to do whatsoever might serve their aims and further their ambitions.

It was agreed that we should subordinate our own immediate ends to the wishes of these men of the Northwest, and aid them by tactfully co-operating on lines which would best justify their confidence, and promote their purposes through any channel they might elect. The Confederate soldiers stopped at the Richmond House in Chicago. The occasion was the meeting of the National Democratic Convention. The reason for making this convention meeting the time of assembling was because of the security which would come from the gathering of vast numbers of men.

The dissemination of the thought that Federal troops would interfere with the proceedings of the National Democratic Convention was justification for the congregation of numbers of armed men bent on resistance of any military interference with the right of the people to assemble in conference.

All of these influences brought together a large crowd of citizens and members of the Order of Sons of Liberty, for it may be believed that most members of such order were Democrats. It was estimated by the transportation companies that as many as 100,000 strangers were in Chicago.

The Confederate commissioners in Canada had supplied funds for arms, and to the adjutant-general of the Order of Sons of Liberty the commissioners had supplied abundant funds to be used for transportation where such expenditures seemed advisable, or to expend in Chicago, if this seemed to be important.

The Confederate soldiers were reasonably safe from arrest in Chicago, because the purpose of the Federal authorities to interfere with the holding of the National Democratic Convention was from the very outset kept prominently before the "Sons of Liberty," and it was emphasized that any arrest meant the beginning of violent interference with the rights of the people. It was understood that any arrest would mean such overt act of oppression and must be resisted and the arrested rescued and the outrage resented. So we knew that an arrest by troops would supply our best hopes of success and it mattered little who was arrested. In other words, an inflammable crowd might thus be led beyond retreat. On the night of the 28th of August we called a conference of the recognized leaders and were not altogether surprised to find lack of actual available organization.

There was little reason to doubt that a large per cent of the strangers in Chicago belonged to the semi-military Order of the Sons of Liberty. But these were distributed amongst a vast multitude and there was no organization.

And besides this it was apparent (and it was not unreasonable) that the commanders were appalled by the actual demand for overt action against armed forces. And when Captain Hines called for 5,000 men to assault Camp Douglas the excuses of the commanders made evident a hesitancy about the sacrifice of life.

This aggressive readiness was theoretical. They had not, till now, been brought to face the actualities of probable war. And the responsibilities of the Sons of Liberty had not been understood to be the offer of life.

Captain Hines and I were not willing to sacrifice, without numerical support, the little body of comrades that we had brought upon the scene, but concluded to adjourn the commanders' meeting until the following morning. There was still lack of assured organization. We then advised that if we had our little band reinforced by 500 organized and well armed men, we would on that night take Rock Island where the prison guards numbered seven hundred and the prisoners seven thousand.

Captain Hines agreed that if, with five hundred Western men and twenty Confederate soldiers, I would run through on regular train and on schedule time to Rock Island, he would, with fifty Confederate soldiers, control all the wires and railroads out of Chicago, preventing any truthful telegraphic news, or any transportation, and convey to the outside world the breaking up of the National Democratic Convention by assault of the United States troops, while we would release Rock Island and controlling railroads and telegraph wires take possession of the arsenal at Springfield.

But the commanders could not be ready for schedule time of the Rock Island train, and we noted that some who had previously attended were not present.

The conditions were hopeless, and we knew that we had to leave the crowds attending the convention.

The commanders hold out assurances of better organization and positive action at the time of the presidential election in November. We doubt this, but will try further.

It is in view of these promises that we are here, Captain Hines with trusted Confederates at Mattoon and I at Marshall. The vigilant and untiring efforts of Honorable Jacob Thompson have not been rewarded.

We convened at Richmond House on the night of 30th ulto. the seventy Confederate soldiers, stated to them that because of lack of co-operation we had failed, and advised them not to follow Captain Hines or me further because of the imminent danger, and offered them transportation to go South.

Twenty-two followed us. Twenty-five went South. Twenty-three returned to Canada.

We furnished transportation to all, leaving them to elect their destination.

Captain Hines and I, with the fearless little band with us will use a free discretion in performance of what we conceive to be duty, shall respect private interests and will not lose sight of the fact that we act on our own responsibility and at our own risk without involving the Confederate Government.

Captain Hines has read and approves this report, and this will be understood to be in the nature of a supplement to his direct report.

Respectfully,

JOHN B. CASTLEMAN,

Captain, C. S. A."

Doubtless my letter to the Commissioners *seemed* to ask authority, as is shown by their reply of September 8th, 1864.

But asking "authority" to act was what Captain Hines and I agreed *not* to do. We, and those with us, took life in hand and did what we thought to be a duty. We intended merely to have the commissioners understand that a moderate expenditure would be made along the lines intimated. And to this effect Hines and I soon afterwards informed the commissioners.

George B. Eastin, John M. Trigg and Henry Sampson had been sent to Louisville to destroy vast government stores. These men quickly did as they were directed.

It has been half a century ago, but my recollection is that those stores were on Eighth and Main Streets.

Two men whom we had to "vigilantly" trust, afterwards testified as government witnesses in the trials growing out of the service where we had to treat these Judases as comrades, because we dared not release them from the touch of faithful, brave men who, in common with all, had adopted as their motto: "Dead men tell no tales." Another one killed himself. And yet another, by "idle talk" in November—revealed Hine's whereabouts in Chicago and his purposes—and among Captain Hines' papers there is now in my possession a letter from this man, who had been always a good soldier, but belonged to the dangerous element of "Idle Talkers." This idle talker enlisted under me when Hines did, had all the requisites of a good soldier and I have for fifty-two years had his photograph.

Extracts follow showing the importance attached to the movement by the Federals themselves, and the manner in which it was looked upon by the officers commanding at Detroit and Chicago.

From a paper communicated to the *Atlantic Monthly* for July, 1865, and entitled "The Chicago Conspiracy," the following extract is taken:

"The point marked out for the first attack was Camp Douglas at Chicago. The eight thousand Rebel soldiers confined there, being liberated and armed, were to be joined by the Canadian Refugees and Missouri Butternuts engaged in their release, and the five thousand and more members of the treasonable order resident in Chicago. This force of nearly twenty thousand men would be a nucleus about which the conspirators in other parts of Illinois could gather; and, being joined by the prisoners liberated from other camps and members of the order from other states, would form an army a hundred thousand strong. So fully had everything been foreseen and provided for, that the leaders expected to gather and organize this vast army of men within the space of a fortnight.

The United States could bring into the field no force capable of withstanding the progress of such an army. The consequence would be that the whole character of the war would be changed, its theater would be shifted from the border to the heart of the free states and Southern independence and the beginning at the North of that process of disintegration so confidently counted on by the Rebel leaders at the outbreak of hostilities would have followed."

Extract from a communication by Colonel B. J. Sweet, command at Chicago, to the General Commanding Department, dated August 12th, 1864.

"I have the honor respectfully to report in addition to the supposed organization at Toronto, Canada, which was to come here in squads, then combine and attempt to rescue the prisoners of war at Camp Douglas, that there is an armed organization in this city of *five thousand* men, and that the rescue of our prisoners would be the signal for a general insurrection in Indiana and Illinois."

(*Atlantic Monthly* for July, 1865.)

CHAPTER XXXIV.

JOHN Y. BEALL

AND

THE UNITED STATES GUNBOAT "MICHIGAN."

The only man-of-war on the Great Lakes was the United States Gunboat "Michigan." The possession of this gunboat was desired by Commissioner Thompson from the very beginning of the duty of the commission in Canada. It can be easily understood that the capture of the "Michigan" by Confederates would have placed in large measure at our mercy all of the Lake towns and until there might have been placed in commission by the United States armed boats of sufficient strength to overwhelm the "Michigan," we could have compelled use by the United States of large garrisons and numerous coast and heavy field batteries to protect the Great Lake front. There was, indeed, no military achievement possible for the Confederates which promised results so important, because at the time and for the then immediate future, the destructive agencies of an unopposed gunboat on the Lakes was inestimable. Commissioner Thompson sent messengers to ascertain the location of the "Michigan" and finally authorized and equipped one Captain Cole to capture the United States gunboat. A really competent and aggressive officer for this purpose was, however, not found until Acting Master John Y. Beall was given authority to do and *did* what others had delayed in considering how they *might* do.

John Y. Beall, on September 19, 1864, took passage on the steamer "Philo. Parsons" at Detroit, accompanied by twenty Confederate soldiers. The steamer ran from Detroit, Michigan to Sandusky, Ohio.

It is shown by the Official Journal that on "September 19th at eight o'clock Beall and twenty others, all being Confederate soldiers, started for Johnson's Island on the mail steamer 'Philo Parsons', plying from Detroit to Sandusky. Mr. Thompson left for Toronto at 11:15 A. M. to meet Messrs. Singleton and Holloway of Illinois. Mr. Cleary, who had been at Windsor since the twelfth, was left there to attend to and watch the progress of the expedition, and to give assistance in the event of failure."

Beall captured the "Philo Parsons," landed her passengers and soon after ran alongside and captured and destroyed the "Island Queen." The passengers of the "Philo Parsons" and of the "Island Queen" were put safely ashore, and the thirty-two United States soldiers aboard, who had been captured on the "Island Queen" were released on parole. The serious mistake that Beall made was in turning loose any one of the informants.

The following morning Beall proposed to grapple and with his little crew capture the United States Gunboat "Michigan."

The plan was daring, even to rashness, for the crew and guard of the "Michigan," composed of hardy and disciplined veterans, outnumbered Beall's force more than five to one. Nevertheless, it was absolutely necessary that such desperate enterprises should be undertaken if anything were to be accomplished at all. The whole plan of operations was audacious in the extreme, and was predicated upon the idea that confidence, courage and energy could in a large measure, supply the lack of numbers. If Beall had captured the gunboat, the release of the prisoners at Johnson's Island could certainly have been accomplished.

Had the "Michigan" been within easy reach Beall would probably have been successful. But the absence of this advantage compelled delay till the following morning, and the landed passengers from the boats already captured, the "Philo Parsons," the "Island Queen" and the paroled soldiers had given the alarm, and the "Michigan" was on the alert, and success was almost impossible. The only hope of success lay in grappling and grappling was only possible from an unsuspected trade boat running along side.

In consequence of these conditions seventeen of Beall's little crew mutinied, and following is a fac-simile of their notice to Beall, written on one side of a bill-of-lading of the "Philo Parsons."

On Board the "Philo Parsons."

September 20, 1864.

We, the undersigned, crew of the boat aforesaid, take pleasure in expressing our admiration of gentlemanly bearing, skill, and courage of Captain John Y. Beall as a commanding officer and a gentleman, but believing and being well convinced that the enemy is already apprised of our approach, and is so well prepared that we cannot by possibility make it a success, and having already captured two boats, we respectfully decline to prosecute it any further.

J. S. Riley, M. D.	Wm. Byland	H. M. Dugan
H. B. Barkley	Robert G. Harris	W. B. King
R. F. Smith	W. C. Holt	F. H. Thomas
Davis H. Ross	Tom S. Major	J. G. Odoer
R. B. Drake	N. S. Johnston	Joseph Y. Clark
James Brotherton	John Bristol	

The original of this mutiny notice is in my possession.

Beall, unable under the circumstances to coerce obedience, was left in a helpless condition, and steering for Sandwich, in Canada West, discharged his crew and destroyed the boat. Subsequently Beall took fifteen Confederate soldiers and endeavored to cross Lake Erie in small boats for the purpose of attacking the railroad between Cleveland and Buffalo, but a storm drove him back, destroying one of his



REVEREND STUART ROBINSON

John Y. Beall
Confid. Com.

John Y. Beall
Confid. Com.

Sir

Perhaps I should have written
to you sooner but I knew that you were not in a posi-
tion to receive my letter. I do hope that you did not
receive any offer on account of the "secret" of
our case. You may not succeed in your
effort but it is altogether to vindicate my
character. I have been styled a braver, cooler
than the old authorities after such a trial
and success under a century. I do earnestly
call on you to officially vindicate me at least
to my countrymen. With unshaken loyalty to
the cause of self-government and country, and
my warmest prayers for our success as a nation
- united feelings for yourself

I remain, Sir, your friend
John Y. Beall

John Y. Beall
Confid. Com.

FACSIMILE OF MASTER JOHN Y. BEALL'S LAST LETTER.

boats. Afterward, however, he organized a little band and attacked the railroad between Dunkirk and Buffalo, and while all these accompanying Beall escaped, he was captured, tried by court-martial, condemned as a spy, and subsequently executed under the sentence of this court-martial in New York.

The bitter animus displayed in the prosecution of this case, the celerity with which all the proceedings of the trial were urged and dispatched, and the relentless determination evinced to convict, demonstrated the consternation which Beall's efforts had inspired and the resolution to intimidate others from renewing them.

Among others who had formed for Beall a warm admiration, was the Reverend Stuart Robinson. This great divine felt a deep interest in the young sailor's welfare, and sought to do whatever was possible to aid him.

Not daring to visit him in prison, Doctor Robinson wrote to the Reverend Henry J. Van Dyke, in Brooklyn, requesting that he would go to see Beall and administer whatsoever spiritual comfort he could impart to the young prisoner. The following are replies from the Reverend Mr. Van Dyke to Doctor Robinson, and the latter's letter inclosing same to Mr. Thompson:

"Toronto, March 2, 1865.

Colonel Thompson,

My dear Sir:

Knowing your interest in the fate of Captain Beall, I inclose a copy of a letter from my friend Van Dyke, detailing an interview with him.

McDonald had suggested to me that I should write Beall as a minister, saying they would probably embitter his dying hours by their Yankee chaplain. It occurred to me, however, that they would probably not allow such a letter to reach him, so I wrote Van Dyke, asking him to go in my stead, as he would have powerful friends to aid him to gain access to Captain Beall, and in the letter sent messages to the captain as a minister. I spoke in a way to let him know that he might rely upon Van Dyke as a friend. To this letter I received answer: 'After two days hard work I have succeeded in getting your letter conveyed to Beall, and a promise that, *if he desires it*, I shall have access to him.' The inclosed letter details his visit in accordance with that promise. I have not read anything more truly eloquent and beautiful than this simple story. You will understand how it would be the more grateful to me after the *garish* account in the *News* of Captain Beall's execution. Knowing, as I do, how little sympathy his church in Virginia has with such *sacramental* ideas as are involved in the New York chaplain's thrice-repeated administration of the communion, I feared that McDonald's suggestion may have turned out true. It appears, however, that, while soldier-like obeying the wishes of his appointed spiritual adviser, he entertained far more profound views of religion than his chaplain. I think it likely that his death, under the circumstances, may do more for the cause he died for than even his brave life could have done—as may occur to you on reading the reflections of Mr. Van Dyke, a Northern Copperhead. 'The blood of the martyrs is the seal of the Church.'

Providence seems to have opened the door to me for my next movement on the Yankees. Last Sunday night coming to the Slavery Feature in the Civil Code of Moses in the course of my lectures, I concluded to attend to the subject fully, as a thorough dose would not make these British a bit more furious than half a dose. So I made special preparation, and gave them the Southern view of the Bible from one end to the other. The house was jammed, and in ten minutes I noticed pens and pencils flying in all directions. It seemed to electrify them, and, to my surprise, on Monday morning I was clamorously urged by many leading Canadians to publish on the ground, as they assigned, that they discovered the British people knew nothing about the subject. It occurred to me at once, here is just the opportunity I have been looking for ever since my letter to Lincoln. If I can treat my Yankee friends to a British-endorsed argument on slavery, what can I do better? So I have agreed to furnish to Rolph & Adams the lecture, with ample *notes appended*, to be published as a small book. They will print it in New York City, and arrange with their friends, the book-sellers there, for circulating a large edition in the United States, thereby avoiding the duty. Of course I will not only pack the little book with the argument in the strongest and most impressive form I can put it but take occasion to tell my British brethern, in the notes, something about their Yankee allies that will edify the latter. Davidson writes me that the letter to Lincoln is, he thinks, so 'tight a boot' that the President and his friends cannot 'get used to it.' The speaker of the House of Congress, or the clerk, has written to our printer for a copy of my article *exposing* Dr. Breckinridge in 1862. Whether they are plotting something against me, or going to make a move against Stanton for his high-handed villainies, he cannot tell.

Hope to hear from you.

Yours truly,

STUART ROBINSON."

Mr. Van Dyke's reply.

"Brooklyn, February 26, 1863.

My dear Brother:

You will be glad to hear that I had a long private interview with Captain Beall on Thursday, the day before his execution. That interview I shall never forget. I found him to be all that you had described him, and much more. He was confined in a narrow and gloomy cell, with a lamp burning at midday, but he received me with as much ease as if he were in his own parlors; and his conversation at every turn revealed the gentleman, the scholar and the Christian. There was no bravado, no strained heroism, no excitement in his word or manner; but a quiet trust in God, and a composure in view of death, such as I have read of but never beheld to the same degree before. He introduced the subject of his approaching end himself, saying, that while he did not pretend to be indifferent to life, the mode in which he was to leave it had no terror or ignominy *for him*; he could go to heaven through the cross of Jesus Christ as well from the gallows, or from the battlefield, as from his own bed. He died in defense of what he believed to be *right*, and so far as the particular things for which he was to be executed are concerned, he had no confession to make, no repentance to exercise. He did not use one angry or bitter expression towards his enemies, but calmly declared his conviction that he was to be executed contrary to the rules of civilized warfare. He accepted his doom as the will of God.

He had been for many years a member of the Episcopal Church. When called upon for a more particular account of his religious views and prospects in view of death, he said—and these, as near as I can remember, were his very words: “I believe in God and in Jesus Christ; in God as my Creator and supporter, and in Jesus Christ as my Savior. He is the savior of all sinners; I am a sinner, and he is *my savior individually*. I believe this sincerely in my heart and without any pretense.” At another time in the conversation he said, “I do not expect to be saved through any church, or from any worship, but only through Christ.” When I began to quote the latter part of the eighth chapter of Romans he took up the passage, and in a half whisper, as though unconscious that he was speaking, repeated ahead of me; smiling at the conclusion, saying that the passage had been often in his mind. His knowledge of Scripture was familiar. In the course of our talk he quoted several hymns; the one beginning “How Firm a Foundation ye Saints of the Lord” he said was a favorite, but “Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me” was a *great* comfort to him. He quoted the whole verse beginning “Should my tears forever flow,” as the sum of his creed and hope for eternity. The intelligence of his views, the sweet simplicity of his manner, mingled with his sublime firmness and composure, delighted and astonished me, and I left his cell, saying, “The chamber where the good man meets his fate is privileged beyond the common walks of life, etc.” and I could not forbear to add the reflection, “If this is a specimen of the people it is proposed to subjugate, it will require more gallows than can be erected in fifty years to accomplish the object.” “My soul, come not thou into their secret; unto their assembly, O mine honor, be not thou united!” If it had been required of me, I would cheerfully have attended the martyr till the end; but other arrangements having been made before I could attend him, I was glad to escape the horrors of the last scene. I sincerely hope the government at Richmond will *not retaliate*; such executions accomplish nothing but to bring guilt and shame and a curse from God upon those who perform them. “Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord.” The country that does such things is on the broad road to ruin, and the church which sanctions them is apostate from God and from the spirit of the blessed gospel. I have written this much hastily, thinking it will interest you and those friends at whose request you wrote to me.

Yours truly in Christ,

HENRY J. VAN DYKE.

Reverend Stuart Robinson,
Toronto.”

On the day prior to his execution Beall wrote the following dignified and manly letter to Mr. Thompson, asking only that his memory be vindicated against any charge of improper conduct. The cool deliberate courage of Beall is shown by this letter.

“Fort Columbus, February 21, 1865.

Colonel J. Thompson, Confederate Commissioner.

Sir:

Perhaps I should have written to you sooner, but I knew that you were not inappreciative of my situation, and I hope, that you did not slacken your

efforts on account of the reprieve of six days. You may not succeed in your efforts, but I do expect you to vindicate my character. I have been styled a pirate, robber, etc. When the United States authorities, after such a trial, shall execute such a sentence, I do earnestly call on you to officially vindicate me at least to my countrymen. With unabated loyalty to our cause of self-government and my country and an earnest prayer for our success as a nation and kindest feelings for yourself.

I remain truly your friend,

JOHN Y. BEALL."

One will note that this cool, brave man, on the day before his execution, with perfect composure, wrote to Commissioner Thompson asking only that "when the United States authorities, after such a trial shall execute such a sentence, I do earnestly call on you to officially vindicate me at least to my countrymen."

This history of a lovable, fearless and able man is most pathetic.

John Y. Beall was extraordinary. He was well educated, manly, brave, and had the faculty of at once commanding the respect and confidence of all of any age who came in contact with him. Those who had the privilege of knowing him will testify that he was even more than deserving the encomiums of the Reverend Mr. Van Dyke.

His character was more that of the age of chivalry than of this modern world. Romantic courage, unshrinking devotion, and splendid self-abnegation appeared in his every act. His love of country was idolatrous. That South to which he turned his face, with a last look and last prayer, just before his death on the scaffold, should never forget him. His courage and fidelity are examples to all men of all times.

With the failure of Beall's enterprise, all effort to conduct belligerent operations on the Lakes was abandoned.

The intense desire of the Confederate Government to secure "recognition" from France and England was evidenced again by sending to these two governments General William Preston, who had been sent by the Confederate Government as a special ambassador to Europe. General Preston stopped in Canada and sent the subjoined note to Commissioner Thompson:

"Montreal, St. Lawrence Hotel,

September 7, 1864.

My dear Sir:

I learn you are at Toronto with the Honorable Mr. Clay. I arrived here night before last from England and it would afford me great pleasure to see you before I leave Canada for the West Indies. My stay will be short and hastened or prolonged by the news I expect by the next steamer from England.

I saw Mr. Mason and Mr. Slidell a fortnight ago. Matters in Europe remain almost unchanged. The public opinion grows hourly stronger in our fav-

or, but England and France exhibit the same apathy, if [not hostility, in the action of their governments that marked their course when you came out. The "Rappahannock" is detained at Calais yet. There is, however, a vacation in public matters, as the officials according to usage are on the Rhine or at different summer resorts, at this time of the year. Let me know if you will probably be in this part of Canada during the next ten days, or at Toronto or Niagara, as I desire to arrange to meet you.

With kind remembrances, believe me,

Yours truly,

W. PRESTON.

Honorable Jacob Thompson."

CHAPTER XXXV.

JAMES C. ROBINSON.

The Democrats of Illinois had nominated, as an opponent to Richard Yates, James C. Robinson. Robinson was recognized as a resolute, determined man of ability, and a peace Democrat.

The Democratic organization needed campaign funds, and pecuniary aid was sought from the Confederate commissioners. On the 24th of October, 1864, a delegation of Democrats, coming in person or representing others, called on Commissioner Thompson, and the subjoined note is made from the Official Journal of the commissions.

"When Mr. J. A. Barrett of Illinois and B. P. Churchill of Cincinnati visited Mr. Thompson, bringing a letter from Honorable Alex Long, and assurances from Messrs. Vallandigham, Develin of Indiana, Green and Robinson of Illinois, and others, that it was of the last importance to secure the election of Mr. Robinson as governor of Illinois, and asking that money should be advanced for that purpose, stating that Robinson had pledged himself to them, that if elected he would place the control of the militia and the 60,000 stand of arms of that state in the hands of the order of the Sons of Liberty. Mr. Thompson agreed that whenever proper committees were formed of responsible persons to use the money effectually and in good faith to secure that end, that he would furnish the money."

At this meeting of the Confederate Commissioners the following letter was submitted:

"Cincinnati, October 22nd, 1864.

B. P. Churchill, Esq.,

My dear Sir:

That you may fully understand the importance I attach to the state election in Illinois, permit me to say that I look upon it as offering the only practicable and substantial good to be hoped for in the election on the 8th of November.

I know James C. Robinson well enough to warrant me in saying that, unlike Governor Seymour of New York, he will not disappoint the expectation of their personal and political liberty against the encroachment of despotism.

The state government in his hands will mean something, and in my humble judgment if it can only be secured Illinois will for the next two years stand amid the states like an oasis in the desert.

You know my opinion of the presidential contest and in looking over the whole field the only ray of hope I see presenting itself is in Illinois, and were it not that I know James C. Robinson to be a man for the times, I would see no encouragement even there.

I am

Very truly yours,

ALEXANDER LONG."

The opinion of Mr. Long represented the general estimate in which James C. Robinson was held.

"*Proper Committees*" were at once designated by the Democratic Central Committee for the distribution of campaign funds, and there was supplied, not alone the amount necessary to reimburse, through payment made to William C. Gowdy, the \$20,000 borrowed on the faith of Confederate aid, but a large sum in addition.

The names of these "*proper Committees*" and to some extent the accounts of sums distributed by them in their respective counties are in my possession.

J. R. Diller was chairman of the Democratic State Central Committee of Illinois—and the "proper committees" were Messrs. Clark Melveny, Bessett and Bond distributors for the counties of Waite, Randolph, Marion, Fayette, Pope, Johnson, Bond and Christian.

Messrs. Varrell, Morrison, Motley and Armstrong, for the counties of Franklin, Wayne, Alexander, Nassac, Galatin, Hardin, Union, Monroe, Jefferson, Williamson and Hamilton.

Messrs. Prettyman, Perry, Judd and Hall for the counties of Adam, Fulton, Brown, Schyler, Pike, McLean, Livingston, Logan, Woodford and Tazewell.

Messrs. Starne, Brown, Honosby and Perry for the counties of Cap, Menard, Hancock, Mason, Sangamon, Morgan, Scott, Green, Jersey, Maconpin, Colbourn and Madison.

Messrs. Green, Bishop, Briscoe and Doulan for the counties of Clark, Edgar, Effingham, Shelby, Moultrie, Douglas, Champaign, Cumberland, Vermillion, Jasper, Lawrence, Wabash, Clay, Reehland, Ford and Montgomery.

Messrs. Johnson, Borges, Sheban and Gowdy for the counties of La Salle, Cook, Jo Daviess, Peoria, Warren, Knox, Henderson, McDonough, and Rock Island.

Among the memoranda of Captain Thomas H. Hines written in comment on the papers in our possession, I find in pencil in handwriting of my comrade, the following:

1. Letter of James C. Robinson, date November 7th, 1864.

"Robinson was the Peace Democracy Candidate for Governor of Illinois. Application had been made to the Confederate commissioners for funds to carry on the canvass. Desiring, before giving pecuniary aid, some written evidence and assurance as to the course Mr. Robinson would pursue if elected, this letter was written to satisfy the Confederate commissioners on that point. Verbal assurances from Mr. Robinson, fully committing himself to our movement, had already been had. A large amount of money was furnished on these assurances."

As the election drew near added funds were greatly needed, and while the committals of James C. Robinson were not quite as positive

as Commissioner Thompson would have preferred, additional sums were supplied on the assurances contained in the following letter from the gubernatorial candidate:

"Home, November 7th, 1864.

Gentlemen:

Your letter of enquiry came duly to hand and its contents noted.

In reply I would state that if elected governor of the state I will see that its sovereignty is maintained, the laws faithfully enforced and its citizens protected from arbitrary arrest, and if necessary for these purposes will, after exhausting the civil, employ the entire military force of the state. I will also be happy to avail myself of the counsel and aid of the executive committee of the Peace Democracy in the conduct and organization of the militia of the state, recognizing the fact that a well organized militia is necessary for the maintenance of state rights as well as the liberties of the people. Hoping that the Democracy may be successful in the great contest and that Constitutional liberty may again be reinstated in the full plenitude of her power, I remain,

Yours truly,

JAMES C. ROBINSON."

Messrs. Green, O'Melveny
and others.

The following are facsimiles of receipts for the initial \$20,000 paid in respect to the campaign of James C. Robinson, and this expenditure was followed by more than \$20,000 additional:

Receipt of James A. Barrett for \$20,000 to reimburse for advances made for Democratic campaign fund in state election, Illinois, 1864:

"Received Toronto Canada November 15th, 1864, of Jacob Thompson Twenty Thousand Dollars to pay a note executed by the Central Committee for expense incurred in election.

JAMES A. BARRETT."

Receipt of W. C. Gowdy for \$20,000 reimbursing campaign advances:

"Received of James A. Barrett Twenty Thousand Dollars to pay note to C. H. McCormick signed by him and others.

W. C. GOWDY

of Central Committee.

Chicago, November 17, 1864."

Letter of Major D. W. Sanders of Louisville in respect to W. C. Gowdy:

"Louisville, Ky., July 15th, 1907.

Gen'l John B. Castleman, Louisville.

My Dear General:

Mr. W. C. Gowdy of Chicago in his lifetime was a lawyer of high standing and distinguished ability in his profession. He was one of the foremost

Anne Nov 7th 1866

Friend

Your letter of enquiry came duly to hand & its contents noted. In reply I would state that if elected Governor of the State, I will certainly & immediately take radical steps to suppress the various military armies & to accept for these purposes such of the existing laws as will enable me to do so. I will also be happy to avail myself of the Council's aid of the Executive Committee of the Free Democracy in the conduct & reorganization of the ~~State~~ Militia of this State. Recognizing the fact that a well organized Militia is necessary for the maintenance of the rights as well as the liberties of the people. Hoping that the Democracy may be successful in the great contest of to-morrow that Constitutional liberty may again be reinstated in the full plenitude of her power & remain

Yours truly
Wm. C. Robinson
4 others

Received Toronto Canada Nov 10th 1864
of Jacob Thompson Twenty Thousand
Dollars ~~to~~ to pay a note executed by
the Central Committee for Expense
incurred in election James T. Bancroft

Recd of James A. Barker
Twenty Thousand Dollars
to pay note to G. H. McLean
incurred since by his relations
Chicago Nov 17. 1864
W. C. Gowdy
of Central Com.

citizens of Illinois and so recognized for many years before his death by all persons in that state.

Sincerely,

D. W. SANDERS."

Additional funds in the interest of the Democratic state campaign in Illinois had already been supplied. The obligation of Democrats referred to in the receipt of William C. Gowdy had in good faith been provided for by the Confederate commissioners—and further funds were furnished—aggregating well-nigh \$50,000 in gold, or the equivalent of about \$140,000 in United States currency at the then prevailing rates of exchange.

The views expressed by Alexander Long in his letter of October 22, 1864, which had been submitted to the Confederate commissioners were the views forced upon all of those who made careful study of the serious situation.

Opportunities for peace negotiations suggested through Judge Black and Horace Greeley had been ignored and adherence rather to the hallucination of "foreign recognition" and the consequent stimulant thus anticipated by pride of country and thought of military advantage prevailed.

General William Preston's fruitless effort as the special representative of President Davis in Europe had been by him personally presented to the Confederate commissioners, and mentioned briefly by him in letter to Commissioner Thompson of September 7th, 1864, and while Commissioner James P. Holcombe bearing communication to Minister Mason and Minister Slidell of the date of August 23, 1864, had not yet been heard from, there existed no reasonable ground for the belief that Mr. Holcombe's special mission could possibly secure from England and France the "recognition" which was considered to be the one thing necessary for the triumph of the Confederate Government.

The autumn elections of 1864 were approaching. President Lincoln was considered by his adherents as likely to receive from the popular vote of his countrymen endorsement of his war policy. McClelland had been presented by the Democrats acting at the National Democratic Convention at Chicago as a patriot whose "modified war policy" would secure peace between the battling sections of a common country. McClelland's weakness was in presentation of any war policy.

Meantime no effort on our part to secure an honorable peace, even though we sacrificed some of the Southern predilections, was availed of. The advantages to us accruing from the uncertainties of the result of general election in November were not sufficiently realized. Judge Black had been allowed to return to Washington without encouragement.

Those responsible for Southern governmental affairs were prone to accept any intimation of adjustment coming from the United States as an admission of the probability of Southern triumph.

And by these misconceptions of conditions we were compelled now to rely on the vote in November as supplying a rebuke to the United States Government, and we were impressed with the fact that the election of James C. Robinson to be governor of Illinois promised the real ray of hope that shone through the clouds of war.

The Democratic State Central Committee of Illinois was a strong committee and was entitled even to more liberal support than was, by the Confederate commission, accorded it. Hines and I were not entirely successful in inducing the Confederate commissioners to realize that it would be wise to supply more funds to the Illinois State Democratic Committee rather than to the officials of the Sons of Liberty.

But when the Chicago Convention on August 30 nominated George B. McClelland and when the conditions set forth in my report to the Confederate secretary of war September 7, 1864, hereinbefore given, compelled us to realize that the safety which a great crowd in Chicago had secured for us would be followed by fatal danger when that crowd was gone, we assembled in our rooms at the Richmond House the little band of Confederate soldiers who had there for three days offered life in a most hazardous adventure and frankly told them of conditions which confronted and of increased dangers which were then coming.

We told them of the heavy reinforcements of United States troops at Camp Douglas prison in Chicago, of our unwillingness to sacrifice there the Confederate soldiers who were present, of the failure of the Sons of Liberty to supply us even with five hundred armed and organized men, with whom, and a detachment of Confederate soldiers, I should run to Rock Island, and release the Confederate prisoners there, and, controlling the railroads, move them to Springfield, while Captain Hines would, with the remaining Confederate soldiers, immediately control and destroy every telegraph line, and impede every railroad from Chicago and fasten there the Democratic Convention for a few days without advices to the outside world.

We have explained that it had come to be that another day in Chicago would be fraught with great danger to the life of each, that Hines and I were under obligation to incur further risk that did not obtain in respect to any of them, that we strongly advised against their following us longer, and offered transportation either to go South or to go back to Canada. Each elected where he should go, twenty returned to Canada. Many went South and rejoined their commands. Hines and I were embarrassed by having among our thirty followers two men whose fidelity we doubted, but this danger could not be then averted.

So with Hines and his fearless little band at Mattoon, and I with ten at Marshall, we proceeded with what we thought best to do in political lines, or "in military direction," realizing that the former looked to the election of James C. Robinson to be governor of Illinois with what we considered would be the inestimable benefit to follow, while "military direction" comprehended a very wide range of discretionary action limited only by consideration as to what would most embarrass the United States authorities.

Alexander Long was not extreme in his opinion of James C. Robinson, and my friend Henry Watterson, recalls now his recollection of "Jim Robinson," as a conservative and forceful member of Congress after the war.

Our interpretation of "Military Direction" led to the contemplation of embarrassing the United States Army at Vicksburg by partially destroying its means of supply. It was known that the army at Vicksburg was with commissary stores, quartermaster stores, ordnance, forage, supplied chiefly from St. Louis by steamboats.

From Marshall, George B. Eastin was sent to inspect and report in particular detail. Where such inspections were made, immediate report was required. Within twenty-four hours verbal information was brought of the approximate number of boats lying at the St. Louis wharf, between what streets, the names and approximate size of the steamboats, character of cargoes and probable sailings.

The same date ten of us went back to St. Louis to attempt partial destruction of this government service and embarrass the supply to the Vicksburg army.

We stopped separately at the Olive Street Hotel, where we arrived early in the morning. Directly after breakfast, without seeming concert of action, each one went aboard of the boats, previously assigned, lying between the foot of the streets allotted and each quickly knew his boats by name and location, and where was to be found the most combustible or most easily ignited feature. Citizens were not denied permission to go at will about the boats.

By eleven-thirty this was done. We took our luncheons separately and proceeded to make the best use of the information obtained by the personal inspection, advices of which had been considered by our little "conference of war," held in my room.

We had had the misfortune to have had made a quantity of small bottles of liquid designated "greek fire." "Greek fire" was a combination of chemicals which, when exposed to the air, ignited and had, or was designed to have, the advantage of ignition after a minute had elapsed in which time the user of the liquid could move from the scene.

It is probable that had the little band of fearless Confederate soldiers used a few boxes of matches, there would have been none of

the seventy-three steamboats left on that day loaded or landed at the St. Louis wharf.

But "greek fire" was not reliable and in most instances the self-ignition did not occur. We dared not go back to complete the work and, as previously arranged, we quietly left—taking passage separately—on the train that afternoon.

One cannot, in the fifty years that have passed, forget the deliberate courage of that little body of men. It is a picture still vivid in memory that made lasting the quiet demeanor of those boys, each taking life in hand, and going with nonchalance in performance of service.

Those boys are now all dead, but one—God bless those fearless boys.

On the first of October I had an engagement at Sullivan, Indiana, to meet some men who were trusted by Hines and me. The chief of these men was Mr. Humphrey.

I drove across from Marshall, Illinois, and instructed my comrades to come via railroad to Sullivan. To do this they went to Terre Haute, and thence over the Evansville Road. I was arrested at Sullivan, and afterwards, after detention, was taken to Terre Haute on a train that arrived there in the early morning. For my comrades I felt the greatest apprehension. But I knew their capability of taking care of themselves. They were to reach Sullivan in the afternoon.

It was certain that their cool deliberate habit would cause them to hear without apparent concern of an arrest where they would infer my imprisonment and that they would with intelligent quiet demeanor adopt such means as schooled danger would suggest.

When the train pulled in at Terre Haute there was embarking a regiment of infantry, leaving for Vicksburg, via steamboat from Evansville, and a throng of citizens had been attracted to the depot taking leave of the soldiers.

As I, with my guard, alighted from the car, I saw my Confederate comrades getting off the train. It was clear that they had gone to Sullivan, heard of an arrest, and were following me.

My responsibility and anxiety for those brave fellows was very great. I was detained at the Terre Haute depot, without any knowledge of the purpose of my captors.

My comrades stood about one hundred feet away, and obviously were determined not to leave me.

The guards stood aloof. Numbers of people addressed me with various inquiries, prompted more by idle curiosity than by real sympathy. I had accurate judgment of character.

I looked, without relief, to know if in the face of some one of the large number of inquirers there could not be found someone who might be trusted with a message to my comrades. But there was *none*.

Then a gentleman, about middle life, came near me and expressed regret to see me under arrest. His face was one which instantly inspired confidence. I immediately said:

"I shall trust you with the lives of comrades, and ask you to hear a message."

The stranger replied: "You can trust me with anything."

I quickly indicated the group of my followers and said: "Go tell them that I say go back and go immediately."

The stranger quickly left me and guardedly made his way to the boys, who went at once.

In after years Hines and I regretted that we had no possible means of knowing who was the trusted stranger. But we could not know, so we ceased to think of this and remembered only that a man so obviously honorable had been trusted and had been true. Of this stranger's identity we shall know further on.

Had I known that I should be taken from Terre Haute and again on a train my message to my comrades would have been: "Go tell them to wait and follow me," for the capture of trains even with troops aboard had been done by small bodies of men, and ten such as these, taking the train as from Terre Haute it entered Indianapolis could not only have controlled the train, but by intrepid assault, could have opened the Confederate prison gates at Camp Morton, released the Confederate soldiers there and at least have made an effort to accomplish serious result.

The garrison at Camp Morton was small and besides these in Indianapolis were the troops garrisoning the United States military prison where I became an inmate.

Only three months prior to that time George B. Eastin took one very good soldier with him whose name was James Edwards, crossed at night the Ohio River from Boone county, Kentucky, and captured an express train on the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad near South Bend. This train was the regular Cincinnati & St. Louis Express and among other passengers was one carload of United States troops. Eastin and Edwards were armed with half dozen six-shooting revolvers, giving to each thirty-six shots without reloading. By agreement Eastin stood outside midway the impeded train and deliberately shot one after another of the glass windows whose noise created impression of volleys. The passengers (including soldiers) got close to the floor, and Edwards paid his respects to the express messenger.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

IN THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

The government officials sent me to the "United States military prison" at Indianapolis. My cell was Number 3, and seven feet square. Confinement was solitary. In cell adjoining was a noted prisoner, Mr. Milliken.

By permission I bought a pipe and tobacco, and on the 2nd day of October, 1864, I commenced smoking and continued this wretched habit for ten hours each day, thereby injuring my health.

A sentry post was established overhead at a twelve-inch iron grating that was in the center of the ceiling of my cell. This grating furnished my only ventilation and, I was told, was like the other cells in this United States prison.

I wanted what is called a "key hole saw." This could only be had through the overhead sentry.

I could not trust either relief. The guard changed the following morning, but neither relief induced my confidence.

The third day the first and second reliefs were not trustworthy. To the third relief I gave money to buy the saw. I only had fifty cents left—the soldier wanted no reward. He was obviously sympathetic.

I cut the three-inch oak floor beneath my cot while the trusted relief was on post, and got under the prison to find that the building stood within an enclosure on whose parapet walls were sentinels, and around the prison building were sentinels. The heavy floor was cut obliquely so that the piece could fit snugly back.

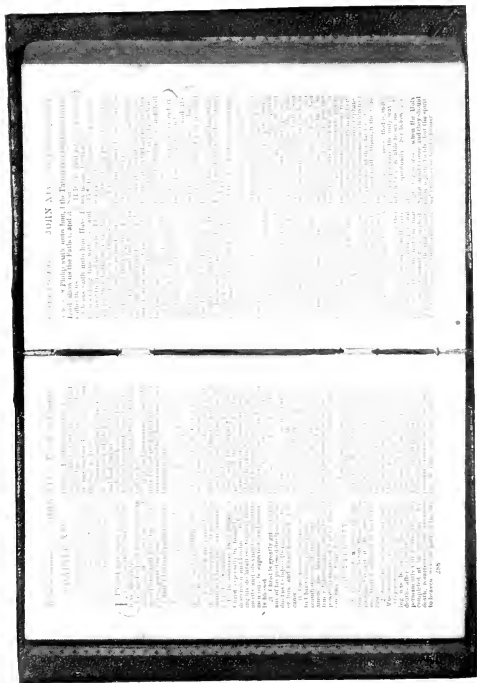
It was difficult to escape—perhaps impossible—and I returned to my cell and replaced the slab.

Each morning all cells were inspected. My own passed without criticism. In a few days a very careful officer of the guard made a minute inspection and detected the saw marks under my cot. I declined to answer any questions. He searched clothing and bedding and mattress and found no saw. He came back and made further search with the same result. I suggested he would do well to investigate the previous occupant of my palatial quarters.

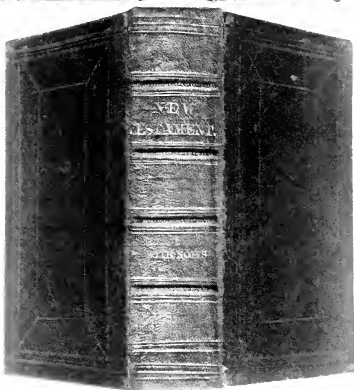
I had put the narrow saw in the back seam of a heavy frock overcoat. The officer happened to press downward and found something stiff. He discovered the saw and asked where I got it.

To avoid suspicion of any sentinel I said: "I brought it in with me." This was a positive contradiction of my assumed innocence, and did me injury. But this prevented any investigation.

Colonel A. J. Warner was commandant of the prison. He was evidently disposed to befriend me. He came twice each day to see me.



FACSIMILE OF BIBLE BROUGHT BY MY MOTHER TO PRISON.



Showing the back removed in order to obtain money bound in one side and note from Captain Hines and the saws bound in the other side with four of small saws shown in facsimile. And one facsimile showing John XIV with marked verses, the verses 18 and 19 giving most concern.

I liked Colonel Warner. To the colonel I seemed to be a mystery. My name was Mr. Wilson.

Ten days after my prison life began Colonel Warner came to my cell and had an unaccustomed smile. He said: "Now, Mr. Wilson, if I should tell you that an elderly lady has called to see you and says that her name is Castleman, and that you are her son, what would you say?"

I replied: "Colonel Warner, I would say that no matter how extraordinary the statement made by a lady, I should not contradict it."

Colonel Warner replied: "Well, sir, you surely are an enigma."

Colonel Warner left the cell and returned with my good mother, who was as undisturbed as if she had met me in a drawing room.

Colonel Warner bore in his hand a Bible whose contents I knew because 'twas through this means that Hines and I agreed we should communicate and aid if either was arrested.

With obvious pleasure Colonel Warner handed me the good book and commended to me its contents. I knew what were some of its contents and the colonel did not.

Replying to my gentlemanly prison commandant I said: "Colonel Warner, no one more than I needs to profit by contents of the good book you have handed me."

Colonel Warner said to the sentry overhead: "Call the corporal of the guard and say that my orders are you shall be relieved for an hour at this post."

Turning to me Colonel Warner said: "Now, Mr. Wilson, in deference to Mrs. Castleman, your mother will spend an hour with you unmolested."

Among Hines papers coming into my possession I find

MEMORANDUM OF THOMAS H. HINES, MADE WHEN CHIEF JUSTICE OF KENTUCKY AND DESIGNATED BY HIM, "INCIDENTS OF PERSONAL ADVENTURE."

"John B. Castleman, arrested at Sullivan, Indiana, October 1st, 1864, and imprisoned at Indianapolis, Indiana, charged with being a spy and confederating with certain persons for the release of prisoners of war. Furnished by Hines, while in prison, with money (\$3000) and implements (saws made of watch spring steel) with which to effect his escape. Hines purchased in Chicago, Illinois, a testament Bible, which, by the aid of a trusted employee in a book bindery in Chicago, he caused to be rebound (between twelve o'clock midnight and daylight). In the binding of one side was placed the saws with a note referring to the other side in which was bound the money and a note referring to the side where the saws were to be found. In order to call Castleman's attention to the fact that the Bible contained means of escape Hines marked with a pencil certain verses in the 14th Chapter of St. John, viz:

'1. Let not your heart be troubled; believe in God, believe also in Me.

3. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I come again, and will receive you unto Myself; that where I am, there ye may be also.

4. And whither I go, ye know the way.

13. And whatsoever ye shall ask in My name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son.

14. If ye shall ask anything in My name, that will I do.

18. I will not leave you comfortless; I will come to you.

19. Yet a little while and the world beholdeth Me no more; but ye behold Me: because I live, ye shall live also.'

The Bible with the contents referred to was sent by Hines to Castleman's mother at Lexington, Ky., and by the mother taken to the prison at Indianapolis and given to Castleman by the officer of the prison."

When Colonel Warner had left the cell and I opened the Bible the leaves at the 14th Chapter of John revealed Hines' marked verses, whose message from my comrade had been many times read by my mother. I very well knew that if Hines had written an elaborate communication he could not have conveyed more feeling and of purpose than were shown in the marked passages before me. It was the written message of a faithful friend, and fearless comrade, using the Gospel of St. John, written more than nineteen hundred years before, to convey now messages of comfort and assurance.

With emphasis I said: "Mother, tell Hines he must not attempt to rescue me. I must not be the cause of sacrificing others. My love to Hines, and tell him I will take care of myself, but must not further involve my comrades."

My mother answered quietly: "My son, what you wish will be done. I will go personally to see Captain Hines, and will then go to St. Louis. Virginia and Sam and all of us will do as you elect and nothing more."

The hour allotted for mother's visit ended, and with composure she left my cell and went away.

By "Sam and Virginia" were meant my brother-in-law, Judge Breckinridge, and my sister Virginia.

The third day thereafter Judge Breckinridge came to see me, and without my knowledge employed Porter & McDonald as my attorneys.

I afterwards saw a good deal of Mr. Porter. He was a most delightful man and manifested for me a genuine and almost an affectionate interest, although he repeatedly accused me of quixotism and urged that my peculiar views obstructed his professional purposes. Subsequently Mr. Porter was governor of Indiana and minister to Italy.

Judge Breckinridge was what was known as a "Union man," entertaining, indeed, political opinions in opposition to the Confederate States as positive, though less rancorous, than those held and demonstrated by his uncle, Reverend Robert J. Breckinridge of Kentucky.

Executive Mansion.

Washington, Nov. 29. 1862.

Major General Hovey, or
whoever may have charge
at the proper time.

Whereas John B. Boutwell
shall be tried, if convicted and sentenced, suspended
execution until further order from me, and send me
the record.

A. Lincoln.



JUDGE SAMUEL MILLER BRECKINRIDGE

I did not know until 1877 that in November, 1864, Judge Breckinridge had, in my behalf, made a visit to President Lincoln. It was then brought to my knowledge that on the 29th of November, 1864, Judge Breckinridge called at the White House and apprised Mr. Lincoln of the cause of his coming.

The president made an appointment for him to return to the White House the following morning at eight o'clock. Both of these men possessed unusual colloquial powers. I was informed years afterwards that Mr. Lincoln seemed relieved to get his mind off of public affairs, and talked delightfully of Kentuckians, 'till finally observing that it was a quarter of ten, said: "Well, well, Sam, I have so much enjoyed having you with me that I have been glad for the time to forget grave questions that beset the country, but we have neglected the interest that brings you here, and have seemed to forget Castleman. In fifteen minutes we have a Cabinet meeting and I will give you now in the strictest confidence a note only to be used in case of emergency. Meantime, from what I learn, it would be best to have that boy's attorneys endeavor to postpone the trial, for those young Confederates have caused the government annoyances and expense."

All this had been to me unknown until my very devoted kinsman told me this thirteen years afterwards when he came to visit me in Louisville and brought me the autograph letter which Mr. Lincoln then wrote, and which I now have.

"Executive Mansion,
Washington, November 29, 1864.

Major General Hovey, or

Whomsoever may have charge:

Whenever John B. Castleman shall be tried, if convicted and sentenced, suspend execution until further order from me, and send me the record.

A. LINCOLN."

The body of this as well as the signature is in the handwriting of President Lincoln.

General Duke wrote on June fourth, 1865: "We do not know what policy will be inaugurated toward the paroled Confederates." Afterwards he declined the proffered position of Federal judge of the district court of the state of Kentucky, and now holds a life appointment under the United States government.

This furnishes in respect to a greatly distinguished soldier of the Confederacy a striking exemplification of the liberality of our Government.

A prison letter that gave me great pleasure.

"Lexington, June 4th, 1865.

My dear Castleman:

One of the most unpleasant features of a return to Kentucky which, except that it places me with my family and enables me to see many old friends, I have not

found particularly agreeable, has been the knowledge that you were in prison and that you were subject consequently to annoyance if not danger. I was led to believe (and still hope) when I first arrived that you would soon be released and the impression here is that you will be with us sometime during the summer, but I do not at all like such a result to your difficulties being at all problematical. I saw your mother and George on yesterday and learned that all of your family were well. I do not yet know what policy will be inaugurated towards the paroled Confederates, under the late proclamation, but have found much less bitterness of feeling here than I had expected, although the situation is not a pleasant one. The best part of my brigade has returned and none has, so far as I have heard, been in any way molested. Your friends are all greatly interested in your welfare and exceedingly anxious that your imprisonment shall terminate.

I will not venture to write a long letter, but will assure you that if any effort of mine, small as my influence of course is, can avail you, it shall be made. Let me hear from you soon. Mrs. Morgan and Mrs. Duke desire to be warmly remembered to you.

Yours truly,

B. W. DUKE."

Finally came the spring of 1865 and with General Grant, General Lee had negotiated my exchange. I reached Fortress Monroe, and there were at that point a number of Confederate officers. While we were there the world suffered loss by the assassination of President Lincoln.

Assembly was sounded; the officers formed, my name was called, and the line dismissed.

I learned that Governor Morton of Indiana had taken the trouble to express indignation that I should have been sent away without trial, and influenced an order for my return. For the night I was locked in casemate of Fortress Monroe. I was taken next day to the Old Capital prison at Washington City.

Honorable Albert S. Berry seems, on June 23, 1890, to have referred to this episode.

Twenty-six years after the War, Berry was in Congress from the Sixth Congressional District of Kentucky, and following is a copy of an interview with this good Confederate soldier:

"BERRY'S TALES."

"How the Colonel first entered Washington. It was as a prisoner during the war. He and Curtis Reminiscence.

"Washington, June 23, 1890. There are two men in the House who are conspicuous for their great height, as well as other qualities. These two giants in stature are Colonel Albert Berry, who represents the Covington-Newport district and General Martin Curtis, of the Twenty-second New York district.

'I shall never forget the first time I was in Washington,' said Colonel Berry. 'It was just before I met you, Curtis. We had been cut off at Sailor's Creek on our retreat from Richmond. With several others I arrived at the Capital the

morning after the assassination of President Lincoln. We were met on the outskirts of the city by an infuriated mob, which mistook us for Lincoln's murderers. We would have been lynched then and there had not the officer in charge fully demonstrated to the crowd that we were merely prisoners of war. It was an eventful day. I shall never forget the march up the avenue to the old Capital Prison. Fully 8000 men and women followed us up the broad thoroughfare, hooting at us and crying that we should be shot on general principles.

We were thrown twenty in a room together, a horrible place it was, too. I only knew one of the men confined with me, Colonel McCree of St. Louis. It sounds mean now to say it, but I was delighted when, about three days later, John B. Castleman, of Louisville, was thrown into the cell where I was confined. He was with us for two days only, and I never saw a finer specimen of man. He never complained of our quarters or the food, and showed no signs of weakening. On the stroke of twelve the second night he had been confined, a guard entered and called the name of Castleman.

As he passed out I grasped his hand, as I then believed that it was the last time I would ever see him. We all believed that he had been called out to be shot. He had been with Morgan and his bravery had caused him to be greatly feared.' "

Lieutenant Walter F. Halleck of the United States Army commanded the guard that Berry describes as having called at the midnight hour to pay respects to me at the Old Capital Prison.

It appears that in 1886 when the *Southern Bivouac* announced the intended publication of some of the papers which were then produced, Lieutenant Halleck was apprised of the announcement, and wrote the subjoined note, sending copy of the order executed the night that Berry refers to.

I take the liberty of being amused at the closing paragraph of Lieutenant Halleck's letter. He was a wonderfully courteous officer, and seemed to see merit in a prisoner.

"Talamanco, N. Y.

"Editors '*Southern Bivouac*',
Louisville, Ky.

December 25, 1886.

Dear Sir:

As you will see by the enclosed copy of S. O. No. 86 Hd. Qrs. Dept. of Washington, April 29, 1865, it was my pleasure to have met that courteous gentleman and gallant soldier, Major J. B. Castleman, of Kentucky, over twenty-one years ago. Well do I remember our trip to Indianapolis, our night in Pittsburg. Do me the favor to forward to him the enclosed order, and if he should want the original he can have it. I am sure his articles will be interesting and valuable.

Major Castleman in his trying position was about the coolest man I ever met, during or since the late war.

Very truly yours,

WALTER F. HALLECK,
U. S. Army."

“HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF WASHINGTON
OFFICE OF PROVOST MARSHAL GENERAL,
DEFENSE NORTH OF POTOMAC.

Washington, D. C., April 29, 1865.

Special Order

No. 86.

(*Extract.*)

Lt. Walter F. Halleck, 10th Regt. Vet. Res. Corps, with four (4) Guards will take in charge Major J. B. Castleman (rebel spy) (now in O. C. Prison) and proceed to Indianapolis, Ind., and deliver him to Bvt. Gen'l. A. P. Hovey, commanding at that place, take receipts therefor and return to these Headquarters without delay.

The Quartermaster's Department will furnish the necessary transportation.

By Command of

MAJOR GENERAL C. C. AUGUR.

GEO. R. WALBRIDGE.

Captain and Asst. P. M. G. Dept. N. of Potomac.

A true copy of the
original 'Order' now
in my possession.

WALTER F. HALLECK,

1st Lieut. United States Army.

But his saying "about the coolest man I ever met, during or since the war," reminds me of a story Bishop Dudley of Kentucky used to tell on himself. There was a German named Studenberg who, with his elderly wife, were greatly devoted to the bishop. Mrs. Studenberg was supposed to be dying and their dear friend, the bishop, was sent for. But before the bishop arrived Mrs. Studenberg had died.

With voice and manner replete with sympathy the bishop put his hand on the shoulder of Mr. Studenberg and said: "My dear friend, I hope your good wife was content to go." To this Mr. Studenberg replied: "Vot vas dat you ask, Bishop?" The Bishop repeated his sympathetic inquiry, when Mr. Studenberg looked up with surprise and said: "Why mein Gott, mun, she couldn't hep herself."

So it is with all men. The fact of inability to "help himself" makes the man "cool," no matter what the fate that awaits.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

CHARGES AND SPECIFICATIONS.

The following charges and specifications seem to have been sent by General A. P. Hovey, commanding district of Indiana to the headquarters of the armies at Washington, shown as follows:

“Headquarters, District of Indiana.

Indianapolis, May 25th, 1865.

“Colonel:

I have the honor to forward herewith a copy of the charges in the case of John B. Castleman in accordance with communication dated Headquarters, Army of the United States, Washington, D. C., May 21st, 1865, together with a copy of communication in reference to said case by Captain J. D. Taylor, Judge Advocate, District of Indiana. The facts stated in Captain Taylor’s communication are no doubt susceptible of proof. Major John B. Castleman (or Captain J. B. Castleman) is a young man of fine ability and would have proven a very dangerous enemy if his schemes could have been consummated. His family connection, as far as I have any knowledge of them (with the exception of Judge Breckinridge, who is a loyal and true man) sympathize with the rebellion. From the facts presented I cannot but regard Major Castleman as a dangerous and daring spy. There can be no doubt that he was connected with the contemplated burning of property in the North.

I am constrained to recommend that he be tried or banished from the country.

I am, Colonel,

Very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

ALVIN P. HOVEY.

Brevet Major General.

BREVET COLONEL E. S. PARKER,

Military Secretary,

Headquarters Armies of the United States,

Washington, D. C. United States.”

Military charges and specifications are tedious and formal and replete with repetition.

Copies are as follows:

“EXTRACT.

Judge Advocate’s Office,

District of Indiana, May 24, 1865.

Major J. W. Walker, Assistant Adjutant General.

Major:

I send you herewith, as requested, copy of charges and specifications against Major John B. Castleman. Proof of first charge is, briefly: Castleman

came to Chicago under the name of Clay Wilson, with other rebels and desperadoes engaged for an expedition to that place. The original plan failed. Many of the men returned and engaged in other raids.

Castleman, in citizen's dress, visited Marshall, Illinois, St. Louis, Missouri, and Sullivan, Indiana, in September, spending most of his time at Marshall, a section of the state notorious for disloyal organizations. He was arrested at Sullivan and brought to this city.

Among papers found were letters purporting to refer to purchase of wheat, written by the Grand Seigneur of the Sons of Liberty at Chicago, maps of prisons, letter warning him that he was risking his life, list of disloyal men, account showing receipt and disbursement of \$20,000 received from Jacob Thompson, and from Barrett of the Sons of Liberty.

Castleman's memorandum book shows payment of expenses of seventy men from Canada to Chicago and return. Also expenses of special messengers at various times in September. The testimony of John Maughan, his special messenger and cashier, before the Military Commission which tried the Chicago conspirators is very full in regard to Castleman. The testimony of T. M. Stone in trial of St. Alban raiders at Montreal is that seventy Confederate soldiers were in Chicago in August, and among them were the five men then on trial. They were collected for the purpose of releasing prisoners at Camp Douglas and several depots of arms were then at Chicago for use.

Jacob Thompson and C. C. Clay selected Castleman, in connection with Captain Hines, to release prisoners and inaugurate revolution in the Northwest and Castleman's arrest checked this scheme.

The tenor of military authority is conclusive as to the status of Castleman. Holleck, Holt, Lieber, all concur in denying such men any right as prisoners of war.

The same justice which required the trial and execution of Beall and Kennedy demands that Castleman, whose daring, ability and resources are much greater, should be held for trial, instead of being shielded from a fate which he knows is inevitable. I have the honor to be

Very respectfully yours,

J. D. TAYLOR,

Captain 88th O. V. T. and J. A. Dist. Ind."

NOTE:—It will be observed in the charges and specifications that Maughan and one other, turned State's evidence afterwards to convict the boys who had seemed to trust and who had been associated with them. None was amazed at this, for there existed positive opinion that these two comrades whom the confiding commissioners in Canada, not so well versed in judgment of character as we were, had sent to Chicago to report to Hines and me, were two traitorous scoundrels. We were convinced in this opinion as soon as we talked to them, for it is found always that where very shrewd closely observant men are in association, and especially where great mutual danger exists, a correct measurement in respect to character is formed, and we knew that eight trustworthy men were always in danger by reason of the presence of these two traitors.

When we left Chicago and went to Southern Illinois I elected to take these two men, for we did not dare turn them loose in Chicago, and the least

5/11/1862
10

Head Quarters Department of Washington

Office of Provost Marshal General, Defences North of Potomac.

Washington D.C. 11th Sept 1862

Special Order }
No. 11

1111 St. Hall's 4th March 10th just 1862

1st. Give the guard 100 lbs of beef
2nd. J.B.C. to be 100 lbs of beef

3rd. 100 lbs of beef to be 100 lbs of beef
4th. 100 lbs of beef to be 100 lbs of beef
5th. 100 lbs of beef to be 100 lbs of beef
6th. 100 lbs of beef to be 100 lbs of beef

The Quartermaster General
will furnish the necessary transportation

13 Command of
1st of Feb 1862
For Hall's
1st of Feb 1862
1st of Feb 1862

W. L. G. (1866)
May 25, 1866

Dear Sir,
I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 20th inst. in relation to the proposed amendment to the Constitution of the State of New York, and in reply to inform you that the same has been forwarded to the proper authorities for their consideration. I am, Sir, very respectfully,
Yours, &c.
W. L. G.

FACSIMILE OF GENERAL A. P. HOVEY'S LETTER
OF MAY 25, 1866.

Dear Sir,
I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 21st inst. in relation to the property of the late General A. P. Hovey, and in reply to inform you that the same has been forwarded to the proper authorities for their consideration.

I am, Sir, very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,

Wm. H. Murray

Wm. H. Murray

U.S. Army
Fort Smith
Ark.
Washington, D.C.

FACSIMILE OF GENERAL A. P. HOVEY'S LETTER
OF MAY 23, 1866.

danger was in taking them and observing them. In a number of instances the eight faithful fearless men, applied to me for authority to lose, in self-defense, men who would, if opportunity presented, destroy them, but I counselled always in lieu of this, close vigilance.

"CHARGES AND SPECIFICATIONS PREFERRED AGAINST JOHN BRECKINRIDGE
CASTLEMAN, MAJOR OF THE SECOND REGIMENT, KENTUCKY
CAVALRY OF THE REBEL ARMY.

CHARGE 1st: LURKING AND ACTING AS A SPY.

Specification 1st: In this, that the said John Breckinridge Castleman, Major of the Second Regiment, Kentucky Rebel Cavalry, did, on or about the 26th day of August, 1864, secretly, in disguise and under false pretenses, enter and come within the lines of the regularly authorized and organized military forces of the United States, and within the states of Michigan, Illinois, Missouri and Indiana, and did secretly and covertly lurk and travel about as a spy in the dress of a citizen, and under an assumed name, and did seek information with the intention of communicating it to the enemy, and remained within said military lines until arrested as a spy at Sullivan, Indiana, or or about the 30th day of September, 1864. All this within the states of Michigan, Illinois, Missouri and Indiana, during the months of August and September, 1864, and within the military lines and the theater of military operations of the Army of the United States, at a period of war and armed rebellion against the authority of the United States.

Specification 2nd.: In this, that the said John Breckinridge Castleman, Major of the Second Regiment, Kentucky Rebel Cavalry, was found lurking and acting as a spy in the state of Michigan, at or near the city of Detroit, on or about the 26th day August, 1864, within the military lines, and the theater of military operations, of the Army of the United States, at a period of war and armed rebellion against the authority of the United States.

Specification 3rd: In this, that the said John Breckinridge Castleman, Major of the Second Regiment, Kentucky Rebel Cavalry, was found lurking and acting as a spy in the state of Illinois, at or near the city of Chicago, on or about the 28th day of August, 1864, within the military lines and the theater of military operations of the Army of the United States at a period of war and armed rebellion against the authority of the United States.

Specification 4th: In this, that the said John Breckinridge Castleman, Major of the Second Regiment, Kentucky Rebel Cavalry, was found lurking and acting as a spy in the state of Illinois, at or near Marshall, on or about the 6th day of September, 1864, within the military lines and the theater of military operations of the Army of the United States at a period of war and armed rebellion against the authority of the United States.

Specification 5th: In this, that the said John Breckinridge Castleman, Major of the Second Regiment, Kentucky Rebel Cavalry, was found lurking and acting as a spy in the state of Missouri, at or near the city of St. Louis on or about the 14th day of September, 1864, within the military lines and the theater of military operations of the Army of the United States, at a period of war and armed rebellion against the authority of the United States.

Specification 6th: In this, that the said John Breckinridge Castleman, Major of the Second Regiment, Kentucky Rebel Cavalry, was found lurking and acting as a spy in the state of Indiana, on or about the 20th day of September, 1864 within the military lines and the theater of military operations of the Army of the United States, at a period of war and armed rebellion against the authority of the United States.

Specification 7th: In this, that the said John Breckinridge Castleman, Major of the Second Regiment, Kentucky Rebel Cavalry, was found lurking and acting as a spy in the state of Indiana, at or near Sullivan, Sullivan county, on or about the 30th day of September 1864, within the military lines, and the theater of military operations of the Army of the United States, at a period of war and armed rebellion against the authority of the United States.

CHARGE 2nd. VIOLATION OF THE LAWS OF WAR.

Specification: In this, that the said John Breckinridge Castleman, Major of the Second Regiment, Kentucky Rebel Cavalry, having escaped from Kentucky to Canada, on or about June 1st, 1864, did come within the lines of the lawfully authorized and organized military forces of the United States, and within the states of Michigan, Illinois, Missouri and Indiana, which were then threatened with invasion and armed insurrection, and did lurk and travel about within said military lines, in the garb of a citizen, and under an assumed name, without surrendering himself to the military authorities of the United States, and without having renewed his allegiance to the Government of the United States, until arrested at Sullivan, Indiana, on or about the 30th of September, 1864.

All of this within the states of Michigan, Illinois, Missouri and Indiana, during the months of August and September, 1864, within the military lines, and the theater of military operations, of the Army of the United States, at a period of war and armed rebellion against the authority of the United States.

CHARGE 3rd. CONSPIRING IN VIOLATION OF THE LAWS OF WAR, TO RELEASE THE REBEL PRISONERS OF WAR CONFINED BY AUTHORITY OF THE UNITED STATES AT CAMP DOUGLAS, NEAR CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

Specification: In this, that the said John Breckinridge Castleman, Major of the Second Regiment, Kentucky Rebel Cavalry, did, in violation of the laws of war, unlawfully and secretly conspire and agree with Jacob Thompson, Clement C. Clay, Jr., James A. Barrett of Illinois, Charles Walsh of Chicago, Illinois, John C. Walker of Indiana, Captain Hines of the Rebel Army, and others unknown, to release the Rebel prisoners of war, then confined by the authority of the United States at Camp Douglas, near Chicago, Illinois, by suddenly attacking said camp, overpowering the guard and removing all obstructions to the successful escape of said prisoners confined within its limits.

This on or about the 30th day of August, 1864, at or near Chicago, in the State of Illinois, within the military lines, and the theater of military operations, of the Army of the United States, at a period of war and armed rebellion against the authority of the United States.

CHARGE 4th. CONSPIRING IN VIOLATION OF THE LAWS OF WAR TO LAY
WASTE AND DESTROY THE CITY OF CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

Specification: In this, that the said John Breckinridge Castleman, Major of the Second Regiment, Kentucky Rebel Cavalry, did, in violation of the laws of war, unlawfully and secretly conspire and agree with Jacob Thompson, Clement C. Clay, Jr., James A. Barrett of Illinois, Charles Walsh of Chicago, Illinois, John C. Walker of Indiana, Captain Hines of the Rebel Army, and others unknown, to lay waste and destroy the city of Chicago, Illinois, on or about the 31st day of August, 1864, by capturing the arsenal in said city, cutting the telegraph wires, burning railroad depots, taking forcible possession of the banks and public buildings, and causing the city to be sacked, pillaged and burned by the rebel prisoners of war confined at Camp Douglas, near Chicago, Illinois, which prisoners were to be forcibly released and armed by them, on or about the 31st day of August, 1864.

This at or near Chicago, in the state of Illinois, within the military lines, and the theater of military operations of the Army of the United States, at a period of war and armed rebellion against the authority of the United States, and on or about the 31st day of August, 1864.

CHARGE 5th. INCITING INSURRECTION IN VIOLATION OF THE
LAWS OF WAR.

Specifications: In this, that the said John Breckinridge Castleman, Major of the Second Regiment, Kentucky Rebel Cavalry, having entered the military lines of the United States in citizen's dress and under an assumed name, did leave Chicago, Illinois, on or about the second day of September 1864, to proceed to, and did proceed to, southern Illinois, southern Indiana, and other places unknown, to organize, arm and drill disloyal men, members of disloyal secret organizations, and deserters from the Army of the United States, for insurrection against the lawfully constituted authorities of the United States, then engaged in pulling down an armed rebellion, and that the said Castleman did meet and confer with disloyal men, names unknown, for such purposes, until arrested at Sullivan, Indiana, on or about the 30th of September, 1864. All this within the states of Indiana, Illinois and Missouri during the months of August and September, 1864, within the military lines, and the theater of military operations of the Army of the United States, at a period of war and armed rebellion against the authority of the United States.

CHARGE 6th. CONSPIRING TO DESTROY GOVERNMENT PROPERTY IN
VIOLATION OF THE LAWS OF WAR.

Specification: In this, that the said John Breckinridge Castleman, Major of the Second Regiment, Kentucky Rebel Cavalry, did, on or about the 26th of August, 1864, enter the states of Illinois, Missouri and Indiana, in pursuance of an agreement with Jacob Thompson, Clement C. Clay, Jr., James A. Barrett, Captain Hines, and others unknown, to burn and destroy government arsenals, depots, and storehouses, and steamboats in government employ, and incite others thereto, with the purpose and intent of hindering and impeding the efforts of the lawfully constituted authorities of the United States in suppressing an armed rebellion against its authority.

This at or near Chicago, Illinois, on or about the 30th day of August, 1864, within the military lines, and the theater of military operations of the Army of the United States, at a period of war and armed rebellion against the authority of the United States.

(Signed) J. D. TAYLOR,
Capt. 88th Ohio Vols. and J. A. Dist of Ind."

It would be difficult to conjecture why General A. P. Hovey considered the prisoner as being a person of any special importance.

But he and the assistant judge advocate seemed to think it well enough to magnify the propriety of extending unusual severity to a Confederate officer of modest rank.

It is not contended that this officer deserved to be numbered among the saints. But the war ended, and there was no precedent for banishing one from the United States.

Yet the parole to leave and never return was exacted and given and was far better than Cell Number 3, and when removed from the prison and put across the river at Detroit, the sense of relief was not without pleasure, albeit the realization of exile was depressing.

Incessant use of tobacco had brought its punishment. My health was shattered. The prison treatment was better than deserved. I was the recipient of sufficient courtesy. But realizing that I had poisoned myself with nicotine, I left the smoking habit in the prison, and never again used tobacco.

Arriving at Toronto from Windsor I was greeted by two most intimate friends, Captain Thomas H. Hines and Lieutenant George B. Eastin (both afterwards on the Kentucky appellate bench).

We kept house together at No. 10 Hayden street, and went to Trinity College, studied French, and had the honor of having General John C. Breckinridge supervise our law studies.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

CAPTAIN THOMAS H. HINES.

Hitherto it has been stated that Thomas H. Hines enlisted in Company D, Morgan's Regiment of Cavalry.

He was about five feet nine, and weighed about one hundred and forty; eyes recessed under a heavy brow and remarkably penetrating. He was modest, courteous and imperturbable, with voice as soft as that of a refined woman.

In service Hines was resourceful, and quick in action.

In Morgan's Cavalry the private soldier of unusual merit was as well known as the officer. Everyone knew Tom Hines.

It was indeed the usual experience that a body of men not fighting in compact formation, but in open order, compelled the development of individualism. General Duke frequently in his charming writings refers to distinguished private soldiers.

In September, 1862, when Captain W. C. P. Breckinridge was authorized to raise a regiment of cavalry, while the Confederate Army, under General Bragg, occupied Kentucky, it was my privilege to promote Tom Hines' modest ambition to be a captain by transferring to him from Company D, the nucleus of his own company.

On Morgan's raid through Indiana and Ohio, Hines, with his distinguished chief, was captured at Buffington's Island, and confined, with General Morgan and his brother officers, in the Ohio penitentiary. Hines soon devised and accomplished a scheme of escape. His own detailed account of the escape and experiences subsequent has herein been published. One cannot read that account without being impressed with the genius, composure, the integrity and unselfishness of Hines.

But for Hines' quick decision and willing self-sacrifice, General Morgan would have been again captured at Bridge's Ferry on the Tennessee River, where Hines met the advancing cavalry of the enemy, and, with impetuosity, led them on by the road on which General Morgan was traveling, and seemed to pursue the general till Morgan had time to ride beyond danger, and then Hines surrendered himself as a captive.

But for Hines' great sense of honor, he would have made his own escape from the United States officer whose prisoner he was, and by whom he was being treated as a guest. Hines rode back with his host to his camp prison, rather than seem unworthy of unusual confidence. He elected, rather, to defy his prison guards and regimental sentries and outposts and run the gauntlet of their continuous fire in escaping from Dunlap's regiment at Lowden.

General Morgan was not advised of the circumstances of Hines' recapture, nor did he, for some weeks after, know of Hines' second escape. The General, therefore, had written to Hines' father: "Your gallant son was captured on the Tennessee River when the Federals dashed upon us and succeeded in getting him. You can well imagine my deep regret when I tell you that to him in great measure I owe my own escape."

General Morgan did not then know that the resourceful officer who had released him from the Ohio penitentiary had rescued him from a second recapture and sacrificed himself.

Hines had the utmost reverence for General Morgan, and writing of him in 1865 said: "General Morgan's brilliant service in more than a hundred fields of battle, and in marches having no parallel in cavalry, established his military genius. The failures that mar his record are easily traceable to the negligence of others. At Lebanon, Tennessee, May 5, 1862, 'twas the neglect of an adjutant that caused his defeat. At Buffington's Island July 19th, 1863, a sudden rise in the Ohio River brought disaster to Morgan. At Greenville, Tennessee, September 4th, 1864, the great cavalry leader lost his life through neglect of an adjutant."

The Secretary of War, Honorable James A. Seddon, impressed by his unusual record, became convinced of Hines' exceptional ability.

Mr. Seddon informed Hines that he had repeatedly conferred with officers who theorized about conditions in the Northwestern States, and the importance of the release of prisoners whose services were needed in the Confederate armies. But that he had not before discussed the interests involved with any officer who had comprehensive appreciation of conditions, and who wished personally to incur the danger of such service.

Mr. Seddon manifested strong feeling because of the United States Government having violated the cartel, and expressed the hope that a practical method might be devised for securing freedom to our imprisoned soldiers.

So on the 16th of March, 1864, Secretary Seddon issued to Captain Hines the broad authority which has been already herein published.

On April 27th, 1864, President Davis appointed the Confederate commissioners to Canada, and May 27th the secretary of war issued modified instructions to Captain Hines so as to secure harmonious direction of all the influences which needed to be controlled by the Confederate commissioners.

Captain Hines accordingly reported to the commissioners and acted by their authority. While myself aiding Hines in every possible way, and co-operating with him, always I recognized that with him was primarily lodged authority and there was never between us one

particle of friction about anything. We always agreed as to men, and we agreed always as to measures.

Hines was not surprised at the failure of the chief officials of the Sons of Liberty to supply to us the promised forces at Chicago August 29th, 1864. He was not surprised that the vast amount of funds supplied for distribution to the military side of the Sons of Liberty had not produced sufficient manifest result. We both so thoroughly knew men, that we had watched with most earnest care and judged with reasonable accuracy the transactions of the leading officers of the Sons of Liberty. And while we were not then willing to question the integrity of men who had received the unqualified endorsement of Mr. Vallandigham, and who, therefore, had been trusted by Commissioner Thompson, we certainly had limited confidence in much real result from their methods.

After the Chicago disappointment and the apologies and explanations which ensued, we agreed that in the future we must get away from the officials who were too frequently impractical dignitaries, and get in touch with subordinates who were often in real earnest.

In subsequent operations we never relied on the chief commanders.

It is not to be understood that many of these men were not reliable, though some of them certainly were not. It is not to be understood that many of these men were not practical, though most of them certainly were not. But where reliable, the machinery was too complicated, and forces too large, for their grasp. So we concluded to depend on under-officials of whom we could accurately judge by our meetings with them in Chicago.

Into the details of Hines' transactions, besides liberal distribution of campaign funds in the interest of James C. Robinson, the Democratic nominee for governor of Illinois, I shall not here venture.

We knew that the theories about seizing the state governments of Illinois, Indiana and Ohio were not to be of practical realization, except through the exercise of force.

And we knew that actual force must be founded on basis of liberated prisoners. We knew that the liberation of the Confederate soldiers in any prison would furnish a nucleus bound to be augmented by enthusiastic and ambitious sympathizers, and that once allied with such move retracing would be most difficult and onward movement essential.

It was known that 'twould be easy to destroy transportation lines which, if not interrupted, would quickly bring reinforcements of United States troops against an army of liberated prisoners and allied forces, and this had been amply provided for through *one* man here and there who would apply the torch and axe when press dispatches announced any accomplishment. Dynamite was not then known,

but other destructive forces were always at hand. There were plenty of available arms and equipment, and a commissariat could be readily established, for United States depots were at all centers.

It was with this contemplation that Captain Hines, determined to make a second effort to release the Camp Douglas prisoners, went with confidence to Chicago a week prior to the National election of November, 1864. We depended on local forces, but unfortunately Captain Hines had with him a small number of Confederate soldiers, who had been sent to him by the Confederate commissioners. These re-inforced the faithful and fearless who had been with us in southern Illinois.

Hines stayed at the residence of a loyal sympathizer Dr. Edward W. Edwards, who resided No. 70 Adams Street. (It is barely possible that I may be incorrect as to the first name of Dr. Edwards.)

The night before the election Dr. Edwards was aroused by the step and voices of troops surrounding his house. He quietly awakened Hines without disturbing one of the commissioners' "highly connected" soldiers who had been sent to Hines and slept in the same room. His name was Marmaduke.

Explanation as to the danger was made to Hines by Dr. Edwards. Hines, thinking quickly, said quietly: "Dr. Edwards, have you in this house a spring mattress?"

The spring mattress of 1864 was a cumbersome box surmounted by cross-ribbed steel slats, leaving space equal to the depth of the supporting box.

"Yes," said the doctor, "one on the bed in Mrs. Edwards' room; she is ill, but will leave it."

"By no means," said Hines, "let her remain in bed if you wish to save me. A spring mattress is big enough to hide a man of my size if I can only get into it."

So it was arranged in a moment. Hines ripped open the mattress with his knife, passed in his pistol, his clothes and himself, having cut between the steel ribs. When he had crawled in the mattress he stuck holes in the bottom through the ticking through which to breathe, and then the bed was rearranged for Mrs. Edwards, who, from sheer nervousness, became very seriously ill.

By this time the soldiers were impatiently demanding entrance, declaring they had orders to search the house and arrest two Confederate spies. Hines' less resolute roommate was easily secured and taken to prison. Then the most thorough search was begun, Dr. Edwards making only the mildest remonstrance, the roommate himself not knowing what had become of Hines.

Baffled, the officers were not convinced, so the house was placed under guard.



CAPTAIN THOMAS H. HINES AT TWENTY-THREE.
(AFTERWARDS CHIEF JUSTICE OF THE KENTUCKY COURT OF APPEALS.)

When it was evident that there was to be a regular siege established, Hines suggested that Dr. Edwards pass the word to his friends that Mrs. Edwards was dangerously ill; which he did. Friends began in large numbers to call to inquire how she was. The number of callers increased during the day.

When the callers were most numerous, Hines left his hiding place, locked arms with one of his friends, begged for the shelter of his umbrella, which protected from a falling rain, and made his way to the railroad depot. There he purchased a ticket for Cincinnati, where he had friends, and where by treachery he was again betrayed to the authorities—but that is another story.

That Hines had been betrayed and his plans and whereabouts in Chicago revealed by a brave Confederate soldier who was in the class of "Idle Talkers," there is no doubt.

I have before me a long letter from this soldier afterwards accused of "*fatal talking*." He was a brave man, but imprudent talker. He enlisted with Tom Hines in Company D, and respecting him I have his photograph and have had since 1862. This letter is dated Quebec, March 12th, 1865, and is addressed to Captain Hines. I hesitate to name the accused soldier, for 'twill accomplish nothing, but on the back of the seven pages of letter from the accused soldier, wherein he essays to refute the accusations, Captain Hines, in his own handwriting, endorses:

"You will see from this note that *Bettersworth* attempts to justify his conduct at Chicago, and in my opinion makes his case worse than has been charged against him by our friends. It grieves me much to state it, but my conviction is firmly established that he did reveal the whole plan to Detective Shanks while under the influence of liquor."

In Cincinnati, as one drives from the "Little Miami"—or the Pennsylvania—depot to Fourth Street, on the left of what I remember as Lawrence Street is a small triangle. At the base of this triangle where, as I recall the change a number of years ago, there has been erected a modern brick building. Fifty years ago there stood where now is this brick building an old fashioned double brick residence with heavy walls, and in whose bedrooms on either side of a massive chimney were the then customary "clothes closets."

This old residence was occupied as the dwelling of Mr. and Mrs. Sam P. Thomas. Sam Thomas was a perfectly reliable man. He was an intense Southerner, and was a trusted friend of Captain Hines. To this house of his friends Hines went when he arrived in Cincinnati.

Hines had experienced, under the very trying circumstances which surrounded, so much of either vicious or foolish betrayal, that he grew to be aware of need of provided protection.

A mighty trustworthy man from Lexington, Kentucky, by the name of Dan Weil was then the guest of Sam Thomas. Weil was a mechanic. Hines at once arranged with Thomas and Weil to aid in providing for his safety.

Hines had examined the construction of the olden times clothes closet, and he and Weil and Thomas removed the shelves and boards in the back and took out from the wall enough brick to make a recess for Hines to stand in. Fortunately Hines was a slight man.

This being done, the boards were restored in the back, which were upright, and not so close as to exclude the admission of a reasonable amount of air, and the shelves were then restored and following was readjustment of "things on the shelves." Hines and his faithful friends "practiced" the removal of the simple shelves and back—the concealing of Hines—restoration of the closet, and quickly the process became easy and effective.

It was agreed that so long as Hines was in the house either Sam Thomas or Dan Weil would be present.

Espionage was everywhere. The United States Government had an army of detectives, and it was not impossible that someone had seen Hines come, or that he, by some unknown "friend," might be betrayed.

On the day following, and while Dr. Edwards' house was yet guarded at Chicago for the capture of Hines, whose whereabouts the, perhaps, drunken brave Confederate soldier had revealed to Detective Shanks, Sam Thomas' dwelling at Cincinnati was surrounded and a search made for "lurking spies."

When troops commenced surrounding the residence Hines repaired quickly to the "hole in the wall," the door bell was answered and Mr. and Mrs. Thomas invited the soldiers in and asked as to their wishes. The hosts were informed that a search had been ordered, and with the assurance that Mr. and Mrs. Thomas and Mr. Weil constituted the family, the troops were asked to search the building. The investigation was thorough but fruitless.

Subsequently my good comrade, weary of contending against odds which he was powerless to overcome, and at a time when my own imprisonment denied me the privilege of aiding him, he went through the enemy's lines, and reported to the secretary of war at Richmond.

To the authorities at Richmond Hines recounted failure, but having the undiminished confidence of the Confederate Government was sent back to Canada.

It was however too late to do effective work, and with heavy heart he saw the light of the Confederate Government go out, and took up studies which fitted him for a public career, went, after awhile,

back to his native state, and Kentuckians made him their chief justice.

God bless Tom Hines, and the men who with him risked life every day in performance of duty. All honor to George B. Eastin, John M. Trigg, John T. Ashbrook, Theodore Schultz, Henry Sampson, and to all the fearless little company.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

IN EXILE WITH JACOB THOMPSON.

EXPERIENCES ABROAD.

As soon as reasonably well enough to travel I left for Europe.

My parole prevented my entering the United States, and therefore the Liverpool ships sailing from New York and Boston were not available. The *St. Lawrence* was closed with ice, and the Allen Line suspended for the winter. The Cunard Line then sailed fortnightly from Boston and touched at Halifax. I had recourse to the port of Halifax. But this could, then, be reached only by sleigh from *Riviere du Loup*, a distance of more than five hundred miles.

Even to an ill young man, full of energy, this hardship was no bar. So through the Boston office I took passage in the "*Africa*" and gave myself eight days to meet the ship at Halifax.

My friends Hines and Eastin were horrified at the suggestion.

Dr. L. P. Blackburn—afterwards governor of Kentucky, was our physician, counsellor and friend.

My housemates sent for our counsellor and friend. He said that I could not go because I could not endure the hardship of the five hundred miles sleighing in the open-box mail sleigh.

I reiterated that I intended to go.

So the next day I left by rail for *Riviere du Loup* and there took and kept with the mail sleigh over a snow-mantled country for all that long journey.

The severe cold made this a trying experience, but we went, and the intense discomfort did me no harm.

Our route then was a large measure over the road where now is the Intercolonial Railway. When we reached Moncton, the capital of New Brunswick, I received the chilling information that 'twas forty degrees below zero.

But I went on with the mail sleigh, now well nigh fifty-one years ago, and was not sorry to arrive at Halifax. There the townspeople were mortified to know that the almost unprecedented cold had frozen the harbour, and when the S. S. "*Africa*" arrived an iceboat had to cut the channel.

Our friend, Dr. Blackburn, had the previous year arrived at the Bermudas at a time when he was able to serve Her Majesty's sailors, and this brought him through appreciative testimony of the British squadron to the notice of the Lords of the Admiralty, who had asked Rear Admiral Hope, then commanding Her Majesty's fleet off Halifax,

to request Dr. Blackburn to accept from their Lordships some testimonial.

So I was charged with this, my first, diplomatic service.

How to reach the Court of Admiralty, I surely did not know.

Honorable James M. Mason, ex-ambassador from the Confederate Government, was in London. To him I presented my youthful embarrassment and inexperience, coupled with the announcement that I intended to do as Dr. Blackburn wished. Mr. Mason relieved the situation by giving me a note to Mr. Romaine, who was an official of the Court of Admiralty.

But I had a harder task than this before me.

Colonel St. Ledger Grenfell, English soldier of fortune, had served with Morgan, and at least somewhat through my instrumentality had *seemed* to be a participant with Hines and me in the Northwest. Grenfell was a fearless man, who had served from the Crimean War to the War between the States, was impetuous and had not been restrained by the warning of the British Government. He had been arrested, tried, unjustly convicted by a military court at Cincinnati, and sentenced to the Dry Tortugas United States military prison off the southern coast of Florida.

I concluded that if Honorable John Bright would ask the United States, through its minister at London, Grenfell would be released. With the confidence so often not justified in youth, I obtained from Mr. Mason a note of introduction to Mr. Bright. Mr. Bright was so courteous, manifested so marked a personal interest in me, that I felt sure of success.

I proceeded to briefly present a pathetic, condensed story, and was politely but positively met by the response: "Mr. Castleman, the government will not intervene for any British subject who has violated Her Majesty's proclamation warning her people not to take part in the War between the States."

I concluded that my youthful confidence was not warranted. My experience as a diplomat was not successful.

My expressed purpose to live for a time on the continent led Mr. J. M. Mason to offer me letter of introduction to ex-Minister John Slidell. Recalling that these two diplomats accredited by the Confederate Government respectively to London and to Paris were in 1861, taken by U. S. Man-of-War from Her Majesty's S. S. "Trent" and that their subsequent release was required by the British Government, makes the letter one of interest and, it is perhaps the only existing letter from Mason to Slidell. I am, therefore, reproducing the fac simile.

The anticipated pleasure of meeting Honorable Jacob Thompson in Paris hastened me to the French capital where together we studied French, saw the sights and went nightly to the opera, while, to secure

more occupation, I became a medical student—learned very little—and attended lectures every afternoon at the Sorbonne and the College de France.

When the summertime came Mr. Thompson and I concluded to travel in Great Britain and Ireland.

We went to London and equipped ourselves to read something of the history and much of the romance and poetry of the country in which we intended to travel.

I think 'twas in 1859 that the young Prince of Wales (afterwards King Edward VII.) under the companionship of the Duke of Newcastle, visited America. 'Twas during the presidency of James Buchanan and Jacob Thompson was a cabinet officer.

The young prince found Mr. and Mrs. Thompson most agreeable and during the several days he visited Washington City much of his time was spent under their hospitable roof, where all restraint was removed and the young prince was made to feel at home.

The Prince of Wales was so delighted with this experience that he exacted from Mr. and Mrs. Thompson promise that if they, or either of them, came to England he was to be informed and allowed the privilege of entertaining them, and of introducing them to his royal mother.

Now that we were in London, and being familiar with the facts, I suggested to Mr. Thompson that 'twas due that he fulfil his promise to His Royal Highness.

Jacob Thompson was one of the most considerate of men.

He said that the courtesy which he was sure to receive from the Prince of Wales might, with his Confederate record, in some measure embarrass Her Majesty's Government.

Remonstrance was vain. This was the fixed opinion of Jacob Thompson, the gentleman.

He said: "Castleman, I have a solution. It has been six years since I saw the young fellow. I would love to see him again, but I will not accept any civility from him, nor will I embarrass him by declining. I am determined to see how the lad has developed into manhood. The town residence of the Prince of Wales, I am informed, is Marlborough House and that he habitually drives in the afternoon. I will ascertain the hour and you and I will go to Marlborough House, take our stand in the street with the other common people, and I will thus have the very great pleasure of again seeing the young man, who was my most welcome guest in Washington City."

We pursued this course, "stood in waiting," saw the Prince of Wales drive out of the palace gates.

The man of affairs, whom His Royal Highness had asked to be permitted to entertain, saw again his former guest, commented on his

development to mature manhood, turned away and walked back to the Royal Hotel. This Prince of Wales was afterwards King Edward VII.

When Jacob Thompson and I left London we went first to the English lakes. We lingered there and read the Lake poets. Jacob Thompson had told me of the pleasure it gave him and Mrs. Thompson to know and entertain Miss Harriet Martineau in Washington, and how earnest she had been in the wish to show both or either of them some courtesy in England. As I recall now Miss Martineau's residence was near the banks of Lake Windermere. I suggested to Mr. Thompson the propriety and possibly the duty of sending to Miss Martineau his card. This he was reluctant to do but agreed that we should at least go to her grounds and if not objected to that we would stroll through Miss Martineau's garden. We were soon met by a polite head gardener to whom Mr. Thompson said: "We are two American gentlemen who are admirers of Miss Martineau and if perfectly agreeable to her we should enjoy the privilege of strolling through the beautiful grounds." The gardener asked that we would be seated on a bench while he conveyed the message to Miss Martineau. In a few minutes the gardener returned and answered that "Miss Martineau, sirs, prefers not to be disturbed."

The considerate, modest gentleman walked from the grounds and we quietly made our way back to the hotel. From there we went to Melrose Abbey, lingered at the home of Scott and read his novels. We were in no haste and the fascination of the place delighted us for two days, when we went to the good old town of Edinboro and from Prince Arthur's seat we read the "Heart of Midlothian."

Jacob Thompson read aloud with ease and pleasure and emphasis. Prison life and coal oil light had not benefited my eyes and I was a happy listener.

When we left Edinboro we went to Stirling and to the Scotch highlands and by slow stages as far north as the quaint town of Inverness. A population was there whose extraordinary dialect interested us but we did not linger long enough to understand this dialect more than we would have understood the language of the Arabs. We came down the Caledonian Canal and enjoyed sojourn at the Scotch Lakes, where we read Scotch poetry which these lakes had inspired. Then to the land of Burns whose poetry gave us infinite pleasure, and across to Ireland and to the Causeway, thence by slow stages to Killarney.

In boating on Lake Killarney Jacob Thompson was immensely amused at a humorous Irish oarsman. We happened to be in a boat with four traveling American women. One was nervous and asked the boatman, whose name was Murphy, if any one was ever lost while boating on the lake. "No, indade, Madam," said Murphy, "it was of a truth only last year when I rowed in this very boat four beautiful

American women like your good selves and the boat capsized. But we found the last one of those beautiful women, sure not one of them was lost."

Through Ireland we traveled with Tom Moore and directed our steps again towards the continent, after well nigh two months spent with Coleridge and Wordsworth and Shelley and Walter Scott and Burns and Tom Moore read aloud along the leisure of travel by a plain, unpretending, considerate gentleman and good friend, companion and compatriot, Jacob Thompson.

It was when we reached Glasgow that I received and answered the letter from Colonel Andrew K. Long, secretary to President Andrew Johnson, that was the initial move in revocation of my parole of exile, and this will be inserted hereafter.

When we reached Paris we resumed our accustomed occupations and again I followed the French students of medicine under the special chaperonage of Velpeau, the most distinguished French surgeon of his time, to whom I was introduced by my friend and comrade Dr. D. W. Yandell of Louisville, which effort gave me occupation, agreeable society and some knowledge of language, but no acquaintance whatever with the science of medicine, about no branch of which great profession could I boast of having learned anything at all.

It was while thus agreeably occupied that I received the executive order date June 29th, 1866 signed by President Johnson removing all barriers to my returning home, and being again with a mother who had tolerated without criticism the many short-comings of my matured boyhood and early manhood, who had helped me and my comrades in early soldier life, who had without seeming emotion seen me under the shadow of death, and patiently and without criticism, followed me in all vicissitudes every way.

209, Broadway Street
Fortham Square
Feb 2nd 1876

My dear Sir,
I have the pleasure
in this note to introduce to
you Mr. J. D. Stedman of
London, one of the G. P.
League's friends and relations
of the G. P. League, whose
letter to himself has a
letter of high commendation
I have the pleasure to

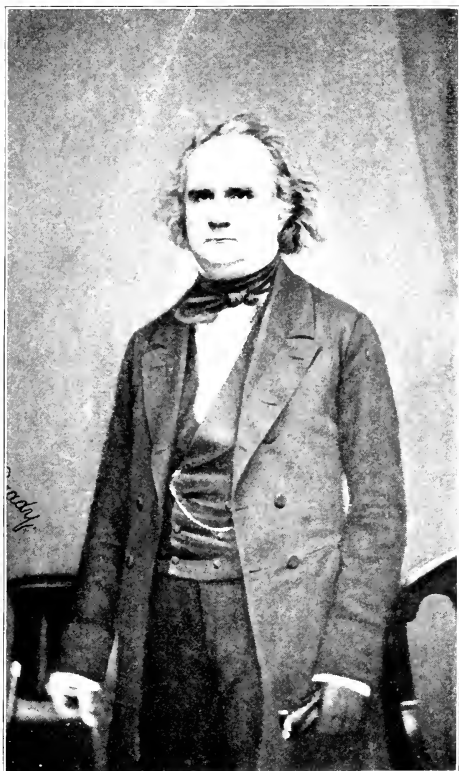
forward him to you as a
particular in connection
with our hundred and
thirty

With kindest regards to
Mr. Stedman and his family
I am very truly
Yours
J. M. Mason

Yours, John Stedman

Mr. John Stedman
21, Rue de la Paix, Paris
J. M. Mason

FACSIMILE OF LETTER FROM MASON TO STEDMAN



JAMES M. MASON
CONFEDERATE STATES MINISTER TO LONDON.



JOHN SLIDELL
CONFEDERATE STATES MINISTER TO PARIS

London 3^d Sept 1846

My dear Sir
I have the honor to receive of
you, please, I hope, a letter
in this respect - but I am
over all my matters - in the
mean time I am very busy
here in settling up the affairs
of the Department - and I shall
have to leave the evening
of the 10th to go to the
Hotel de France to see the
Commissioners to gather up the
remnants of the funds - for the
purpose of paying the
debted claims against the government,

come. But the great
 law is, that the
 children are great, in
 their own way.
 They are not to be
 taught, but to be
 left to their own
 way of thinking, the
 law is, that the
 children are great, in
 their own way.

leave - we
 all arrived. we
 heard - I saw
 every - I saw the
 the construction - the
 the, the house is
 you go when we meet
 that is all.

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10

10

Mrs. Joseph T. ...
 Mrs. C. ...
 Mrs. C. ...

Paris 13th Sept 1865

D^r Sir

I have been to Liverpool
and Mess Fraser Trenholm & Co.
refuse to pay the draft of
£25,000 drawn by me as Sec.
of State in favor of John K
Gillman & Co., altho' they admit
receiving remittances from you
of more than £100,000, sent from
Canada in compliance with
my instructions to you in
March last, - they, however, still
refuse on the ground that the
Treasury Department was indebted
to them and that they had the
right to retain the whole.

been 'aimed' in it of the
H.M. Department as an effort,
altho' the remittance was
more specially to cover the
note for £25,000 - I'll leave
you to see that your
share isn't sent to either side
in your hands as directors, and
this is very unfortunate for the
balance can now be applied
towards the payment of let-
ters of exchange here & Gilbert-
Roth, as our directors from
Richard - I therefore request
that you now send me over the
balance of the funds you were
then asked to remit, the day
they are applied as then!

instead to satisfy us for the
purpose the claim of high
interest - If you prefer
making the remittance over
to these gentlemen, it will be
equally expedient to us, as
my only share is to see the
funds reach the hands of
those who are entitled to
them - I am yours for
C. B. Chapman
Mr. Wm. Thompson
Paris - 3

Received from Saml Jno Thompson Paris 13th September 1860
nothing as follows, viz, in his bill of exchange for same amount
drawn on my partner Messrs Jno & Co, Carriers &c of London,
we made payable sixty days after sight -

The above sum of twelve thousand pounds, to be applied to the
partial payment of a bill of exchange for twenty-five thousand
pounds now on hand, of John & Co, Carriers &c, and for which the
said Saml Jno Thompson was directed to make arrangements, & to the receipt
of him from Richard a hand bill, of the invoice showing the
date of the Conference &c. The payment was made as a full
of all claims of the Conference Government as of the undersigned as
binding of itself of said Government against the said, Saml
Thompson for money received in the hands of said of said
Government.

W. J. Thompson



JUDAH P. BENJAMIN
SECRETARY OF STATE FOR THE CONFEDERATE STATES

CHAPTER XL.

COMMISSIONER THOMPSON MAKES FINAL
SETTLEMENT OF ACCOUNTS WITH HONORABLE J. P.
BENJAMIN, SECRETARY OF STATE.

Following are published letters from Benjamin touching the question of financial adjustment.

It will be observed that the theater of concluding operations is transferred from Richmond, Virginia, to London, and to Paris, and there Mr. Thompson pays over to the ex-secretary a balance of twelve thousand pounds and receives receipt in full.

One must experience emotions of sadness, even after the lapse of half a century, to read in Mr. Benjamin's letter the words:

"I am endeavoring to gather all the remnants of the funds for the purpose of paying the most sacred claims against the Government, among which the first and most pressing is that of the President and family, as I know Mr. Davis was utterly destitute of resources when I left."

Facsimiles of Mr. Benjamin's letters are published here because they are important and because their record is due to the memory of Jacob Thompson.

SECRETARY BENJAMIN'S LETTER FROM LONDON.

"London, 3rd September, 1865.

My dear Sir:

I shall have the pleasure, I hope, of seeing you in Paris next week and talking over all our matters. In the meantime I am very busy herein settling up the affairs of the department with its different agents and shall leave this evening for Liverpool to close the account with Fraser, Trenholm & Co. I am endeavoring to gather all the remnants of the funds for the purpose of paying the most sacred claims against the government, among which the first and most pressing is that of the president and family, as I know Mr. Davis was utterly destitute of resources when I left.

I write now to beg that you will make up your account with the department, so that I may make use of any unexpended balance in your hands. In doing so I recognize in advance your right (and the propriety and justice of your exercising it) to retain such amount as shall be necessary to your own maintenance while proscribed by the Federal Government for your action as a servant of the Confederacy. We will talk over all matters, however, when we meet.

I am not at all sorry to learn that you suspended your remittances to Fraser, Trenholm & Co., for reasons which I shall give you when we meet.

Yours very truly,

HON. JACOB THOMPSON,
Hotel Castiglione,
Paris."

J. P. BENJAMIN.

SECRETARY BENJAMIN'S LETTER FROM PARIS.

"Paris, 13th September, 1865.

Dear Sir:

I have been in Liverpool and Messrs. Fraser, Trenholm & Co. refuse to pay the draft of £25,000 drawn by me as secretary of state in favor of John K. Gilliat & Co. although they admit receiving remittances from you of more than £103,000 sent from Canada in compliance with my instructions to you in March last. They base their refusal on the ground that the treasury department was indebted to them and that they had the right to retain the whole sum received on account of the state department as an offset, although this remittance was made specially to cover the bill for £25,000. I learn, however, from them that you did not remit the entire sum in your hands as directed, and this is very fortunate for the balance can be applied toward the payment of the bill of exchange held by Gilliat & Co. as was directed from Richmond. I therefore request that you will hand me over the balance of the funds you were then ordered to remit, that they may be applied as then ordered to satisfy as far as possible the claim of Messrs. Gilliat & Co. If you prefer making the remittance direct to those gentlemen, it will be equally agreeable to me, as my only desire is to see the funds reach the hands of those who are entitled to them.

I am very truly yours,

J. P. BENJAMIN.

HON. JACOB THOMPSON,

Paris."

SECRETARY BENJAMIN'S RECEIPT FOR FUNDS, IN SETTLEMENT.

"Paris, 13th September, 1865.

Received from Honorable Jacob Thompson twelve thousand pounds sterling as follows, viz: in his bill of exchange for said amount drawn in my favor on Glyn, Mills, Currie & Co. of London, and made payable sixty days after sight.

The above sum of twelve thousand pounds is to be applied to the partial payment of a bill of exchange for twenty-five thousand pounds, now in the hands of John K. Gilliat & Co., and for which the said Jacob Thompson was directed to make remittances to Fraser, Trenholm & Co., the drawees, by letter addressed to him from Richmond in March last, by the undersigned secretary of state of the Confederate States. The payment now made is in full of all claims of the Confederate Government on account of the undersigned as secretary of state of said government against the said Jacob Thompson for money deposited in his hands as agent of said government.

J. P. BENJAMIN."

Executive Mansion.

Washington D. C. June 29th 1866.

W. E. Herndon, Esq.
Baltimore Md.

Sir,

I received the original of the
petition of J. S. Hartmann, now
in Liverpool, England. He refused
to grant pardon to any person
and to enter his State but remarked
"Let him come to this country & apply
for American citizenship, & I will
consider the case."

Very Respectfully,
Your Obedt Servt
Andw. K. Long
Bt. Secy & Atty

CHAPTER XLI.

LOOKING TOWARDS HOME AGAIN.

It was en route back from the North of Scotland and at Glasgow that I received from Washington City a letter which was the beginning of return to the United States.

It developed that without any knowledge of mine, my friends in Kentucky had signed a petition to President Andrew Johnson asking that in my behalf the president would exercise clemency. This petition is in my possession, is in the handwriting of Madison C. Johnson, who was then recognized as the leading member of the bar of Kentucky, and as far back as 1850 was my father's lawyer. After securing signatures from eminent citizens—every one of whom is now dead except General D. W. Lindsey (the last signer)—this document was sent to W. G. Woodside of Baltimore, a friend of my family, to present to the president.

The following correspondence will explain.

“EXECUTIVE MANSION.

Washington, D. C., June 29th, 1866.

W. G. Woodside, Esq., Baltimore, Md.

Sir: I presented to the president this morning the petition for pardon of J. B. Castleman, now in Liverpool, England. He refused to grant pardon to any person out of the United States but remarked, ‘Let him come to this country and apply for executive clemency and I will consider the case.’

Very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

ANDREW K. LONG,

Bvt. Col. & A. A. G.”

NOTE:—And now D. W. Lindsey has passed away—All are gone!

CHAPTER XLII.

THE PETITION.

"To his Excellency, the President of the United States.

The undersigned citizens of Kentucky would respectfully represent, that they understood that John B. Castleman, formerly a citizen of Fayette county, Kentucky and who united himself with the Rebel Army, was arrested in the state of Indiana. Without knowing the exact particulars, we have understood that the circumstances under which he was captured and the papers in his possession at his capture, have led to the belief on the part of the military authorities of the United States that he was a spy, and that he is now held in close confinement on that charge. We have also understood that during the life of the late president of the United States, from consideration of the youth and good general character of John B. Castleman and his highly respectable connection, aided perhaps by the benevolence, leniency and kindness which so greatly distinguished our late chief magistrate, an agreement was made with the late Confederate military authorities for the exchange of John B. Castleman as a prisoner of war, which agreement was not carried into effect. Under these circumstances we would respectfully petition your Excellency, in consideration of the youth of Castleman, of his character, which we believe to be unstained, *'except by his connection with the rebellion,'* of his highly respectable connection, some of whom are among the most loyal citizens of our country, of the agreement of exchange made in the time of your lamented predecessor, and of the fact that the Confederacy is totally overthrown, and that the stern policy of war no longer requires the punishment of offences strictly military unless involving moral crime, that you would extend to John B. Castleman clemency and pardon.

G. Robertson

Robert G. Brank

David A. Sayre

Wickliffe Cooper

Col. 4th Ky. Vet. Cal. Vols.

W. T. Scott

Col. 3rd Ky. Infy.

Scott Dudley

Jno. Mason Brown

Late Col. Comdr. 2nd Brig.

5th Div. 23 A. C.

Jas. F. Robinson

I. W. Scott

Thos. M. Bell

M. C. Johnson

B. G. Bruce

J. J. Hunter

Geo. W. Sutton

G. D. Hunt

P. B. Hunt,

Col. 4th Ky.

D. W. Lindsey,

Adj. Genl. Ky."

"Lexington, Kentucky, June 1st, 1866.

His Excellency Andrew Johnson, President United States,

Dear Sir:—

Although I have no personal acquaintance with young Castleman, yet from my knowledge of the gentlemen whose names appear above, all of whom are gentlemen of the first respectability, have even been unflinching Union men,

some of them having served with great credit in the Army. I unite most cordially with them in asking executive clemency in behalf of John B. Castleman. Your Excellency will see the name of Governor James F. Robinson heads the list, and I know that each of the others are men justly occupying the highest position in society for honor and integrity, as well as loyalty to the government.

Respectfully,

THOMAS E. BRAMLETTE,

Governor of Kentucky.

Frankfort, Kentucky, June 2nd, 1866."

MY RESPONSE.

"Glasgow, Scotland, July 30th, 1866.

Colonel Andw. K. Long,

Executive Mansion, Washington, D. C., U. S. A.

Sir:-

I have had the pleasure this morning to receive your communication of June 29th, addressed to W. G. Woodside, Esq., upon his presentation to the presidency of my application for pardon prepared and presented by friends in Kentucky without my knowledge. In that communication you use the expression, dictated by the president, "Let him come to this country and apply for executive clemency, and I will consider the case." Now sir, will you do me the honor to write me if by this suggestion the president intended to remove the obligation arising from my parole of honor, "never to enter the limits of the United States?" Not feeling at liberty to join my family in my native country so long as 'tis questionable whether I may do so without a violation of my parole, I shall wait with impatience your answer, and will act immediately upon a favorable reply.

I am, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

(signed) JOHN B. CASTLEMAN."

PRESIDENT JOHNSON REVOKES PAROLE OF EXILE.

"Executive Mansion,

Washington, D. C.

August 27th, 1866.

John B. Castleman, of Kentucky, is hereby released from so much of a parole heretofore taken by him as prevents him from returning to and remaining in the United States, upon the condition that he takes the oath of allegiance to the United States.

ANDREW JOHNSON,

President United States."

At the close of 1866 I turned my face toward Kentucky, and after the happiness of reunion with mother and sisters and brothers, and after immensely enjoying in civil life companionship with my young brother, George, the most youthful soldier—and one of the best—that I knew in the army, after delightful reunion with my old commander General Basil W. Duke and our comrades who still

lived—I sought unremitting occupation and went to Louisville and studied law and graduated in the law department of the University of Louisville.

Being frank enough to admit to myself that I had acquired in Paris no knowledge of medicine, I concluded my law studies in a strong class with full realization that for neither of the two learned professions was I eminently fitted.

Executive Mansion
Washington D.C.
Aug. 27th 1866.

John P. Patterson, of Kentucky, is
hereby released from so much of
the parole heretofore taken by him
as prevents him from returning to,
and remaining in the United
States, upon the condition that he
takes the oath of allegiance to the
United States.

Abraham Johnson

President U. S.

CHAPTER XLIII.

INCIDENT CONNECTED WITH ARREST IN 1864 AND
IMPRISONMENT.

TWENTY YEARS AFTERWARDS.

BAYLESS W. HANNA.

The evening of October 1, 1884, the proprietor of the Willard Hotel, Louisville, gave a dinner to Governor Knott and some of his friends. Cappa's band serenaded the governor.

I escorted Mrs. John G. Roach to dinner, and asked if she knew a gentleman at the table whom I designated, and stated that I was sure I should know him.

After dinner we repaired to the drawing room. I was detained and did not meet the guests at the time that others were introduced.

When I entered the room the gentleman concerning whom I had inquired of Mrs. Roach was entertaining the company with delightful stories. I asked James A. McKenzie whom he was. He replied that 'twas Bayless W. Hanna. When opportunity offered I approached Mr. Hanna and asked if he could recall a scene at the Terre Haute depot, just twenty years ago, and for the information of the guests I related the facts which have been heretofore presented.

Mr. Hanna replied affirmatively, with feeling, and expressed the sincerest regret that the young officer who had trusted, and thereby complimented him, had been executed.

I replied: "No, he was not executed," and introduced myself. One cannot describe a scene like that scene. It actually is impossible. The whole thing must have been pathetic, for every one was in tears.

To see a stranger once, trust him with lives of others, and have him prove true; and then see him again in twenty years and recognize the man you had trusted, are experiences not usual.

Mrs. Sally Neill Roach, one of the guests, a cultured woman and a poetess, was deeply affected by the whole event, and after returning home that night recounted the meeting in delightful verse.

Honorable James A. McKenzie, then secretary of state, was greatly impressed by the scene, and from Frankfort wrote the subjoined letter.

"Frankfort, Ky., October 6, 1884.

My dear John:—

I have often thought of the remarkable scene last week at the Willard Hotel.

Your inquiry of me when you and Roach and I sat together on the sofa; your telling me that you certainly knew the man who was talking; your identify-

ing yourself to Judge Hanna; his recollection of the event of twenty years ago at Terre Haute and sorrow because of the death of the young prisoner, were altogether most extraordinary and pathetic.

Governor Knott and I have several times discussed the experience. We want to see you. Come up.

Yours sincerely,

JAMES A. MCKENZIE."

Nearly two years ago I sent Mrs. Roach some clippings and am publishing the following letter:

"4809 Third St., Louisville, Ky.

Meadow Brook, July 10, 1912.

General John B. Castleman,

Louisville, Ky.

I am your debtor for the clipping from *'The Indianapolis News'* and which I have read with the greatest interest. And vividly the clipping recalled that never-to-be forgotten evening at the Willard Hotel in Louisville in 1884 when Cappa's band serenaded Governor J. Proctor Knott, and Mr. Roach and I, and you and Mrs. Castleman were among the guests, and you recognized in another guest Judge Bayless W. Hanna, the man who had been true to the trust you placed in him in that terrible time. I remember how we all had been laughing over Judge Hanna's anecdotes, when you, recognizing him, introduced yourself as the prisoner he had befriended. And there were tears in every eye when your story was told!

Sincerely your friend,

SALLY NEILL ROACH."

MRS. ROACH'S POEM.

AFTER TWENTY YEARS.

A true incident. Very respectfully inscribed to General John B. Castleman of Kentucky, and the Honorable Bayless W. Hanna of Indiana.

'Tis very strange
 How, here and there, upon life's mystic loom
 Where patterns oft seem lost in shades of gloom,
 'Mid rapid change
 Forth flashes some pure thread of gleaming gold,
 Whose richness we but half do realize,
 Until new meshes once again unfold
 Its hidden beauty to our wondering eyes.
 Ah, then, the light that falls
 Upon its burnished splendor reaches on,
 And with soft, fairy touches rests upon
 The dreary shadows that are woven there,
 The dull, dark threads of heart-ache and of care,
 Till these, too, seem to weaver's skill to prove,
 And from life's depths, some thought that most we love
 Sweet Memory recalls.

There was a time
 When friends were gathered at request of one
 In honor of Kentucky's favored son: (1)
 And, like the chime
 That ripples forth from peal of silvery bell
 And wakens joyous echoes into birth,
 So, from glad voices pleasant greetings fell,
 And merry laughter answered call of mirth.
 In truth, a company
 'Twere good to see: adorned with gentle grace
 Of cultured womanhood, whose noble place
 To beautify this else stern world of ours,
 And numbering men, strong in the conscious might
 Of worthy use of grand, God-given powers;—
 And so, right happily sped light-winged hours.
 Now, like sweet strains that trembled on the air,
 Come tuneful memories of that autumn night,
 An echoed purity.

Among the guests
 Was one—a statesman (2)—such an one on whom
 The touch of time—enwrapping else in gloom—
 E'er lightly rests.
 For gentle voice and kindly grasp of hand
 Told e'en the stranger of a heart all warm,
 The while one knew the hero who would stand
 Most brave and firm where fiercest beat the storm.
 In chosen words that flowed
 Alike from cordial heart and gifted brain—
 With speech whose chief adornment seemed its plain
 Simplicity—he claimed the listener's ear,
 And peals of laughter, and anon a tear,
 Gave token that skilled hands the magic chord
 Of sympathy had touched, and every word
 Its benison bestowed.

And there was one—
 A soldier born (3)—a soldier bred through years
 Of hopes slow dying, and of grief and fears
 And duty done—
 Who heard the tones, and with them heard the sound
 Of echoes wakened in the long ago,
 Of echoes that had made his pulses bound
 With thrill that only true and brave may know.
 A moment there was pause.

'Good Sir,' the soldier said, 'can you recall,
 In time when war held all our land in thrall,
 A station, where, 'mid swift incoming trains,

One bore a youthful prisoner in chains?
Can you remember hurried, whispered words,
And stranger's promise given?" Deep was stirred
The statesman's heart, as, looking in the eye
Of erst his foeman, quick he made reply:
"Aye, I remember." "Have you ever met
That prisoner since?" A swift regret
Fastened on his face as huskily he said:
"I never have." As one come from the dead,
The soldier answered, "Sir, I greet you here,
And give you thanks, by all to honor dear."
Their eyes were dimmed, as sturdy hand grasped hand;
And silence fell upon the gathered band,
For there was cause.

The soldier spoke: "My friends there is a tale
For me to tell—a legend of the time
That tried men's hearts and made the boaster quail.
And oft, by quiet deed, told worth sublime.

"Our sky was dark, thick spread with many a cloud
O'er which fore-spoken ruin lightnings flashed;
O'er hopes we loved time wove its filmy shroud,
And low and long the echoed thunders crashed.

"My heart was schooled. In hey-day of my youth
The cannon's rumble, like sweet music seemed.
The banner o'er me waved for home and truth,
And buoyantly I rode and fought and dreamed.

"But that was past. On many a gory field
The friends I loved lay numbered with the slain;
And hopes were dust, I thought would blessings yield,
And dreams were naught but hours of waking pain.

"There came a time—oh! we were desperate then;
For what was left that life and honor craved?—
When plan was formed by which our captured men
Should be released, and all fast slipping saved.

"The scheme was bold; upon the hostile soil,
By secret means, the hurried plot matured:—
But hope, revived, made bright the dangerous toil,
And eager hearts had fiercer ills endured.

"Enough! the hope was human, and the Hand
That moves the nations baffled all our skill;
And then, as after, through the stricken land,
The brave were silent while they learned His will.

"And I was captive. Well I knew the word
Had deeper meaning, and my fate was death;
Yet this one thought my inmost heart had stirred—
Untouched, unknown, my friends drew freedom's breath.

"Thus from the car a prisoner bound I came;
When carelessly I glanced around, behold,
A sight whose quick surprise unnerved my frame
And made my blood within my veins run cold.

"Those I thought safe, undaunted by my fate,
Had followed me—were there to heed my call!
I could not warn. Alas, too late, too late!
To know them were to wreck them in my fall.

"With eager glance I cast my eye around
In search of one with whom my heart could plead;
And, though a stranger, in this face I found
The trust that won me in that hour of need.

"The guard had turned. 'On honor, will you give
A secret warning?' I had time to say.
He answered: 'Trust me.' 'Tell them leave and live.
To die is mine. Go back. Look not this way.'

"And that was all. We parted. I, to die.
Young life was sweet, but duty mapped the grave.
He, on his gracious mission thence to hie,
And noble lives of hope and promise save.

"My fate was changed. The sword that by a thread
Above me hung was snatched by Hand divine;
And forth I stepped, again life's way to tread,
And to do the task that should be mine.

"Sad months passed by. At last, the war was done,
Rolled slowly off the cloud of battle smoke,
And through its shadows, brightly, one by one,
Returning sunbeams on our country broke.

"Since, twenty years have brought their toil and care,
And in their record joys and sorrows blend;
Yet o'er their chasm, reaching swiftly there,
My heart and hand greet this, my stranger-friend."

"Twas very still,
No sound was heard as those two honored men
Each other's hands, as brothers, clasped again,
"It is God's will!"

The statesman spoke in low and trembling tone
That thrilled and charmed each eager, listening ear:—

"Ways, oft-times dark and strange, to Him alone,
Fore-planned in love, are very bright and clear.

It was a little thing.

My heart went out to him so young and brave;
And surely, if my spoken word could save
Those other lives, the task were light to do,
And I could be to foe and country true.
'Tis so our lives are linked, and day by day
Our wandering feet along in duty's way
God's patient hand doth bring."

Good-nights were said;

But there was uttered then no formal word.

Those strange were friends, and passive hearts were stirred,

And soft was shed

A sweet and peaceful calm. Another wound

Left from the long ago was gently healed;

Those brave and true their kindred virtues found,

And bond of hallowed friendship there was sealed.

Thus, ever shall be told

The passing years. What fate shall each betide?

Perchance near paths shall part, diverging wide.

Who knows what day may in one's power bring

The chance to do, like this, some "little thing?"

But deed, like this, endowed with endless youth,

Because it sprang from honor, love and truth—

And which, amid the shadows of some life,

Amid its sorrows and its care and strife

Shall gleam like thread of gold!

SALLY NEILL ROACH.

(1) Governor J. Proctor Knott, of Kentucky.

(2) Honorable Bayless W. Hanna, of Indiana.

(3) General John B. Castleman, of Kentucky.

NOTE—Judge Matt o'Doherty makes the following criticism of Mrs. Sallie Neill Roach's poem:

"After Twenty Years" is a poem of remarkable strength and beauty. It is an epic of rare merit. She had an excellent subject and no higher praise can be given her than to say that she did it justice. "After Twenty Years" is well worth preserving and should, and I have no doubt will, have its place in the permanent literature of the Southland. Its distinctive merit is that it is not a work of the imagination, but a beautiful enshrinement, in chaste and classic verse, of events full of pathos and teeming with inspiration. I might apply to Mrs. Roach's poem the oft quoted definition of oratory—"Action—action, action in every stanza and in every line."

CHAPTER XLIV.

PUBLIC SERVICE.

I had sought active occupations in fields which required energy rather than great professional knowledge. *Public service is every man's duty* was my governing thought, and I have never willingly neglected to do my part of any public work that seemed to call for my time or means.

I considered that some political activity was incumbent on everyone, and practice of "clean politics" a part of the obligation of every citizen. Thus as a voter, as chairman of my legislative district committee, as chairman of my city committee, as chairman of the State Central Democratic Committee, I have tried to elevate practical politics beyond "ring control," and keep government within the reach of the voting citizen, and now near the close of life I am glad to know that I have never allowed individual interest to interpose against public duty—Public Duty First Always. If every citizen would do something for the common weal, the imposition on each would be imperceptible and the greatest good for all would be done.

ORGANIZATION OF STATE MILITARY FORCE

"THE LOUISVILLE LEGION."

In 1877 we had a most senseless riot. Early in 1878 Messrs. Joshua F. Speed and Wm. B. Belknap asked if I would organize a regiment to protect the community. I said, "Yes, if you furnish the means," suggesting immediate requirements of \$20,000.00. "Yes" was the response. A meeting held next day at the office of Mr. Speed raised the amount. The Louisville Legion was mustered into service and it is not too much to say that a regiment superior to the Louisville Legion was never organized. From the ranks of the Louisville Legion the city of Louisville drew three mayors and seven judges and hundreds of the city's most estimable citizens.

This remarkable body of men illustrated the influence of preparedness—and for twenty years in and out of Louisville this great regiment alone or with others, and usually alone, quieted the gravest disturbances, no matter how grave, and never hurt a citizen. But the troops were always prepared, and this fact is a potent basis of argument. Blank cartridges have no force, but ball should not go against the citizen. In 1889 we had the Washington Centennial in New York. Fifty thousand troops were the guests of that great city.

The Louisville Legion represented Kentucky and Simon Bolivar Buckner was governor.

In commenting on that parade of American soldiers, the following is from current issue of the *Army and Navy Journal*.

"Never before in the world's history has there been so grand a parade of citizen soldiery.

A cordial welcome was given to Governor Buckner of Kentucky.

A fine band led the famous Louisville Legion. Splendidly uniformed in dark blue coats with white cross belts, light blue trousers, white helmets with white plumes, no organization attracted more attention.

They passed with twelve companies in single rank—the formation of the future—marching perfectly."

Because of considerations of duty expressed and exemplified the writer has all his life taken part in public work, and has not found such work inexpensive. My habit has been to refuse remunerative positions and to accept those that were very much otherwise.

The years 1890-91 brought to me a triumvirate of events each of which was important and laborious.

I was chairman of the Democratic State Central Committee for Kentucky, with the imposition of organization which became thorough, and referring to this the *New York World* said should be taken as a model by every state.

Going to the Democratic National Convention at Chicago in 1892 from the state at large—the work imposed was serious and not agreeable. It was successful.

Tammany Hall controlled solidly the vote of the state of New York, headed there by Governor Flower, and against Tammany's intolerant attitude it was easy to array sufficient opposition in a quiet way to overthrow Tammany's hostility to Mr. Cleveland.

My purpose was to represent what I understood to be the wish of Kentucky. This was not pleasant because of personal opposition of those very dear to me while for Mr. Cleveland I cared nothing, and thought of him only as a repellant exponent of the thought of a people.

FROM THE CONTEMPORARY PRESS 1892.

After the Presidential Election.

"General John B. Castleman has gone to New York in answer to a message from President Cleveland. Recognizing the General as one of his ablest and most fearless supporters at Chicago, it is only natural that the president should want to discuss with him the political situation in Kentucky and the South. The general is registered at the Holland House, New York and it is probable that before he returns home, he will quench many of the fond hopes that have been burning in the breast of local place hunters."

A New York correspondent of the *Commercial* sent the following telegram:

"A few weeks ago Congressman Breckinridge called upon Mr. Cleveland, and the President-elect asked him very particularly about Castleman's position. Mr. Breckinridge said to Mr. Cleveland: 'General Castleman feels the delicacy of his position, Mr. Cleveland, and while he does not like to broach the subject directly he wants nothing from you. There is not an office in your gift that he could accept without sacrificing his business interests, which he could not afford to do, and will not do. The only recognition that Castleman wants is that of a friend who has been loyal to you.'

Mr. Cleveland seemed greatly pleased at this statement and went on to express his admiration for Castleman and his appreciation of the gallant fight that Castleman made against the anti-Cleveland faction both before and after the Chicago Convention.

The strength of General Castleman's position is impregnable. He has repeatedly stated that he wanted nothing for himself. This spirit of unselfishness is no doubt appreciated by Mr. Cleveland, whose life is made miserable by the horde of office-seekers that constantly pursue him."

SERVICE IN THE PUBLIC PARKS.

Along with political duties came the organization of the Board of Park Commissioners of the City of Louisville and for more than twenty-three years the privilege of helping others in performance of a great work—prompted primarily by inherited love of all that is beautiful in nature—has brought ample reward in the infinite pleasure given by accomplishment of results altogether unusual.

As this is written I am in receipt of a subjoined personal note from a very distinguished clergyman of Louisville in publishing which I gratify myself without being subject to criticism.

"Westminster Church,
Minneapolis, Minn.

August 12, 1914.

My dear General Castleman:

I am sending the annual report of the Board of Park Commissioners of this city to you. I must think of you every time I see the beautiful in stream or lake or woodland.

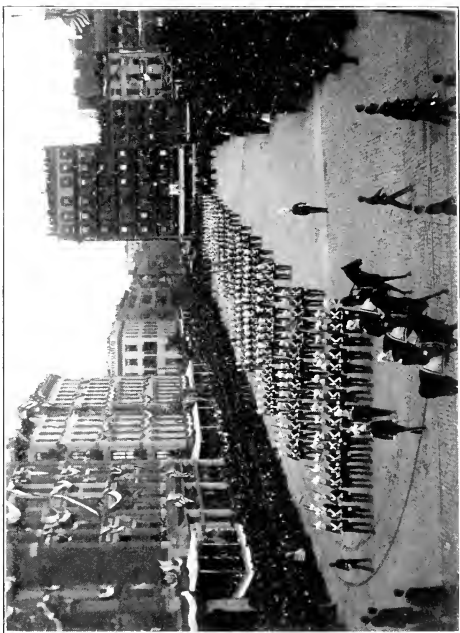
My sincere regards,
AQUILLA WEBB."

Now after well nigh a quarter of a century measures the time devoted to this work by one's fellow citizens it is delightful to see in the preservation of nature and the manipulations of man's taste a development of public use and pleasure and better ornamentation radiating the whole physical aspect of the city of Louisville and sub-

urbs. In other words it is in Louisville as everywhere the manifest benefit accruing from faultless object lessons.

No verity was ever more universally experienced than that announced by George Eliot when she wrote: "There is no creature whose inward being is not determined by what is outside of it." This is especially true of children whose environments should be made attractive and bright, and part of whose education should be fair play, under organized direction.

Love of nature, reverence for and some knowledge of trees and shrubs and flowers and grasses, and of farm products should be developed in every child. Planting, grouping, blending of coloring in foliage and blossom and caring for all of these is important to the highest growth of character. And with all the obligation to instil the thought of Emerson, that "Life is not so short as to excuse unvarying courtesy."



PHOTOGRAPH OF THE LOUISVILLE LEGION IN NEW YORK, 1889.



CAROLINA No. 3283
AMERICAN SADDLE HORSE BREEDERS ASSOCIATION.

CHAPTER XLV.

SERVICES IN DEVELOPMENT OF AN AMERICAN HORSE,
"THE MOST BEAUTIFUL CREATION OF THE
BREEDER'S ART—THE AMERICAN
SADDLE HORSE."

Contemporaneously with organization of The Board of Park Commissioners of the City of Louisville, I assumed presidency of the American Saddle Horse Breeders' Association and all these years I have been favored with the co-operation of strong men who have united in fixing the beautiful type of a horse recognized throughout the world as distinctively an *American* horse. This has been a great public work and will be always a credit and benefit to our country, and if not hazarded by United States Government competition promoted by ignorant theorists without seeming to realize the dangers that follow menace to a multitude of small breeders by the threat of breeding in competition.

Such attempted competition is not different from that which in this free country would come from the United States government competing in any enterprise as a producer whose individual citizens vie with one another in generous rivalry for supremacy. In any case the governmental encroachment upon individual's right would arouse the resentment of the citizen producer and diminish his individual effort. And in case of the United States Government horse breeding farms, the whole scheme would be laughable, if it were not dangerous.

"Approved

JAMES WILSON,

Secretary of Agriculture

Washington, D. C., March 10th, 1910."

This "Approved" endorsement is affixed to a lengthy theoretical and absurd report made by two accredited officials of the United States Government—one from the War Department and one from the Department of Agriculture—neither of whom ever bred a horse, yet both venturing to discredit the practical men who have as individuals produced 23,000,000 of horses for our country and have supplied the United States with one-fourth of all the horses of the world.

The only thing needful for the government to do is to let the citizen know what the government wants and to pay a reasonable price for what is required.

At the World's Fair, 1893, riding Emily No. 855 I began in obedience to demands of official duty to exemplify the merits of this American

horse of unexampled excellence and marvelous beauty, and now after having ridden an estimated distance of three hundred thousand miles, physical disabilities have compelled abandonment of the exercises and chiefest recreation of a lifetime.

I venture to append photograph of Carolina No. 3283, who has for ten years been a companion—who has carried me more than thirty thousand miles, always with a seeming pleasure, and never with lameness, sickness or fatigue, and finally has been, by my fellow citizens, put in bronze.

The breeding of more than twenty thousand American saddle horses now are recorded in the Register of the American Saddle Horse Breeders Association.

In 1893 during the World's Exposition the contemporary comments said:

"One of the most magnificent spectacles of the World's Fair was presented by John B. Castleman and his two sons, David Castleman and Breckinridge Castleman, riding a trio of five-gaited saddle horses exemplifying the perfection of the American saddle horse."

CHAPTER XLVI.

THE SPANISH WAR.

When the "Maine" was blown up in the harbor of Havana, 1898 and it seemed that war with Spain would be compelled by public opinion in the United States, the Louisville Legion was the first to volunteer service to the United States Government, under the following resolutions:

"RESOLVED, that the Louisville Legion, First Regiment, Kentucky State Guard, requests the Governor of Kentucky to tender to the National Government its services in this or any foreign country where it may be needed.

The members ask to be assigned to duty amongst the first called for, should the emergency arise.

The Regiment of seven hundred, rank, file and officers—two battalions—is sufficiently equipped for active service. They are armed with Springfield, Model 73, 45-70 rifles. The men are instructed in rifle practice. Each company is also instructed in drill of 83 model Gatlings, of which the regiment has four. One company is drilled in the use of three-inch rifles, model 64, Muzzle loaders, of which the regiment has four as part of its equipment.

JNO. B. CASTLEMAN,

Colonel.

Louisville, Feby. 7, 1898."

The regiment was commanded by a Confederate soldier and a large percentage of its members were sons of Confederate veterans.

The Louisville Legion sent first to Chickamauga, reporting to General John R. Brooke commanding First Army Corps—General James H. Wilson commanding First Division, General Richard Ernst commanding First Brigade, and the regiment was designated, First Regiment Kentucky Infantry, U. S. V.

The regiment was ordered to Newport News en route to Porto Rico, where they served till December 4, 1898 and was the last volunteer regiment to be relieved from duty in the Tropics.

Lieutenant Colonel Belknap was sent with six hundred men and officers of the First Regiment to report to General Miles at Ponce, and before dis-embarking was ordered to proceed to Myiguax and report to General Theo. Schwab. Major David Castleman was ordered to take command of the S. S. "Manitobia" and report to General Miles at Ponce. The S. S. "Leona" was ordered to report to me at Newport News, and this boat steamed into the harbor August 6th and put sail before coming to anchor.

In reporting this fact to the War Department it developed that the pressure from Santiago de Cuba, led, it was thought, by Colonel

Roosevelt, induced the secretary of war to send there all available shipping, and I received the following personal note from the adjutant-general:

"WAR DEPARTMENT.
OFFICE OF THE ADJUTANT-GENERAL

August 6, 1898.

Dear Castleman:

The 'Leona' had to take garrison to Santiago and returning bring home a regiment of General Shafter's Army. You shall have a ship and a good one the moment we can get one to you.

Faithfully yours,

HENRY C. CORBIN.

Colonel Jno. B. Castleman."

In fulfillment of this assurance the S. S. "Alamo" was ordered to report to me and on that good ship we were landed at Ponce reporting to General Miles.

It soon developed that the Department would send no more troops to Porto Rico, and as we were raising anchor the following telegram was received.

"Washington, August 9, 1898.

Colonel Jno. B. Castleman

Newport News, Va.

Corbin says if you have not sailed do so like a stroke of lightning.

ARCHIBALD W. BUTT."

We acted on the suggestion of Archie Butt.

Service rendered had very early received high commendation and was now further emphasized by command of all troops at Ponce.

"HEADQUARTERS DISTRICT OF PONCE.

Ponce, Porto Rico, October 10th, 1898.

GENERAL ORDERS No. 5.

(1) Brigadier-general Ernst and Staff, 16th Pennsylvania Volunteers, and all convalescents of the regiment, and others awaiting transportation, will proceed today on the steamship "Minnewaski" for New York, U. S. The command will be rationed for fifteen days, and fully supplied with everything necessary for those sick or well. The quartermaster of vessel will endeavor to have as many cooked meals for command as is possible, and will not leave until his vessel is in order in every particular. General Ernst, before leaving, will send in a report giving number going, and commands, and that everything is in condition.

(2) Colonel Castleman, 1st Kentucky Volunteer Regiment, will assume command of all the troops in Ponce, detail necessary guards to preserve order and

discipline, and report or correct any lack of sanitary conditions, in surroundings of troops or elsewhere. Men will be cautioned as to proper dress, exchange of required civilities or courtesies to their superiors, and that their conduct will reflect credit or discredit on the country, people, or states they represent.

(3) Major Castleman, 1st Kentucky Volunteers, is relieved from duty as provost marshal, in order that he may command the mounted battalion of his regiment. While performing duty as provost marshal, Major Castleman has shown at all times zeal and interest in all required of him in his difficult position.

By command of

BRIGADIER GENERAL HENRY.

E. B. CASSATT,

Assistant Adjutant General.

Note—Major David Castleman had been ordered to duty as provost marshal because of existence of yellow fever, rather than detail any other officer to face a possible danger.

The department commander is impressed by mounted battalion of the Louisville Legion.

"HEADQUARTERS DISTRICT OF PONCE."

Ponce, Porto Rico, October 13, 1898.

GENERAL ORDERS No. 6.

(1) This morning the general commanding the district reviewed the second battalion commanded by Major David Castleman of the First Kentucky Volunteers which had been mounted. Their appearance was more than creditable. The packing of their saddles and their carriage in the saddle showed them to be soldiers and they appeared more like a regular cavalry regiment.

(2) The work done by the mounted company under Captain Sohan at Ciales and other places has been most commendable.

(3) Colonel Castleman and his officers are entitled to great credit for the exertions they have made to complete this mounted organization in so short a time. He and his officers have at all times been prompt in performing any duty or rendering any assistance asked for or suggested to them. His regiment is one of which he has reason to be proud as well as the government and the state of Kentucky, and the general commanding the district thanks him and his men for the interest taken in all their duties.

By command of BRIGADIER GENERAL HENRY.

Official Copy

E. B. CASSATT,

John B. Galleher,

Asst. Adjutant General

Adjutant, 1st Ky. Regt., U. S. V."

The citizens of Kentucky petition the War Department to have the First Regiment Kentucky Infantry returned to the state, and the following letter was addressed to the adjutant general:

“HEADQUARTERS COMMANDING OFFICER
TROOPS AT PONCE,

Porto Rico, October 18, 1898.

*Brigadier General H. C. Corbin, Adjutant General,
Washington.*

Sir:

The annexed newspaper clipping has, along with other similar intimations, induced the following telegram:

“Ponce, October 18, 1898.

*Corbin, Adjutant-general,
Washington.*

Friends in Kentucky have no authority for asking that the First Kentucky be relieved from duty. These men are soldiers. The government will determine when the regiment is no longer needed.

CASTLEMAN, *Colonel.*”

In confirming the above I take the opportunity to state that we are not insensible of the kindly interest of our home people, but in a regiment where no man has been excused from service by regimental authority, the common sentiment of its members determine that they will consistently serve uncomplainingly at any sacrifice of health or fortune till the War Department determines that the Regiment is no longer needed for public service.

The First Kentucky is not entitled to preferment over other troops that have for more than a month served in a provisional brigade commanded by me, and I ask no special consideration for my own regiment. The Nineteenth Infantry has deteriorated in health more than the First Kentucky, so has Troop B of the Second Cavalry, and all alike testify to the physical inability of Americans to long stand the influences of this tropical clime without relief. Commanding all these troops, it would not be fair for me to single out my own regiment and ask that the Kentuckian be favored to the disadvantage of their associates and respected comrades.

I have the honor to be, dear sir,

Very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

JNO. B. CASTLEMAN,

Colonel Commanding Ponce.”

General Guy V. Henry was an admirable officer who had acquitted himself with credit in the service—personally he was a lovable man. He was very impulsive and this quality was accentuated by ill health and consequent nervousness.

The absence on part of the people of Porto Rico of knowledge of the United States laws and customs made it obvious that the people of Porto Rico should be by some means taught along these essential lines. To this end I convened the most representative people—men and women—of Ponce and secured through their ready co-operation

the organization which we called "The Patriotic Society of Porto Rico."

The meetings were held at the municipal offices, and Justice Matienzo was made president. We had the cooperation of practically all the good people of Ponce.

The objects of this Patriotic Society were:

"First. To stimulate respect for Government of the United States; for the enforcement of the laws and customs usual in the United States in protection of life, liberty and property, and for the maintenance of the right of the individual to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience.

"Second. To encourage increased modesty among citizens by demanding that no nude person of any age shall appear in any public place, street or highway. When this end may not be accomplished by persuasion of committee of this society, and by creation of proper public sentiment, then there shall be invoked the aid of general and municipal laws to punish offenders and compliance.

"Third. To encourage marriage everywhere in Porto Rico, not only in the young but among all people who live together as man and wife. And where this result may not be accomplished by persuasion of the committee of this society, then the general and municipal laws shall be enforced to compel compliance and punish non-compliance."

General Henry was so much impressed by the movement that he was led, in his enthusiasm to address the following letter to President McKinley.

"Ponce, P. R., October 23, 1898.

To President William McKinley:

My dear Sir:

Perhaps one of the most wonderful meetings took place today, to the honor of God, which has ever occurred on this island. Colonel Castleman, First Kentucky Volunteers, (a very efficient officer whom I have recommended for his military services here) started the idea among the Porto Ricans and invited them to meet, and form an organization with a view to organizing The Patriotic Society of Porto Rico, whose purpose was to instruct the people in moral obligations and duties. The ladies and prominent gentlemen of Porto Rico, met at 9.30 a. m. in the city hall, and there with the assistance of the First Kentucky band, aided by some Americans sang songs of praise to the Almighty.

Colonel Castleman, the Alcalde, Judge Matienzo, and myself, made appropriate remarks. I gave them the inscription in our West Point chapel, "Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people" as their motto, and guide; told them I would write you of the meeting, and knew it would make you happy.

These people are in a receptive mood, and now is the time to send broad-minded, able men to work with them.

That such a scene as today, should have taken place in a late Spanish possession, and among her subjects is most remarkable, and a bright omen for the future if 'taken at the flood'.

I am with great respect and high regard,

Yours very truly,

GUY V. HENRY,

Brigadier-general United States Volunteers.

Copy for

Colonel Castleman

First Kentucky Volunteers."

INCIDENTS OF SERVICE IN PORTO RICO.

"HEADQUARTERS COMMANDING OFFICER PONCE,

Ponce, Porto Rico, November 8, 1898.

GENERAL ORDER NO. 3

(1) The preservation of shade trees in the streets and public highways is the duty of every one. The destruction of trees on Calle Real by the Signal Corps is a piece of outrageous vandalism that cannot be defended by any reason whatever. Growth of years and beauty and shade, giving necessary comfort to the whole public, have been destroyed. The same processes being enforced throughout the island are destructive of the work and care of years, following large initial expense, and representing public value that cannot be estimated in money.

(2) Every regimental, battery or cavalry officer reporting to the commanding officer of Ponce is directed to arrest and lodge in jail any citizen or enlisted man who in any way mars a tree in the street or in the public highways, and to report to these headquarters the name of any officer directing or countenancing such destruction.

By order of Colonel John B. Castleman.

JOHN B. GALLEHER,

Acting Assistant Adjutant-general."

"HEADQUARTERS COMMANDING OFFICER PONCE,

Ponce, P. R. November 9, 1898.

To the Assistant Adjutant-general

District of Ponce.

Sir:

It seems to have been that the Spanish authorities enforce a universal recognition of the value of the tree as a hygienic agency and an inevitable contribution to the beauty of the island and comfort of the people.

In this tropical clime trees on the public highways are almost essential. Everywhere it has been the custom to plant and preserve them. It is said that the Spanish Government planted and protected more than 7,000 between here and San Juan. The only beauty between Ponce and the Playa was found in the unusual shade trees that contributed shade and magnificent blossom. For more than a mile on the west side of this street these trees have been destroyed, leaving in many instances short stumps while often the trees have been permanently ruined by roughly lopping off of branches unevenly and leaving a series of unsightly snags.

WAR DEPARTMENT.

Office of the Adjutant General.

Aug 6

Dear Castlemore

Memorandum *for*

The Leona had to take
Garrison to Santiago - and not
being home a friend of ^{Leona's}
stops Aug. you shall ^{have}
ships and a good one
the morning we can get out

to you. W. H. Keary for

Castlemore — Henry C. Castlemore

In investigating the responsibility for such outrage, I am furnished with a note from the Signal Office of which the following is a copy:

Ponce, November 8, 1898.

Colonel Castleman, City,

Sir:—

The cutting away of trees along telegraph wires all over the island is being done by order of Lieutenant-colonel Glassford, Chief Signal Officer Porto Rico. We have several gangs out on this service.

Very respectfully,

C. A. CLARK,

First Lieutenant Signal Corps.

A long official responsibility in protection of shade trees and a practical knowledge of their management in relation to electric wiring and my close observation of those on the Calle Real enables me to know that the trimming to any extent of any of these trees and that the taking away the tops of a few small branches was all that was needed in any case.

It would be far better and far less expensive to splice and raise the telegraph poles when necessary than to destroy the trees growing under the wires in order to provide against future contact. I have the honor to recommend that immediate steps be taken to stop such vandalism and that charges be preferred before general court-martial against any officer in any way connected with this destruction of the public property, and that the signal corps be required, under some competent man, to go over all the mutilated trees and balance by careful trimming the remnants of those injured.

Respectfully submitted,

JOHN B. CASTLEMAN,

Colonel Commanding.

“HEADQUARTERS DISTRICT OF PONCE,

Ponce, P. R., November 30, 1898.

GENERAL ORDERS No. 17.

(1) Upon the First Kentucky Volunteer Infantry being relieved from duty in this district, the Brigadier-general commanding desires to thank the officers and the men for their willingness at all times, to do whatever duty they were called upon to perform.

Their soldierlike character and appearance on duty have reflected credit upon themselves and upon their officers.

The four mounted companies in the mountains have prevented much devastation and loss of life by the lawless.

The regiment will be a loss to the district and Colonel Castleman, who has done so much good work in the interest of the community, will be greatly missed. The district commander will feel the loss of an active, a capable and a conscientious officer, who has at all times aided him in his various duties.

The district commander wishes them all a safe return to their homes and occupations and congratulates the state of Kentucky upon having a regiment of

such good material. The regiment has rendered valuable service on this island and brought credit to itself and to its state.

By command of Brigadier-general Henry.

E. B. CASSATT

Assistant-adjutant-general."

"DEPOT QUARTER MASTER'S OFFICE, DEPARTMENT OF PONCE,

Ponce, P. R., December 8, 1898.

Colonel J. B. Castleman,

First Kentucky Volunteers.

Sir:—

It gives me great pleasure to report that the transportation turned in by your regiment was in splendid condition and reflected great credit upon you for the care and attention it had received. If the same careful supervision had been exercised by some other officers the government would have been saved great loss and my department would have given much more satisfactory service.

Though my official and personal relation were of brief duration, it was with great regret that the requirements of the service put an end to them.

Permit me to express to you my high regard for you as an officer and to extend to you my most sincere assurance of personal esteem.

Your obedient servant,

ED. B. HARRISON,

Cap't. A. Q. M. and Depot Q. M.

Ponce, Porto Rico.

The extraordinary care of one hundred and seventy-two mules and harness and forty-three wagons which elicited commendation of the War Department was due to the care of Wagon Master Warner Grider and the unremitting attention of his assistant, L. P. Yandell and to Adjutant Ex Norton.

Telegram: 11:30 a. m.

"HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF PORTO RICO.

San Juan, December 1, 1898.

Colonel Castleman,

Ponce.

Your destination was changed by secretary of war from New York to Newport News of the twenty-ninth ultimo. We telegraphed to Washington to have your heavy clothing returned from New York to meet you at Newport News and have been informed that it was so sent. The order to go to Newport News is now peremptory, as the 'Berlin' is wanted to take troops to Cuba, and secretary of war says twenty-four hours saved by sending you to this port instead of New York.

By command of Major-general Brooke.

W. V. RICHARDS,

Assistant-adjutant-general."

THE LOUISVILLE LEGION RETURNS FROM THE SPANISH WAR, AND IS
WELCOMED AND HONORED BY THE PEOPLE OF KENTUCKY.

TRIUMPHAL MARCH INDEED. BETWEEN MILES OF
HUMAN LINES THE LOUISVILLE LEGION
WINDS ITS WAY.

"From out the highways, paths and byways
Came clustering, mustering crowds and groups
Of old and young from far and high ways
To greet with smiles the noble troops."

Proud with a sense of duty well done, inspired by the soul-stirring strains of "Dixie" and the heart-warming melody of "My Old Kentucky Home," the First Kentucky volunteers marched with the quick, steady tread of regulars through three miles of wildly cheering people, happy to do homage to the "boys" who eight months before, to the day, left home and families at the call of their country. It was a triumph indeed, and as they passed beneath the magnificent arch built at Center and Jefferson streets as a tribute to their glory and their patriotism, the cheers and yells of the crowds which had massed themselves on both sides of the street would have done credit as the combined yell of the whole outpouring of people all along the line.

Yesterday was a day to test the hardihood of American soldiers, tramping over streets frozen hard in an early but severe winter, when they were only three days out of the heat and fever of a tropical summer, and the reddened cheeks and sparkling eyes of the marchers showed how well they stood the change.

At the first sight of Colonel Castleman, sitting the faithful mare which had served him so faithfully during the Louisville Legion's stay in Porto Rico, at the head of the men under his command, the cheers took on renewed strength, and the roar of voices that followed almost drowned the music of the combined bands.

THE FIELD OFFICERS.

Following Colonel Castleman and Chief Marshal Gregory came Lieutenant-colonel Belknap and other members of the Committee on Parade and Review. Lieutenant-colonel Belknap, at the head of the First Battalion, which was led by Major Gray, was also given a proud reception, which was strung out as the first rank of the soldiers passed in review, carrying their arms at port.

The Second Battalion, led by Major David Castleman, and the Third Battalion, led by Major Crump, passed quickly, and the cheering was incessant.

WALTER N. HALDEMAN.

As the First Kentucky marched to the Auditorium, it paid a much-appreciated compliment to Mr. W. N. Haldeman, president of the *Courier-Journal* Company, by a series of ringing cheers for him and the *Courier-Journal*, while passing in front of his residence at 906 Fourth Avenue. The cheering began as the head of the column reached a point in front of the residence, and was continued as the regiment passed by. "We feel, an affection for Walter N. Haldeman, and we mean in a small way to show our appreciation."

IN SPEECH AND SONG. THE GOOD SOLDIERS OF THE FIRST REGIMENT,
KENTUCKY INFANTRY, U. S. V. (THE OLD LOUISVILLE
LEGION) ARE WELCOMED AT THE
AUDITORIUM.

Chairman Logan C. Murray opens the meeting. He said:

"Soldiers of the First Regiment: A good soldier always wants to get to the front. We have some veterans upon this platform who, I am sure, will be glad to greet you in words of abundant welcome, and equally sure you will be delighted to hear. I am charged by the committee of citizens which I represent to thus give you in this more formal way an evening filled with fitting words of appreciation of the service you have rendered your country.

You have felt today the loving ministry of a waiting city; you have witnessed during your march the long lines, as arms of living flesh entwining you in loving embrace. We have not been unmindful of the eager desire you manifested to march away to the enemy's country, to meet him in deadly conflict, when finally you, like the Arab, folded your tents and stole away over the ocean. We watched this dear flag as you carried it to the front, and we gratefully receive you back to enjoy a long life, we trust, under that flag, which you have made more glorious.

Since you marched away last May,
Some have dropped wearily down;
Others lie on yonder distant shore
Beneath the low green tent, whose
Curtain never outward swings,
And glory guard their silent bivouac.
 'Sweet be their sleep
 In the land of the grave.'

I shall now bring to the front an honored veteran, who always shared his victories with his boys, and who never deserted them in defeat—Simon Bolivar Buckner."

GENERAL SIMON BOLIVAR BUCKNER

Then ex-Governor Simon Bolivar Buckner was introduced as that gallant old soldier and statesman. As the venerable general

arose all those on the stage, led by Colonel Castleman, arose from their chairs. The soldiers were on their feet, and the way they cheered and cheered again was inspiring to listen to. Then in that splendid way of his, the general said:

“Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen and soldiers of the First Regiment of Kentucky Volunteers:

The pleasing allusion, sir, which you have made so complimentary to me and to my regard for duty touches me nearly. The plaudits that have responded to your sentiment I interpret to mean that this audience approves in every sense the discharge of public duty. That, therefore, will be my theme.

I wish to say that it is peculiarly gratifying to me that I have been selected as the organ to communicate to these returned soldiers the feelings of this community and of this state in regard to their service.

Colonel Castleman, officers and soldiers of the First Kentucky volunteers, we greet you as brethren greet those whom they love.

I will take as my text in addressing you one given me by a critic yesterday as I came to the city. ‘What,’ says he, ‘have the soldiers of the Louisville Legion done that they should be so warmly welcomed to their homes?’ Let me tell you what you have done. Eight months ago this country was at peace with the world. There were clouds upon the horizon, yet peace still prevailed in the land. You soldiers, were following your peaceful avocations as citizens, not disturbing anybody and wishing not yourselves to be disturbed. There were differences of political sentiment amongst you, and some of you had been opposed in deadly conflict some years ago; but when the country was involved in trouble you left your avocations, you left your homes, your firesides and your loved ones, and stepped forward to defend the honor of your country and the glory of your flag. (Applause.) All the differences of the past were forgotten.

‘Those opposed eyes,
Which, like the meteors of a troubled heaven,
All of one nature, of one substance bred,
But lately met in the intestined shock,
And furious throes of civil butchery,
Now in mutual well beseeing ranks march all one way;
And were no more opposed against acquaintance, kindred and allies.’

You stepped forward to demonstrate to the world that having settled our differences among yourselves in our own way, we were happily once more a united people and stood as one man to defend the honor of the country. (Applause.) That you did, and I say that such conduct is to be commended to the world and especially by those who are honored by being able to claim you as fellow citizens.

You desired to go to the front. I myself am a witness to that; for many of you will remember that I was with you in your camp at Chickamauga for a number of days and I saw your eagerness for the conflict. There was something that inspired you to place yourselves in the public eye so that it would be seen that you were discharging your duty fully to your country. The pride which would necessarily lead you to the conflict is but a small—an insignificant—portion in the life of a soldier. There is, as the poet tells us:

'Something of pride in the perilous hour,
 Whate'er be the shape in which death may lower,
 For fame is there to see who bleeds,
 And honor's name on daring deeds.'

That is natural, for every patriot is ambitious of fame, ambitious not only for himself but whatever credit he might earn may be reflected among those whom he counts most near. It was not your fortune to be in the midst of the battle's shock, but, as I said, that is but a small part of a soldier's duty. It is but an incident of war. You have done more than that. You have taught the people that a regiment, assembled as you were, from the people, can under the command of able officers in a few months take its place as the equal of old and disciplined troops. You encountered the risks of a new climate. I know what that is, having been in earlier life in a similar country. Therefore, I can bear testimony to the dangers and hardships that you underwent. But you bore your privations uncomplainingly, and those from whom you went saw with pride that you were discharging your duties uncomplainingly, whatever those duties might be, and—I was going to say 'Fellow soldiers,' for I feel as one of you, I was going to say, I was thrilled with delight when I saw some months ago in a paper an interview with your commander, in which he said in the midst of that tropical climate, "The soldiers of the First Regiment of Kentucky Volunteers came forward to discharge their duty not only in battle but in garrison or in camp or in any other portion of field work the country might demand of them."

I say, then, fellow soldiers that you have merited the reception you have met with today, and I welcome you in the name of this assembly, in the name of the citizens of Louisville, of the people here representing different parts of the state—I bid you welcome to your homes, to the city you have honored and to the state on whose escutcheon you have reflected glory, and whose honor you have maintained throughout the United States.

HONORABLE CHAS. P. WEAVER, MAYOR OF LOUISVILLE,

Being introduced said:

"Soldiers of the Louisville Legion, I greet you, not only as the mayor of Louisville, whose name the Louisville Legion has honored since 1839; not only as a Kentuckian, whose peace your colonel has preserved for twenty years; but I welcome you as one of your veterans, a veteran of the Louisville Legion that served in 1845 in the Mexican War under Ormsby, in the Confederate War in 1861 under Rosseau, and in the Spanish War in 1898 under Castleman. I greet you, sir as our old commander who, as a Confederate veteran, was first to volunteer with your regiment to the United States Armies for the Spanish War."

SPEECH OF HENRY WATTERSON.

"The heart feels most when the lips move not."

It was with a heart brimming with affectionate solicitude that I sped your going, and it is with a heart overflowing with thanks to God that I bid you wel-

come home. There is no one of you who does not now know, as he never knew before, what that little word means; who has not felt it to the marrow of his bones; upon the picket line with none but the stars to keep him company; upon the tramp, tramp, tramp of the march under tropic suns; day-time and night-time in his hopes and his dreams, who has not heard, as if angels were singing it, the one dear sad refrain, 'for its hame, hame, hame, hame in my own countree.'

There are those of us who learned that music some years ago, when the waiting was wearier and when the heart, grown sick, was like to burst with unsatisfied longings for 'home, sweet, sweet, home,' and we are here this night to take you to our bosoms—comrades indeed in arms—but closer than all else, partners, sharers in the yet more binding comradeship of home!

Now that my confident expectations have been vindicated by the event, I may say to you that some portion of the anxiety with which I followed your perilous journey has been diminished by the knowledge that you were led by two men, who, if I had had the choosing of them, could not have suited me better. Belknap, I saw grow up from boyhood to manhood; the worthy scion of a noble race; one to be trusted with honor and with life; young, brave and ardent, and, though like the rest of you, new to the experience of actual war, yet a soldier by instinct and inheritance, who, in case of emergency, could not by any possibility go astray.

But Castleman! Of him I had a knowledge older and deeper; for I had seen him come out of the smoke of battle bleeding; I knew that he could look death in the face, smiling; that, with death approaching in its most horrible form he had done so; owing to his rescue at the last moment by the benignity of that blessed spirit whom we of the South not less than they of the North have come to understand, to reverence and to love. Castleman—him!—there could be no manner of doubt about. There are those who will call him—everybody calls him—the ideal soldier. He is something even better still; for soldier that he is from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet—he is also—every inch of him—a Christian gentleman. If he had been at Khartum his name would have spelled Gordon, at Omdurman, Kitchener; though being simply an American—and thanks to the blindness of the war office, which never looks our way, or if it does, squints—he remains merely Colonel Castleman, of the First Kentucky Volunteer Infantry. He has been what I knew he would be, not alone your military chief, but your quartermaster and your commissary, and, above all else, your father and your friend, who never knew what it was to be doing enough, although he had not the opportunity to render service as conspicuous and brilliant as Roosevelt, his service was even more arduous and useful than that of the famous Rough Rider, and if Kentucky has not forgotten how to be proud of her sons and grateful to them for the glory they bring her, the oversight of Washington will be repaired at Frankfort. I know very well that if you had the making of the primaries and the calling of the convention, and the counting of the votes, who would be the next governor of Kentucky.

I welcome you. In the name of your fathers and mothers, I welcome you. In the name of your sisters and brothers, I welcome you! In the name of your fellow-citizens, I welcome you. But in behalf of one other—whose name shall be nameless—I shall have to drop into poetry, for through me—even me—she is saying—and she is not only saying this night, but she will be saying for many

moons, and after them, it may be, for many years, to you, her always youthful sweetheart and best-loved soldier-boy:

'Come in the evening and come in the morning,
Come, when you're looked for and come without warning;
Kisses and welcome, you'll find here before you,
And the oftener you come here, the more I'll adore you!" "

By his speech Bishop Dudley made himself a friend to every member of the regiment. He said that he had served twenty-two years as chaplain of the Louisville Legion and had waited for a chance to go to the field with them. He had hardly resigned his commission when war came and the First Kentucky was called into active service.

The bishop remarked that he was too old to go to war, and then, turning to Colonel Castleman, said: "But I forgot that I was younger than the Colonel." They thought he was too fleshy; he did not know that Shafter was a major-general. In referring to Colonel Castleman Bishop Dudley said that he did not know whether to call him general or governor. "But I forget," said he. "Preachers should not talk politics. I know nothing about politics, and beg to be excused for even referring to the subject."

Bishop Dudley continued, after being compelled to pause by cheering from the soldiers: "I want to say one thing," said he. "That is, when there comes a time when the country is in danger the sons of those who followed Lee and Jackson will do as much to save it as those who followed Grant and Sherman." In speaking of expansion Bishop Dudley said that the people of the United States had shown that they were not only able to take care of themselves, but the people of all the outlying islands. He said this country could not turn the islands back to Spain with honor. Nor would it be right to give over those countries for money which had been purchased by the blood of American soldiers. He said some people cried to "let go." "You can't let go," said the speaker emphatically. "Some times it is harder to let go than it is to hold on, and so it is in this case." The United States would not be true to its duty if it failed to keep these islands, and to give them the blessing of government of the people, by the people and for the people.

TELEGRAM READ FROM SENATOR WILLIAM LINDSAY:

"Washington, D. C., December 14, 1898.

*Colonel John B. Castleman,
Louisville, Ky.*

I congratulate you and the officers and men of the First Regiment on your happy return. The welcome being extended you is but one evidence of the affectionate pride with which Kentucky looks upon the historic First.

WILLIAM LINDSAY."

LETTER FROM MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN R. BROOKE,
CORPS COMMANDER:

"Old Point Comfort, Va., December 10, 1898.

*Colonel J. B. Castleman,
First Kentucky,
My dear Colonel:*

I regret very much that I will not be able to take you and your officers by the hand in a heartfelt good-bye and to say to your splended regiment how much I regret our parting. Please say to to them, one and all, that I fully appreciate the patriotism which brought them under the flag of our country when it called to them, and I appreciate fully as much their uncomplaining, cheerful, manly conduct under the trying circumstances of our service in the tropics. Good-bye and may God bless you all.

Very truly yours,
JOHN R. BROOKE,
Major-general."

"HEADQUARTERS FIRST ARMY CORPS.

Macon, Georgia, December 13, 1898.

*Colonel John B. Castleman,
Clifton Farm, Mercer County, Ky.
My dear Colonel:—*

I write a line to welcome you and your regiment home, and to express the hope that you and they are in good condition, and will receive such honors and recognition from your fellow-citizens as your excellent service entitles you to expect.

Faithfully yours,
JAMES H. WILSON,
Major-general Volunteers."

TRIBUTE FROM THE CITY AND CITIZENS OF PONCE

*"To the Commanding Officer of Ponce
The Honorable Colonel Castleman:*

Sir:

I deeply regret that owing to indisposition I cannot attend in person this brilliant gathering of my fellow citizens, the ladies and gentlemen of Ponce, to do honor to you and the gallant officers under your command.

Never has Ponce tendered a tribute of regard with more justice and more meritoriously.

To you who had reached our Porto Rico shores on warlike intents bent, with the laurel of victory encircling your brow, and have regarded the natives of this land, not as a conquered people, but kindly look upon them as brethren worthy of a helping hand to lift them up from the slough in which they have been placed for centuries, by a stupid and oppressive system of colonization, be all honor, for such sentiments can only proceed from a noble and earnest heart.

When you return to your great country, when away from the whirl and bustle of business, in the sweet retreat of your home, when remembrances of the

past come up before your mind, Porto Rico will doubtless appear on the wide field of your imagination, and then, as always happens to noble and generous hearts, you will feel that sweet and ineffable pleasure which steals over our souls when we have done a good work, and furthermore, you have the great satisfaction of knowing that the good seed which you have spread broadcast with your initiative and salutary counsel has not fallen on barren soil, for enthusiastic citizens are using their best endeavors to make it germinate and bring forth the desired fruit.

Still more beautiful and far-reaching, however, that will have been accomplished by your initiative in this labor of love for our fellow beings, will be the great national work that will ensue from same, for by generosity, by love, by kindness, are the bonds which unite a people under the same flag, strengthened and welded closer and closer, making the confraternity of the common country an indisputable fact.

Honorable Colonel Castleman, when Porto Rico, by its merits and virtues has fully entered into the national life and deemed worthy of American Citizenship, in its grandest sense, your name will be remembered with respect and gratitude as that of one of the first workers who, with an earnestness and kindness beyond all praise, laid the cornerstone of such a beautiful structure.

In the meantime, you will dwell in our grateful hearts, I assure you in the name of this city of Ponce.

Very respectfully,

LOUIS PORRATA DORIA,

Mayor of Ponce, P. R.

Ponce, Porto Rico,

November 25, 1898."

CHAPTER XLVII.

ASSASSINATION OF GOVERNOR GOEBEL.

Pending contest before the legislature of Kentucky to decide the legality or illegality of Governor W. S. Taylor's election, it became interesting to note the warlike preparations made by order of Governor Taylor. Sufficient intimation of this will be given in the two following letters:

"HEADQUARTERS.

First Regiment Kentucky State Guards.
Louisville, Ky., January 12th, 1900.

*Honorable D. R. Collier, Adjutant-general,
Frankfort, Ky.*

Dear Sir:—

Referring to our conversation of last evening I would say that while the telegram agreed upon will serve to notify me of arrival of the hour of action, it will be in no way a sufficient order and would therefore request that the governor should send an order now 'that in the event of receiving such a telegram from you we shall at once etc. etc.' *a full order as to what we are to do and who to report to.* We will then be acting under the proper orders and be fully authorized in our actions.

Yours very truly,
D. W. GRAY, *Lieutenant-colonel.*

Day telephone Bk. Ky. No. 175
Night telephone 6th & Oak St. 1342
Armory telephone 1510."

"Barbourville, Ky., January 22nd, 1900.

*Adjutant-general D. R. Collier,
Frankfort, Ky.*

My dear Sir:—

There are two companies in this end of the state that refuse to go unless they are called out regularly. The London Company under Captain Ed. Parker and the Williamsburg Company under Captain Wadkins, of Williamsburg, are the ones.

We *must* have these men and guns. We are undertaking a serious matter and win we must. Send someone to London and Williamsburg with such orders as will have those two companies join us *Wednesday night*. Don't fail. If you will see to it wire me tomorrow: 'Golden is improving.'

The Captain Hawn of one of the companies here refuses to deliver up the keys to the Armory. Give him such orders as will give us the keys. Wire me and also write me.

We will be there Thursday morning with 1200 men or more. Arrange boarding and lodging.

Very sincerely,
CALEB POWERS."

February 4th, 1900, the following press notice came from Frankfort:

“GOVERNOR WILLIAM GOEBEL DIED AT 6:45 P. M. YESTERDAY AT FRANKFORT FROM THE WOUND RECEIVED TUESDAY MORNING JANUARY 30, AT THE HAND OF A CONCEALED ASSASSIN.

The Situation at Frankfort.

Within an hour after the death of Governor Goebel, Lieutenant-governor J. C. W. Beckham was sworn in as governor. He issued a proclamation ordering the militia to disperse and has also issued a proclamation to the people of Kentucky urging the coolness and strict obedience to the law in the present crisis.

The Democrats are relying solely on the legality of their position and are leaving to Taylor and his troops the role of law-breakers. The petition for an injunction to restrain Taylor from interfering with the legislature in the performance of its duties was filed yesterday in the Franklin Circuit Court and a temporary injunction until February 8th was granted. Taylor will pay no attention to the court's order.”

Governor W. S. Taylor and Lieutenant-governor John Marshall claimed to have been elected by the Republicans and had been inducted into office.

Governor William Goebel and Lieutenant-governor J. C. W. Beckham claimed to have been elected by the Democrats and contested the election which, by the legislature, was declared in their favor.

It was at this juncture that Governor Goebel was assassinated by a rifle shot from the office of the Republican secretary of state. It was this assassination that infuriated the people of Kentucky.

Governor Taylor, in control of the state's machinery, ordered to his support the organized militia and the military support is evidenced by the two preceding letters. This militia was quartered in the state house yard. And in addition to this organized militia, Caleb Powers agreed to furnish 1,200 political volunteers, as shown by his letter of January 22d, 1900.

The admirable officer in command was Colonel Roger D. Williams, who, from a private soldier up, had served under me for many years.

The adjutant-general and cool directing head was General D. R. Collier, who recognized his responsibility solely to Governor Taylor.

Governor Goebel died on the evening of February 3, 1900.

Soon after his death I received a telegram from Lieutenant-governor Beckham asking me to meet him at the office of the *Courier-Journal* in Louisville.

Governor Beckham had been sworn in as governor.

I met him as requested. He was accompanied by Senator Jo C. S. Blackburn and Colonel Bennett H. Young.

Having under his control no forms used by the state, he tendered me a written commission as adjutant-general, which is printed here in facsimile. Governor Beckham and his able advisers united in urging my duty to the commonwealth.

The first intimation I had of this wish upon the part of Governor Goebel, Lieutenant-governor Beckham and their advisers that I should serve as adjutant-general of the state of Kentucky came to me by long distance telephone message from United States Senator J. C. S. Blackburn following the subjoined telegram.

"Washington, D. C., February 1, 1900.

*General John B. Castleman,
Louisville, Kentucky.*

Wire me at what hour tonight you will talk with me over telephone. Name hour by Louisville time.

J. C. S. BLACKBURN."

Commission as adjutant-general is as follows:

"EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT
OF THE COMMONWEALTH OF KENTUCKY.

To John B. Castleman:

KNOW ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS, that reposing special confidence in you I have appointed and do hereby appoint you to the office of adjutant-general of the state of Kentucky with the rank of brigadier-general, and with full authority to do and perform all the duties required by law of such adjutant-general, and with directions to enter upon the discharge of the duties of said office immediately.

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF, witness my hand as governor of the commonwealth of Kentucky at the city of Frankfort, this 3rd day of February, 1900.

J. C. W. BECKHAM, *Governor.*

WITNESS:

*Jo. C. S. Blackburn
Bennett H. Young."*

Although personally I did not very well know Governor Goebel, Honorable John K. Hendrick, Governor Goebel's closest friend, informed me that the governor on his dying bed had expressed an earnest wish that I should serve the state, and Mr. Hendrick told me that the last words Governor Goebel tried to utter were, as he understood them to be, a message to me.

In answering Governor Beckham and his advisers, who accompanied him, I endeavored to make clear the fact that the feeling among our people was such that the current of popular passion had to be guided by untrammelled action in the support of law, and that any violence would be the beginning of horrible civil strife, and that it must be understood that I should be upheld in whatever I thought

to be best. This was agreed to, and on these terms I accepted the tendered responsibility.

Governor Taylor, obviously nervous and timid, removed himself from touch with his cool-headed adjutant-general and, on the 30th of January, 1900 had issued a proclamation adjourning the legislature at Frankfort to convene at London, Kentucky, February 6th.

I am indebted to my comrade and friend, Colonel Roger D. Williams, for this remarkable document, whose facsimile follows.

The proclamation shows a startling nervousness and timidity.

“Lexington, Ky., December 14, 1900.

*General Jno. B. Castleman,
Louisville, Ky.*

My dear General:

I am enclosing the original Taylor letter declaring Kentucky in a state of insurrection. Owing to my connection with it I have guarded it carefully but it gives me much pleasure to present it to you to be added to your very valuable collection as I know you will appreciate it.

Again thanking you for your interest in my behalf, and kind personal regards, I am,

Very sincerely,

ROGER D. WILLIAMS.”

“TO THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE COMMONWEALTH OF KENTUCKY:

Whereas a state of insurrection now prevails in the state of Kentucky, and especially in Frankfort, the capital thereof, by virtue of the authority vested in me by the constitution of Kentucky I do hereby by this proclamation adjourn the general assembly of the state of Kentucky to forthwith adjourn to meet at London, Laurel County, Kentucky, February 6, 1900.

Given under my hand at Frankfort, Kentucky, this 30th day of January, 1900.

W. S. TAYLOR,
Governor of Kentucky.”

I utterly disapproved the use of any troops, for this meant inconsistency with the announced position of the Democrats, viz: that to them their contention was clearly a legal right and must be settled by the courts.

The assassination of Governor Goebel created an over-whelming opinion adverse to the claims of Governor Taylor. Instead of using popular strength by force through conflict of arms, I knew that public opinion, conservatively directed, would favorably solve the grave difficulties which confronted us.

Without advice I went, therefore, promptly to Frankfort to have a conference with General Collier, my going to whose office is men-

Executive Department
of the Commonwealth of Ky

To John B. Castleman

Know all men by these presents
that reposing special confidence
in you I have appointed and do
hereby appoint you to the office
of Adjutant General of the State
of Kentucky with the rank of
Brigadier General and with
full authority to do and perform
all the duties required by law
of such Adjutant General and
with directions to enter upon
the discharge of the duties of
said office immediately.

In testimony whereof I have
my hand as Governor of the Com-
monwealth of Kentucky at the
City of Frankfort, this 3rd
day of February 1900.

Witness my hand and seal
this 3rd day of February 1900.
James H. Young

W. B. Beckham
Governor

To the General Assembly of the Commonwealth
of Kentucky =

Whereas a state of insurrection now prevails
in the State of Kentucky, and especially
in Frankfort the Capital thereof, by
virtue of the authority vested in me by
the Constitution of Kentucky ~~I do hereby~~
by this proclamation adjourn the
General Assembly of the State of Kentucky
to Louisville adjourn ~~to meet at or near~~
~~and at County Seat of Louisville~~ ~~at the~~
~~point or place within this State, to~~
~~be hereafter designated by me,~~
~~as soon as it can be ascertained~~
~~at what point it can safely meet.~~

Given under my hand at
Frankfort, Kentucky, this 30th day
of January 1900.

H. S. Taylor
Governor of Kentucky.

tioned in the following letter from Captain Ripley, who was that day officer of the day with the militia camp at the state house.

“Beard, Ky., December 17, 1907.

General John B. Castleman, Louisville, Ky.

General:

On the evening of January 30th, 1900, I received an order from the Adjutant-general D. R. Collier, directing me to bring my troop to Frankfort; owing to the state of the roads in consequence of ice and swollen streams, I communicated with General Collier by wire, with the result that I was directed to bring my command dismounted by rail, pursuant to which we arrived at Frankfort shortly after daylight on the morning of January 31st. Upon my arrival at Frankfort, I found the First Regiment, and portions of the Second, and the partially organized Third. During the 31st other companies of the two latter regiments arrived, until, as I was given to understand, the whole state guard was in camp.

The usual guard line was established around a military body and orders were that no one should pass the pickets, in or out, without a pass from Colonel Roger D. Williams, the commanding officer. Some days subsequently this order was amended in-so-far as civilians were concerned, as in the hours of daylight.

It was about this period that one morning while on duty as officer of the day of the camp in the state house square, I observed excitement among the men; looking, I saw you coming up the brick walk between the fountain and the capitol steps. Catching unpleasant comments among the men concerning your presence there, I came forward and saluted you, deeming such action upon my part the best way to allay any excitement; returning my salute, you told me you wished to see General Collier, to whose presence I immediately escorted you. After your conference with General Collier, he came with you by the guard tent and I rose and escorted you through the lines.

My conviction has always been that in view of the general excitement prevailing at the time, the calm good sense and mutual courtesy of yourself and General Collier saved the state from most lamentable consequences.

Respectfully yours,

G. D. RIPLEY.”

I had entered the state house yard, passing quickly and saluting two sentinels at the gate without stopping to permit my right to be questioned. In ascending the broad walk leading to the state house buildings I did not seem to hear the criticisms and abuse of Governor Taylor's militia who thronged the yard of the state house along the line of the walk.

As soon as the officer of the day met me I demanded in a courteous but positive tone that he should escort me to the adjutant-general's office.

In making final official report to Governor Beckham on November 1, 1900, I did not there, nor at any time, deal with the real influence which prompted and which secured peaceable adjustment made possible only by tactfully directing public sentiment.

I, therefore, gave support only to the expressed thought that "The maintenance of the public peace rested chiefly with the two officials in this conference."

It must be understood that the division of public sentiment was largely, but by no means solely, on party lines. There was a vast element of thinking men who viewed the gubernatorial controversy from the standpoint of citizenship and right as they saw right and this element would not yield independent thought and action.

It was with sufficient knowledge of all the conditions that I went promptly to Frankfort, uncounseled and unannounced, to confer with General Collier, whom I knew very well, who had been in the United States Army during the War between the States and had earned recognition as a courageous and upright man.

But beyond all this as fundamental, General Collier and I were Masons, and it was upon the obligations imposed by Masonic pledge of brotherhood and fraternity that reliance was lodged to strengthen and make impregnable a fortress constructed on Masonic honor to protect our people.

When the officer of the day had escorted me to the adjutant-general's office, I received the most cordial and surprised greeting from General Collier. I asked to see him alone. General Collier immediately had the office vacated by a large number of militia officers then present.

When his callers left, General Collier locked the door.

We discussed the gravity of the situation and realized our own responsibility.

We knew that the unusual condition would, on both sides, develop impetuosity. This we agreed should not affect either of us and that, dealing with each other on fraternal grounds, we should always find accord in Masonic truth "leading to the goal of brotherhood and fraternity."

To this end, with pledge to each other to this Masonic fulfillment, we agreed to do nothing without co-operative action in order that our Masonic honor might redound to the good of a troubled and infuriated people, with the hope that the stream of popular indignation might be diverted upwards to the final creation of pacific flow in appeasing the asperities of Kentuckians.

I shall never forget the expression of General Collier's frank, honest face, as, when I was leaving, he threw his arms around me and said: "Thank God for this, for now the law and not the rifle shall determine the right."

I said, in leaving that day the office of this fearless man: "Remember, that if it be that I purchase arms, they shall not be used against you."

The legal proceedings instituted in this cause was in the Franklin Circuit Court of the state of Kentucky. Georgetown is in this judic-



GOVERNOR J. C. W. BECKHAM

ial district, and the district judge was holding circuit court at Georgetown. The agreement arrived at by attorneys for plaintiff and defendants in this contest was, therefore made at and became known as "The Georgetown Agreement."

This agreement was in the following terms, in substance, viz:

Agreement made at Georgetown, February 21, 1900, signed by W. S. Taylor and John Marshall by William H. Yost and James P. Helm, Attorneys, and signed on the other side by J. C. W. Beckham and L. H. Carter and John B. Castleman, by Louis McQuown and John K. Hendrick, attorneys. The substance of that agreement was that the parties agreed that the suit should be tried in the Jefferson Circuit Court by Judge Field; that both sides should do everything to expedite the causes, both in the lower court and in the Court of Appeals, and if a writ of error should be taken to the Supreme Court. The concluding clause of the agreement was: "It is further agreed by the parties to said suits that they will submit to and abide by all orders and judgments of the courts made in said suits, reserving, however, the legal right to stay proceedings on such orders or judgments, in any manner provided by law."

Honorable James P. Helm on July 16th, 1907 wrote advising me of the legal proceedings which at the time were taken, and I quote from Mr. Helm's letter.

"Louisville, Ky., July 19, 1907.

Jas. P. Helm, Esq.,

Louisville, Ky.

My dear Comrade:

I have the pleasure to own receipt of your favor of the 16th inst., and thank you very much for the trouble you have taken in giving me the information.

That portion of your letter referring to what was known as the 'Georgetown Agreement' is entirely correct. On your first page, however, your statement is a little strong in respect to apprehension about conflict.

It was not so much a conflict of force that caused uneasiness, but it was the wish to retain without question the bona fides of the Democratic side of this question. To this agreement I was a party and the good faith of the attorneys of the Democratic party and the law-abiding citizens of the state were pledged, and it was, therefore, this good faith that gave me concern and which I felt it due to the immediate and subsequent credit of the commonwealth to compel respect. It was because of this apprehension that I asked you to make the appointment with Judge Pryor for me to meet Chief Justice Hazelrigg at Judge Pryor's room at the Capitol Hotel, in Frankfort, and it was the manly and courageous course of the Chief Justice Hazelrigg, stimulated by the conservative and positive opinion of Judge Pryor, that I want to bring strongly out in order that these two gentlemen may be accredited with the invaluable service rendered to the commonwealth.

Yours most sincerely,

JOHN B. CASTLEMAN."

COLONEL W. C. P. BRECKINRIDGE'S TRIBUTE TO GENERAL COLLIER.

"General Collier had early entered the Federal Army and distinguished himself for heroism on the battlefield and faithful and devoted service, and had

won rank and reputation, coming out of the war with a commission of colonel and the higher commission of the love and admiration of his men and the confidence of his brother officers. He was Kentuckian born of Kentucky stock, reared as a farmer's boy and filling with credit the station in life to which his family and he belonged. As adjutant and inspector general of the state of Kentucky under its duly elected and legally inaugurated governor in the midst of most troublous times and confronted with unprecedented difficulties, he had in his keeping the peace of the commonwealth, the state was indeed most fortunate that she had two such sons as Dan Collier and John Castleman; more fortunate in that such crisis these sons filled the respective positions to which they had been appointed. They had been most gallant soldiers, and though soldiers on opposite sides they knew of the courage, skill and patriotism of each other; each was so thoroughly courageous that he knew his courage and daring would not be doubted by the other, and each judged the other to be like unto himself—honest, sincere, loving the right and loving Kentucky, and intensely anxious to avoid bloodshed and willing to take any personal responsibility to prevent it. Cool, self composed, clear headed, honorable, these two gentlemen and soldiers prevented any act of violence which might have precipitated a terrific contest. Others may be blamed for their part in that lamentable and in some respects disgraceful episode in our history, but to these two Kentuckians only praise and admiration are due."

CHAPTER XLVIII.

REPORT TO GOVERNOR BECKHAM OF THE SETTLEMENT
OF GOEBEL TROUBLES.

“COMMONWEALTH OF KENTUCKY,
OFFICE OF
ADJUTANT GENERAL.

REPORT OF THE ADJUTANT GENERAL.

Frankfort, Ky., November 1, 1900.

*Honorable J. C. W. Beckham, Governor,
Frankfort, Ky.*

SIR: On the 3d of February, 1900, Governor Goebel died from the effect of wounds inflicted by an assassin.

You became governor of Kentucky, and on that date asked me to accept the position of adjutant-general of the state.

Coming to me when business obligations demanded all my time, and when, after being mustered out of the service of the United States, I had determined to do no more military duty, I replied in writing to your Excellency as follows: “No one has a right to refuse to serve his state. I will do what I can to conciliate the differences which discredit the commonwealth.”

The intensity of public feeling soon became best known to myself. Its expression was focused upon me as the official of the state by whose direction it should be made effective. It was manifested along with proffered military service coming in large part from most responsible sources. The public anger, thus finding cumulative expression, was alarming, and found its pivotal thought based always on the feeling that assassination which had stained the commonwealth should find resentment in violence. This was far from being entirely political; it was love of state.

Acting with the approval of your Excellency, it was my duty to conciliate and control, not to encourage violence.

To admonish my fellow citizens that the law was not to be upheld and determined by its breach, and that to the courts and not to arms must be submitted adjustment of lawlessness, and that arms must only be used to aid in the enforcement of the courts’ decrees, and, even then, by direction of the courts.

Amidst excitement that finds few parallels in our country’s history, it is with pride that I report to you now in formal confirmation of my verbal reports from day to day that, back of all justified anger, your fellow citizens were everywhere amenable to reason, and that throughout the commonwealth there was demonstrated that great respect for law which is characteristic of the Kentuckian. For the quiet control of your countrymen, in this period of excitement, the commonwealth is indebted to your Excellency. Had you been less tactful and less judicious in your admonition to your fellow citizens, your state would have been involved in civil war, and this horrible result would have somewhat involved other states, for the proffer of armed assistance came not alone from more than thirty-two thousand Kentuckians.

These details shall never be recorded, they shall forever be a sealed chapter in the state's history.

During the period of intense feeling all the details needed to be published from part of the court records in what has become known as the Kentucky case, decided first under the Georgetown agreement by Judge Emmett Field, then by the Kentucky Court of Appeals, and then by the Supreme Court of the United States.

The statehouse and grounds were occupied by troops assembled there under control of Adjutant-general Collier, by the order of Governor Taylor, issued at a time when Governor Taylor had a right to issue such orders. The question as to the right of these troops to remain unmolested in a position absolutely untenable from a military standpoint until there should be a final decision of all the issues involved, was respected by your Excellency. As soon as this decision was reached, the troops there, commanded by General Collier, were dispersed by him in strict conformity to his agreement with me, and were not molested. It is true that the continued presence of these troops was allowed in deference to the divided public opinion, notwithstanding the proclamation of Governor Goebel and your Excellency's orders, until the unquestioned validity of both should be adjudicated. Immediately following the Supreme Court decision, the following correspondence took place:

COMMONWEALTH OF KENTUCKY,

OFFICE OF ADJUTANT-GENERAL,

Frankfort, Ky., May 22, 1900.

General John B. Castleman, Frankfort, Ky.

Sir: In view of the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States, in the contest of Taylor v. Beckham, I have the honor to turn over to you, as adjutant-general of Kentucky, the command of the Kentucky State Guard, and all the property, buildings, etc., properly belonging to same, without awaiting the mandate of the court.

Allow me to thank you for your universal kindness and courtesy, and to suggest that, in my opinion, it is due to you more than to any one else in Kentucky that trouble has been averted.

Wishing you a successful and peaceful administration, I am, dear sir,

Very truly yours,

D. R. COLLIER.

COMMONWEALTH OF KENTUCKY,

OFFICE OF ADJUTANT-GENERAL,

Frankfort, Ky., May 22, 1900.

General D. R. Collier, Frankfort, Ky.

Sir: I have the pleasure to own receipt of your communication of this date and to accept control of the Kentucky State Guard and the state property.

I greatly appreciate the terms in which you refer to me, but I beg to say that the state owes far more to you. The conditions have been constantly menacing to the public peace and to a degree best known to you and to me. You have been forbearing and fair-minded always, and I beg to assure you of my high personal regard. I remain, my dear sir,

Yours truly,

JOHN B. CASTLEMAN, *Adjutant-general.*

'COMMONWEALTH OF KENTUCKY,

OFFICE OF ADJUTANT-GENERAL,

Frankfort, Ky., May 22, 1900.

Honorable J. C. W. Beckham, Governor, Frankfort, Ky.

Sir: I have the honor to hand you herewith letter of this date from General D. R. Collier and my reply. I have carried out your conservative views and you are to be congratulated for the great service you have rendered to the commonwealth under conditions which for nearly four months threatened civil strife between our people. I remain, my dear sir,

Yours very truly,

JOHN B. CASTLEMAN, *Adjutant-general.*

The legislature passed a resolution introduced by Senator Triplett, which appropriated \$100,000 to be expended by joint action of your Excellency and myself in equipping state troops. There was immediately purchased a battery of rapid fire Hotchkiss guns and a sufficient number of small arms to secure the peace of the commonwealth. There is left unexpended of this appropriation \$66,000, and I respectfully recommend that the account be closed and that this sum be converted back into general funds of the treasury.

Until the decision of the courts, the opinion conflicting among our fellow citizens of both parties as to the right, was shared by the organized troops of the state, and respecting this divided opinion, no orders were issued which would augment the embarrassment of the citizen soldiery of the commonwealth. Such organization as seemed at the time to be necessary was made independent of that already existing.

The ill-advised interference with the session of the legislature at Frankfort was followed by the assembling of the legislative bodies at Louisville, and requisite steps were taken to protect the people's representatives against any possible molestation. Supplementing the sheriff's posse, I had mustered into the state service by Honorable J. P. Gregory, two companies in strict conformity with the provisions of the law.

I gave my personal attention to the selection of these men, and had them mustered into the state service at such rendezvous as I indicated, at a time when cool deliberate courage was requisite. These men are entitled to the highest commendation of their fellow citizens. Ample arms were provided to support the civil authorities. A short time after, I went to Frankfort, repaired direct to the adjutant-general's office and sought personal interview with General Collier.

The grave situation was known to both of us, much better than to any one else, and we both knew the extent to which we were responsible to the state.

It is not discreditable to Kentucky that, trusting a Kentuckian's manhood and courage at a period of great feeling, the officer responsible for one force should go unannounced to the armed camp of the officer commanding the opposing force, and discuss the obligations mutual respecting the interests of the commonwealth.

The futility of armed conflict, with its attendant horrors, was admitted and ultimate adjustment by the courts was conceded. The maintenance of the public peace rested chiefly with the two officials in this conference.

Responsibility for the following course, which I assumed and of which your Excellency was admonished, is in justice to others:

When Caleb Powers and John Davis were arrested at Lexington, after evading arrest at Frankfort, I went immediately to Lexington and familiarized myself thoroughly with the situation. At the close of the day I summoned to my rooms Sheriffs Suter, of Franklin county, Bosworth of Fayette county, and Chief of Police Ross, of Lexington, and advised that Sheriff Suter, acting under his legal authority and aided by the other two most admirable officials, should take the prisoners next morning to Louisville and there lodge them in jail. Judge Field had already decided the question submitted to him in compliance with the Georgetown agreement. I knew that the safety of the prisoners and the interests of the commonwealth demanded that this course be pursued. The personality of the prisoners did not concern me, but the interests of the commonwealth imposed a positive duty. I believe I did the prisoners a kindness; I know I did the state a service. The commonwealth is indebted to the three officers above named.

Your Excellency is aware that since the month of June, my duties have been nominal and not necessary, and it is neither just to myself nor to others to hold an office under the circumstances.

With your Excellency's approval, I have been endeavoring to have published for the people of the state, so much as is ascertainable of Kentucky's sadly-neglected military history, the preparation having begun under the direction of one of Kentucky's greatest governors, the Honorable J. Proctor Knott.

Taking up the War of 1812 and including the Sabine war, the Mexican war, the Confederate war, and the Spanish war, there is now in course of publication, so much as is ascertainable of the military history of a state, the record of whose troops has been neglected for well nigh a century. The records of the Federal troops in the Confederate war has been admirably published by General D. W. Lindsey, but this is the sole official publication of the military service of Kentuckians.

Having your Excellency's authority, these publications will be completed as soon as possible. In this, sir, I believe you are adding to the most valuable service you have rendered your state, and now, sir, as your fellow citizen, I thank your Excellency for your conservatism and coolness and sense of justice displayed at the most trying period of your state's history, and as an officer, I am most appreciative of your uniform courtesy and support, and beg that you will relieve me from further official responsibility by accepting my resignation to take effect the 30th inst. Very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

JOHN B. CASTLEMAN, *Adjutant-general.*"

RESPONSE OF THE GOVERNOR.

"STATE OF KENTUCKY,

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,

Frankfort, Ky., November 17, 1900.

*General John B. Castleman, Adjutant-general,
Frankfort, Ky.*

Sir: I am in receipt of your letter of the first inst., in which you tender me your resignation as adjutant-general of Kentucky to take effect on the thirtieth inst. Your appointment to that position was one of the first official acts of mine after I was sworn in as governor of this state, on the third of last February, and I can assure you that nothing done by me since then has been more creditable to

the administration than your appointment at the head of the military department of the state. I am not entitled to all the credit for the wisdom of that appointment. While it was my personal desire to make it, the demand from the best people of the state that you be made adjutant-general at that critical period was so universal and imperative that I could not have resisted it even if I had the desire to do so.

Your distinguished record as a soldier and a civilian was such, in the eyes of your fellow citizens, that all turned to you at that time and asked, even demanded, that you be placed in charge of the militia of the state. Your reputation as a soldier commended you to their choice, and, still greater than that, your character as a civilian and your firm belief in the subordination of all military to civil authority marked you out as a proper person to deal with the military situation in such a crisis. The ideal soldier is he who, though always ready to perform his duty in arms, yet, at the same time, recognizes the superiority of civil over military authority. In such esteem all the best citizens of Kentucky held you, and you were, therefore, selected for this responsible and trying position. It is a matter of considerable pride to me that the wisdom of the selection has been fully justified by your course.

It is unnecessary for me to rehearse the unpleasant details of that period of our state's history to which you referred in your letter of resignation. You commended me for the course I have pursued during that trying ordeal, and I appreciate the compliment that you pay me, but I desire to say that if my conduct merits approval, to none am I more indebted than to yourself. Your wise, prudent and sagacious counsel was invaluable to me, for when I found others excited and exasperated under the conditions that existed I always found that your head was cool and deliberate, and that your judgment was conservative and correct. In you I always found a counselor in whose judgment I had implicit confidence and a soldier in whose courage and manliness I had absolute reliance.

Your services to the state and to me can not be overestimated, and it gives me great pleasure at this time to pay you this small tribute in commendation of your conduct as adjutant-general under me. I regret very much this necessary severance of our official relations, but as it was the understanding at the time of your appointment that as soon as peace and order could be restored to our state and the militia reorganized on a proper basis, you should resign, I can not, of course, decline to accept your resignation. It was your wish, expressed at that time, that your services should be limited by this condition, and that you should serve without pay. You stated then that you desire to give your attention to your private interests and that for that reason you could not serve longer than was necessary in a military capacity. I accepted these conditions, and promised you that as soon as you thought proper I would accept your resignation. I do so now in accordance with your wishes, and the terms, expressed in your letter, to take effect on the thirtieth inst., and in doing so I wish to express to you the gratitude of myself and the good people of this state for your faithful and efficient services as adjutant-general of the state during the most critical period of its history. I am, sir,

Very respectfully,

J. C. W. BECKHAM,

Governor of Kentucky.

A LETTER FROM GOVERNOR BECKHAM WHICH I
GREATLY VALUE.

"J. C. W. BECKHAM.

Frankfort, Ky.

June 27, 1913.

*General John B. Castleman,
Louisville, Kentucky.*

My dear General:

I re-read the other day copy of correspondence between you and me at the time of your resignation as adjutant-general. I read it over and was deeply interested in recalling the events to which that correspondence related. In the light of subsequent occurrences and the experience of nearly thirteen years since then, getting as I do even a better view than ever of the exciting conditions in that critical period of our state's history, I can cheerfully and without hesitation, reiterate the expressions of commendation of you in my letter to you of November 17, 1900. I thought at that time that you deserved all that I said in that letter, and I am now more confident than ever, if possible, that you deserved it. It is needless for me now to rehearse the tribute of praise, which you won by your splendid services to the state and to me during that period. I sincerely hope that there lie before you many more years of a life of usefulness, prosperity and happiness.

With kindest regards, I am,

Very sincerely yours,

J. C. W. BECKHAM."

B-H.

At that period Judge Robert J. Breckinridge, from Danville, Kentucky, was the state attorney-general and on December 26, 1913, wrote a tribute hardly deserved when he said:

"Castleman has done in his life fully and successfully, both for his city and his state, and better still, for the underlying basic principle on which all free government rests, the inherent right of all people to select the machines of their government and those who shall control.

"I have often said, both publicly and privately, that but for him our state would have been involved in a terrible internecine war growing out of the Goebel trouble."

I come now to record only a few incidents of positive importance.

I have not been willing to go into detail concerning a life always in active service, always doing something of public work, always doing such active service because of the conviction that 'tis the duty of everyone to devote in some way half his time to the public welfare.

With hesitancy I will mention two or three added incidents of public moment, and, indeed, will present these, because they are of public moment, and these through the expressions of others, in form of public utterances, and somewhat through private letters.

It has all along been my aim to avoid autobiography. And if the reader has been impressed with the thought that the name of the writer has been repeated too often, consideration is asked because of the fact that beginning with events of personal knowledge seventy years ago it has not been possible to eliminate the personal identification with the continued active service inadequately recorded.

CHAPTER XLIX.

GETTYSBURG REUNION 1913.

As one of the evidences of pacification of a people fifty years ago engaged in deadly conflict, there was held at the battlefields of Gettysburg on the first to fourth of July, 1913, a reunion of survivors of the former United States soldiers and former Confederate soldiers who were in 1863 participants in that sanguinary battle.

Congress made provision for expense of the reunion. A camp was established. United States army officers were detailed to provide for the comfort and rations of the old veterans. Speeches were made by survivors of both sides engaged in the struggle and President Wilson addressed the aged soldiers. Yet no speaker seemed to have realized that to the Grand Army meeting in Louisville in 1895 and to the Spanish War, 1898 were due the influences which made the semi-centennial reunion a possibility. It was to these two events more than to all the fifty years of softening influences and dissipating asperities that the Gettysburg reunion became possible.

In 1894 the "Grand Army of the Republic" met in Pittsburg. Kentucky sent there a delegation of Confederate soldiers headed by Henry Watterson commissioned to say to our former enemies, "Come next year and meet with us in Louisville. Come to the South where thirty years ago we met in battle."

Acceptance of the invitation was enthusiastic. The grand army came and it may be that quotation here from ex-Governor James E. Campbell of Ohio will in beautiful terms express the effect of that meeting in Louisville.

Governor Campbell wrote:

"I know of no episode in all history so touching as that of the Grand Army Encampment in Louisville in 1895, when the Confederate soldiers of Louisville welcomed that great body of Union veterans to first possible exhibition of gracious hospitality."

Adding to the impressiveness of what is described by Governor Campbell was the following, viz:

The Louisville Legion was a noted local military organization and one of its companies was a Light Field Battery equipped in part with four three-inch steel guns. This battery was commanded by a cool, resolute officer, who was the son of a Confederate veteran.

This commanding officer was ordered to move his battery at five o'clock of the morning of September 11th to a summit East in Louisville and fire at six o'clock one hundred rounds in honor of the

presence of the Grand Army. In the limber chests, on front axles, were packed blank cartridges.

The battery marched toward the firing point, and when moving on Broadway east of Fourth street the nervous mare Lucille No. 522, ridden by the commanding officer, became inexplicably alarmed. The mare sprang furiously into the air from the left of the limber chest of the forward gun. From some unaccountable cause the fifty pounds of blank cartridges in the limber chest exploded. The mare being at the instant off the ground saved to the mount and to the rider shock and concussion and the lives of both.

The artillery horses were dead, the five members of the gun section riding on the limber chest had been blown lifeless away. The commanding officer of the battery reined his frenzied mare back and quietly ordered the first lieutenant to move on with his guns and obey the orders to fire the salute, while he would find the comrades who were dead. Two of the killed were sons of Confederate veterans and two were sons of Grand Army veterans. The commanding officer was Major David Castleman.

At ten o'clock the column of the Grand Army marched in procession. Their route was by the fatal spot where in doing them honor five boys had given their lives. As the column marched by every veteran uncovered and passed in silence and in sadness.

The following day, the twelfth of September, the distinguished citizen and veteran soldier of the United States Army, Colonel Andrew Cowan and now Commander of the Army of the Potomac, wrote me "To be presented with my compliments to Captain David Castleman I am enclosing badge of my Army Corps as an expression of my admiration for a remarkable officer."

Three years afterward came the Spanish War and the young men who constituted in large part the United States Volunteers were the sons of Confederate veterans and the sons of United States veterans, uniting in service of a common country. President McKinley in exercise of remarkable tact ordered that there should not be brigaded together two regiments from the same state.

And thus to the impressive and enduring influence of the Grand Army meeting in Louisville, so wonderfully described by Governor Campbell, and to the united enlistments in the Spanish War do we owe the reunion at Gettysburg. And but for these influences the reunion at Gettysburg could not have been.



MAJOR DAVID CASTLEMAN

ADDENDA.

CHAPTER L.

AN EQUESTRIAN STATUE.
THE BEGINNING.(From the *Louisville Times*, May 20, 1911.)

BRONZE TRIBUTE TO CASTLEMAN.

Gathering of Big Men Assures Statue to
"Dear Old General."
Enthusiasm is Shown.

Equestrian Piece Planned to be a Credit to the Whole City.

If there ever was any question as to just how much sincerity and tenderness, and real affection and admiration and loyalty could be crowded into four little words, it was settled today after hearing a group of Louisville's representative citizens refer to General John B. Castleman as "the dear old General." The four words were voiced in many keys by men of varied interests—professional men, millionaires, soldiers—in fact, the very flower of Louisville's citizenry—but in each instance they carried absolute conviction of the profound admiration and affection which each man holds for General Castleman.

The occasion of the meeting, which was held in the leather room at the Seelbach at twelve o'clock, was the formulation of plans and the effecting of an organization to carry out the work necessary to have made and placed in one of Louisville's parks an equestrian statue in bronze of General John B. Castleman.

Charles F. Grainger acted as temporary chairman, but for some time before the meeting was formally called to order the men discussed the plan informally, and each man had some new incident to relate, giving additional reasons why he personally "just wanted to see that statue put up right away." Rare good fellowship prevailed and there was a deal of kindly jesting among the men, and it was authoritatively stated four new stories were told, but were not ordered spread upon the minutes.

THOUGHT HE KNEW.

When Mr. Grainger called the meeting to order he said: "I thought I knew a number of General Castleman's fine characteristics, I thought I could say as many kind things, and appreciative things about the dear general as any man in Louisville, but I pledge you my word that since this project was first broached about six or eight weeks ago, and I have since discussed it with some of my friends and have told some people that they might contribute, I have learned that I could not begin to express the kindly things that have been said about General Castleman. Each man to whom I have spoken about the plan of placing a statue of General Castleman in one of the parks has fairly jumped at the opportunity to contribute, and in doing so has given such a variety of reasons for admiring the general that I realize my own limitation in expressing what I feel for him. The matter was first discussed by a few of us at the bridge club about six or eight weeks

ago. John Vreeland and I talked it over, and then all the men present said: "Sure, go ahead." A list was made out of seventy men, and I want to say that I believe this was the most representative list of Louisville's citizens ever gotten together—"

WANTED TO KNOW.

Just here the query was put to Mr. Grainger by several of the men present—"were we on that list, Charlie?" Upon being assured by Mr. Grainger that most emphatically "he had 'em on the list," he was allowed to proceed.

"Out of that list of seventy," continued Mr. Grainger, "there were only four refusals—and these were from reasons that were adequate. I want to read you just a few brief extracts from some letters I have received—each letter, by the way containing a subscription. Here is one from Hardin H. Littell in Buffalo. Mr. Littell says: 'I gladly inclose my subscription toward erecting an equestrian statue to dear old General Castleman, the man who so long kept life in and held together the State Guard (Louisville Legion); who did so much for Louisville's beautiful park system, the Saddle Horse Breeders' Association, Horse Show Association, and many other things of benefit to dear old Louisville.'

"I was with General Castleman for nine years in the 'Louisville Legion' days" said Mr. Grainger, "and I want to say right now that if General Castleman had the money which he spent personally for the good of the Legion, I believe it would amount to \$25,000. And no man ever came to Louisville with a letter of introduction to General Castleman that the general did not give his personal courtesy and kindly thought to the stranger."

Mr. Grainger then read other letters received from prominent Louisville men. "Here is a letter from Naples-on-the-Gull," said Mr. Grainger. "It says: 'You have certainly secured a representative list of our best citizens as subscribers to the Castleman memorial. The general is entitled to this expression from his fellow-citizens, and it is most fitting that it should come while he is still with us. The general is justly deserving a full measure of praise for the good work already done by him. A notable characteristic of the dear general is that whatever he does is always done well. Mr. Watterson and my brother, when I mentioned your request most willingly joined with me in authorizing you to place their names on the list of \$100 subscribers.' This letter is from Colonel W. B. Haldeman."

TRIBUTE TO LIVING FRIEND.

Referring to the question of the propriety of erecting the statue while General Castleman is living, Mr. Grainger said: "I'd rather have five kind words while I am alive than a ton of flowers after I'm dead," and the men present with a most thorough unanimity concurred in this viewpoint.

Marion Taylor was then elected permanent chairman, Oscar Fenley, treasurer and Daniel E. O'Sullivan, secretary, although Mr. O'Sullivan protested that he wanted to make a speech, in fact, would rather make a speech than be secretary. However, upon being assured that he might do both, he entered upon his duties. Mr. Grainger had announced that \$6,200 was already pledged, and John W. Barr then spoke briefly, and suggested that the testimonial be one from the entire public, and also that provision be made that any amount of money needed should be raised. "The general has always been accustomed to riding good horses,"

said Mr. Barr, smilingly, "and we want this bronze horse to be the very best, one that the general will approve of, and we want the statue of General Castleman to be one that we will all enjoy looking at."

THE RESOLUTIONS.

Mr. Grainger offered the following resolutions:

RESOLVED, That a committee consisting of eleven members selected from the subscribers to this testimonial be appointed and empowered to receive subscriptions, employ a sculptor, select a design and take such other steps as it may deem necessary to carry out the object of this meeting.

RESOLVED FURTHER, That the chairman of this meeting be authorized to select and appoint said committee, and that he be an ex-officio member.

Which was unanimously adopted, and the following committee appointed by the chair: Marion E. Taylor, John B. McFerran, J. M. Atherton, Lawrence Jones, Oscar Fenley, W. I. Mapother, Allen R. Hite, Charles F. Grainger, C. C. Mengel, B. Bernheim, Bruce Haldeman and Dan E. O'Sullivan.

The only unfortunate thing about the meeting was that no one man was allowed to finish his own special tribute to the general, because "the other fello" was so anxious to voice his heartfelt admiration.

(From the *Louisville Times*, November 7, 1913.)

THE CASTLEMAN STATUE.

Life is very short. Must we then wait until the next generation discerns the proper judgments and rewards? Must all recognitions be tardy? Surely not, and it is the happy realization of that truth that prompted the graceful tribute, which, on Saturday next, is to be paid to General John Breckinridge Castleman.

General Castleman's monument was secure, even though it were never raised—it stood firm in the hearts of his friends and the memories of his fellow-citizens. Fame would still be busy with his name if no visible remembrance existed; but, in bestowing upon him honor and recognition while yet in full enjoyment of a vigorous and useful life, a noble impulse has received its legitimate fulfillment. It has been said that the love of a few faithful ones, the personal devotion of those who know you best, is all that any man deserves; we cannot accept so narrow a view, and we could never understand why those who are censorious and critical throughout all the changing vicissitudes of a man's career should be so generous with flowers when his heart is still and his eyes closed forever.

It is not a little thing that this gallant soldier, this urbane, courtly gentleman, has done for a city and a state that delights to distinguish those who distinguish them; in these later days we cannot disassociate him from those wonderfully beautiful parks that are his pride and in great measure his creation, and, when the history of the nation was being written in the lifeblood of its best and bravest, where shall we find pages more inspiring than those that tell the deeds of this lateborn cavalier, this knight *sans peur et sans reproche*?

The secret of a man's charm is an elusive and indefinable as the secret of a writer's style; the hold he has on us, the place he fills, the loyalty he arouses—how explain them? General Castleman is a man of the world, the big world; there are few experiences that are foreign to him, no activities in which he takes no in-

terest, no traditions of breeding, of manner, of gallant bearing that do not center in him. It is inconceivable that such a man should sit in the shadow. He could not be commonplace if he would. His character has been touched with bold, broad touches, generously, lavishly even, and he brings with him the sense of a spacious outlook. Geniality is of his essence; children know that he is not unfathomable, and it is peculiarly fitting that the school children for whose welfare he has been so solicitous, so intelligently providing, should join in the exercises of the day.

It was a pleasant thought pleasantly carried out. There at the entrance to the park whose beauty is so much his work, will stand, appropriately, an equestrian statue, attracting and arresting attention by the sweep of its lines, the vigor of its pose, the evidence of its truth. For felicity of situation as of design it stands alone among our memorials; it has succeeded in catching something of the irresistible verve of its delightful model—more cannot be asked of any artist; it denies forever and to all men that “the days of our youth are the days of our glory.”

To have caught this veteran of two wars young and eager has been the happy idea of Mr. Charles F. Grainger; to him and to Mr. Marion Taylor, his industrious colleague, the community owes a debt of very real gratitude.

(From the *Courier-Journal*, November 8, 1913.)

AN HONOR WELL WON.

It is a rare honor to any man to live to see a statue erected to himself, and such an honor, well deserved, falls to General John B. Castleman. And assuredly no more appropriate honor could be done him than by the bronze equestrian figure which is to be unveiled this afternoon on the choice site of all the city for such an effigy, the juncture of Cherokee Road and Cherokee Parkway.

It is usual to depreciate the payment of such a tribute to the living, but what could General Castleman do to forfeit the debt which this community owes him? Under any circumstances which might arise in the future could we be any less obligated to him for the work which he has done for us, through so extended a period of his life, and at the sacrifice of so much of his time and so much of his attention to his private fortunes? Could we ever owe him less for his part in the creation and development of our splendid park system, with its recent crown of a connecting parkway?

These will endure, and our debt to General Castleman will endure, whatever may betide the man himself. Let Louisville be grateful that she has it in her power at least to acknowledge to his face that debt by the ceremonies which have been set for this afternoon.

HONORABLE BOYD WINCHESTER.

The equestrian statue, erected as a testimonial to General John B. Castleman, will be unveiled on November 8th.

The friends of General Castleman are to be commended upon their determination to do him the unusual honor of having a bronze statue erected to him, while he is among the living, instead of waiting until he shall have passed away.

It seems as though the benefits accruing from the labors of a public-spirited and useful citizen are so remote that the world fears to account to him for them in his lifetime. It is a common illusion that one is pleased only with the prospects of honors which can only be conferred when he shall be incapable of enjoying them. In fact, the fancy dwells with a livelier delight on the applause of one's friends and countrymen, embodied, as it were, in the honors shown during life. It is proper and wise to do that justice to living merit, which is so frequently left to be done by posterity, in a tardy and posthumous fame.

The deserving know, while they can enjoy the pleasing incense, that to be great and good is to be revered and beloved, and that to ornament the shrine of public virtue is a grateful people's first and nearest care.

To perpetuate the fame of an eminent and useful citizen and to render his services a salutary source of practical instruction, to awaken emulation of good examples in civic duty, and to testify to the excellencies of one whose virtues are held worthy of imitation—it is of the last importance that the public should recognize in some substantial manner.

A due homage being thus paid, not only do the virtues which protect, but those which advance and uplift society, possess a spring of honorable incentives, the most pure, the most effective and the most inspiring.

These testimonials of a people's gratitude and esteem are worthy recognitions of merit and furnish striking lessons of useful instruction; they teach the most valuable lessons of private and public conduct; they transmit shining examples to the latest posterity; and while they fitly grace public places, they open to every intelligent mind a source of pleasing contemplation.

The ancients demonstrated the beneficial and elevating influence of such testimonials and placed them where they formed at once a noble spectacle and a perpetual spur of public virtues. The ancients judged that the sparks of a generous and useful emulation were naturally warmed into action by honorary memorials of distinguished merit and successful citizenship. The ancients, in a word, aimed to make the arts subservient to public virtue and noble character. The great and true art, more or less subordinated the form to the content it sought to express, its object being solely to communicate its content through its images; to express exactly what lay at the foundation of the man's character. Pervaded by this thought the artist set himself to represent and express that which belonged to the man with an unerring accuracy. So the history of Greece might be studied in the public places, and so prevalent were the effects expected from sculptured mementoes among the Romans that their satirists and orators instanced the frequent neglect of them as a mark of aggravated degeneracy. Such great advantages did these ancients expect and derive from a well-directed exercise of sculpture; and we have no reason to believe that its operations, in these days, should vary, or its influence be sensibly diminished.

"Is there anyone," says Polybius, when describing the honors paid eminent Romans, "who would not feel himself powerfully stimulated by seeing the image of a man whose has rendered illustrious?"

Indeed, we are so framed that the bare conception of noble actions is called forcibly to the mind by well chosen objects of immediate perception. The sculptured testimonial, with the very image and countenance of the one to whom it is erected, speaks to the feelings of the spectator with a language and an eloquence which he only could resist who is more or less than man.

General Castleman has been conspicuous in the exercise of dignified, manly and kindly qualities, which have shown forth in his life; qualities which in their private exercise adorn and instruct, and in their public display, invigorate and exalt a community. He has been exceptionally uniform, active, intelligent and well-directed in the discharge of all civic duties, showing a readiness at all times to bring to the support of the best interest of the city and state the fullest measure of his valuable time, his means and his wise counsel. Every one looking at the equestrian statue of General Castleman may well recall with a sincere appreciation of its truth, the words spoken by him in an address before the Outdoor Art League on "My Dreams of Louisville Forty Years Ago," in which he said, "I am a practical man of labor, who, for forty years, has had the privilege of working sixteen hours a day to cleave one-half to personal interests and the other half to public duty." The public verdict would be that he has made an unfair division in favor of the latter, to the sacrifice of the former.

THE DEDICATION.

Autumn breezes wafted afar the cheers of thousands of persons yesterday afternoon at 3 o'clock when the statue representing General John Breckinridge Castleman, mounted on his mare, Carolina, erected by the people of Louisville, Kentucky and the South, in grateful recognition of his many public services, was unveiled at the entrance to Cherokee Park. Addresses glowed with praise and tribute for the "military and civic hero."

Preceded by a detail of the Louisville mounted police and the First Regiment of the Kentucky National Guard, attended by its drum and trumpet corps, the speakers marched from Cave Hill Cemetery to Cherokee Road and Cherokee Parkway, where the exercises were begun at 2 o'clock. A temporary platform had been erected at the base of the statue.

Marion E. Taylor, chairman of the General John B. Castleman testimonial fund, announced that unavoidable delays in the erection of the statue prevented the attendance of General W. B. Haldeman, who was expected to participate in the exercises, but who had made a previous engagement to be at the unveiling of the Confederate monument at Hickman, Ky., Friday.

TELEGRAPHS HIS REGRETS.

General Haldeman's regrets, expressed in a wire to Mr. Taylor, were read as follows:

"Hickman, Ky., November 7, 1913.

*Colonel Marion E. Taylor,
Chairman Castleman Statue Committee,
Louisville, Ky.*

I regret extremely that I will be denied the pleasure of being present at the unveiling of the Castleman statue tomorrow. It was a happy thought of Charles F. Grainger to thus pay a greatly deserved honor to the first citizen of Louisville during his lifetime. No honor could be paid General John Breckinridge Castleman by his fellow Kentuckians that he does not eminently deserve.

W. B. HALDEMAN."

Mr. Taylor introduced Charles F. Grainger as the man "in whose brain originated the original idea of a statue to General Castleman." In his address of presentation Mr. Grainger told how the idea of presenting a statue to a man living originated, and what it was that prompted the movement. He said he was discussing the general as a grand old commander one day with John W. Vreeland when the latter exclaimed: "Wouldn't he look what he is, the ideal general, in bronze!" This suggestion, Mr. Grainger said, caused friends immediately to start a movement for the erection of a statue in honor of General Castleman "as a man, a citizen, a soldier and true friend." Explaining the unusual honor of erecting a statue to a person living, Mr. Grainger said he was sure everyone felt as he did, that "he would rather have a bunch of violets while living than a ton of flowers at the grave."

TRIBUTE TO THE CITIZEN BY MAYOR W. O. HEAD.

Mayor W. O. Head accepted the monument on behalf of the city of Louisville. Mayor Head paid especial tribute to General Castleman's untiring efforts in the interest of Louisville's park system and in great public service. He said the parks stood as a monument to Louisville and the efforts of General Castleman. Years of planning, fighting and laboring have ripened into realization, and every stroke of the hammer and chisel on this monument carried with it the appreciation of a whole city.

"In accepting this monument for Louisville I do so with the full knowledge that the people have shown in but a small measure their love, affection and esteem for General Castleman."

Many children were present, as the committee in charge had extended invitations, through the Board of Education, to members of all the public schools. A musical program was furnished by volunteers from local Number Eleven American Federation of Musicians.

It had been the hope of the committee that Henry Watterson, General Castleman's lifelong friend and compauion-in-arms, might make an address at the dedication. His absence is explained by the following letter addressed to Mr. Grainger:

HENRY WATTERSON.

"Louisville, Ky., August 25, 1913.

My dear Mr. Grainger:

I regret that the delay in completing the pedestal for the equestrian statue of General John Breckinridge Castleman will deny me the pleasure and honor of making the promised address on the occasion of the public dedication.

Engagements entered into long ago and imperative in character take me abroad the last of the present month, and so I must leave another to deliver the word fittingly to commemorate an event so interesting, picturesque and striking.

To me it would have been a most grateful task. General Castleman and I are life-long friends. We served together in the field and were fellow-exiles in a foreign land, he barred from returning—perhaps the only American who was ever thus signalized. To have been rescued from death by Lincoln, banished by Andrew Johnson, welcomed home by Grant; having worn the gray in perilous

enterprises, finally to have worn the blue with distinction, retired from the army of the United States a General officer is a record shared, I am sure, by no other. Yet his chief claim upon us is that of the citizen and neighbor, who through a generation has given great energies and talents to civil duties the most important and useful, commending himself as an official and endearing himself as a man.

HONORED THIRTY YEARS AGO.

Thirty years ago, in the State Capitol at Frankfort, before a great concourse of people, Governor J. Proctor Knott presented General Castleman a sword, and concluding his address said:

'I am, sir, presenting to you this sword in testimony of my high appreciation of the valuable services you have rendered to the Commonwealth of your aid in my administration of public affairs during the most troubled experiences in the state's history, and as a token of my admiration and love for you as a friend.'

These words express a universal sentiment.

Again expressing my regret, that a labor of love has thus been denied me, I remain,

Sincerely,

HENRY WATTEKSON."

GOVERNOR JAMES E. CAMPBELL.

Regret that he could not attend the exercises was also expressed in a letter to Chairman Taylor from Governor James E. Campbell, of Ohio, as follows:

"Columbus, O., November 6, 1913.

My dear Mr. Taylor:

I have just received your kind invitation to attend the dedication of the statue to that grand military and civic hero, General John Breckinridge Castleman. This invitation is extremely gratifying, because it informs me that his neighbors and admirers include me in the list of his friends.

I am unable adequately to express my regret that in the short time intervening I cannot rearrange important engagements already made so that I could be present on that occasion and testify to my high regard and warm friendship for that gallant soldier, true patriot, faithful husband, fond father, high-toned Kentuckian and Christian citizen. To me he stands out, more than anyone else, as distinctly a true type of the 'old school'—a genuine, antebellum, Southern gentleman. He has ever been all of that not only in fact, but in appearance; for he has always looked and acted the veritable patrician.

I know of no episode in all history so touching as that of the Grand Army Encampment in Louisville in 1895, when with John B. Castleman as the leader, the Confederate soldiers of Louisville welcomed that great body of Union veterans to the first possible exhibition of your gracious and far-famed hospitality. It was my good fortune, on that occasion, to be a guest in his house with Justice John M. Harlan, Senator Joseph C. S. Blackburn, Governor J. Proctor Knott and Colonel Harry B. Carrington. The six of us (including our host) were equally divided between those who had marched under the Stars and Stripes and those

who had followed the 'Bonnie Blue Flag', but literally, once more, loving brethren in heart, thought and hopes.

While sojourning at this exalted fireside, I had the privilege of intimately inspecting the private life of General Castleman and his family, than which none could be more beautiful or inspiring. Surrounded by his high-bred wife, his beautiful daughters, and brilliant sons, he was in my opinion, more to be envied than any man I had ever known.

Therefore, in the most heartfelt manner, I join his friends and comrades in spirit as they dedicate this loving tribute to him; and appreciate the pride they must justly feel in having erected so well merited a testimonial.

Sincerely yours,

JAMES E. CAMPBELL."

William R. Goodwin, a member of the American Saddle Horse Breeders' Association, and editor of the *Breeder's Gazette* came from Chicago to attend the unveiling.

WILLIAM R. GOODWIN'S TRIBUTE.

THE CASTLEMAN EQUESTRIAN STATUE.

Profound indeed is the esteem which led a city and a state to erect a statue of one of its distinguished citizens while he yet dwelt among men. Such supreme honors are wontedly reserved for the dead. Singularly appropriate is this precedent-breaking man. The unselfish, lavish devotion of General John B. Castleman to the interests of his state and country are written on the imperishable tablets of the hearts of his people. Public service has ever been the animating spirit of his career. Never has a man devoted more of his time and talent, unsparingly, intelligently and effectively, to the service of his city and state than General Castleman, and the results of his labors bless the present and future generations. Had he but served his own interests with half the fidelity with which he has served his fellow citizens, he would have been numbered among the financial captains of the South. The bronze statue, on its eternal granite base, commanding the entrance to beautiful Cherokee Park in Louisville, dedicated in the songs of the school children, the concerted sounds of the players on many instruments, the fanfare of military trumpets, the eulogies of state and city officials, and the plaudits of his fellow citizens, proved that John B. Castleman chose to serve the people, not Mammon.

Flowers at the funeral are so prescribed by conventionality that appreciative words while yet in the flesh seems fairly strange. Small wonder it is that some out of touch with the man and his work marveled that so distinguished an honor should be done him while yet he walked the earth. They had but to feel the thrill of the dedication atmosphere to understand it was an outpouring of the appreciation and love of a people loyally and intelligently served. His most familiar appearance in Louisville, either at the head of the Louisville Legion or pursuant of his labors as president of the Board of Park Commissioners, was on the back of a five-gaited horse. The model selected from a competition to which numerous sculptors contributed was designed by R. Hinton Perry of New York and the statue was erected at a cost of \$15,000 by popular subscription from city,

state and other commonwealths to General Castleman "as a man, a citizen, a soldier and a true friend." It may be seriously doubted if ere a more life-like presentation of man and horse in bronze has ever been achieved. With infinite pains the artist labored with his equine model, and the sculptor's art has finally been able to ask of horsemen unqualified approval of a bronze presentment of the noblest of man's animate aids. The statue breathes the form, pose and life of man and mare.

General Castleman is known to the live stock world as the foremost advocate of the most beautiful creation of the breeder's art—the American saddle horse. For nearly a quarter of a century as president he has guided the destinies of the American Saddle Horse Breeders' Association, inviting and compelling the attention of the lovers of the pleasure horse to the matchless beauty, fin'ish and service of the saddle horse as developed under the auspices of the association, and has lived to see the complete triumph of the type in America, measured by the prominence, intelligence and wealth of its patrons. Of his civic and military services this journal does not treat, but promising as the fundamental fact of his life, the animating motive of his actions, his high sense of public duty, it can only be said that the Honorable Edward J. McDermott, lieutenant-governor of Kentucky, sketched with altogether adequate eloquence the career of Gen. Castleman with which the people of his state have been familiar since he entered the Confederate service as a mere youth and returned home from the Spanish War with a general's commission, to receive this unprecedented honor from his people in the seventy-second year of his age. His services to the state in times of riot and profound political disturbance, when his diplomacy and decision wrought for peace and tranquillity, were fittingly set forth, as were also his courage and his courtliness "A gentleman of the old school," all delighted to term him—rare example in these latter days which possess not the environment which makes for their development.

Mayor W. O. Head pleasingly and forcefully reviewed the distinguished services of the man of the hour.

The vice-president of the American Saddle Horse Breeder's Association, Honorable Claude M. Thomas, appointed the following named committee to represent the association at the unveiling which occurred at Louisville, Saturday, November 8: Colonel Paul Brown, St. Louis, Mo.; John T. Woodford, Mt. Sterling, Ky.; James L. Gay, Pisgah, Ky.; John E. Marble, of California and W. R. Goodwin, of Illinois. Many members of the association were in attendance.

GOVERNOR JO. C. S. BLACKBURN.

"Spring Station, Ky.

General John B. Castleman,

My dear General:

You are one of the few men permitted to see his own statue. I am glad of it. You deserve it.

Always your friend,

JO. C. S. BLACKBURN."



CASTLEMAN STATUE

TELEGRAM FROM OSCAR W. UNDERWOOD.

"Birmingham, Alabama, November 6, 1913.

*B. H. Lillard, Secretary,
Louisville, Ky.*

I greatly regret being unable to participate in ceremonies which do deserved honor to my old commander. I am proud of having been one of General Castleman's soldier boys.

O. W. UNDERWOOD."

FROM W. P. WALTON.

General John B. Castleman, a soldier of two wars and one of Kentucky's most useful citizens, has had an honor bestowed upon him which has rarely if ever come to a man still in the flesh. A magnificent statue of him was unveiled at Louisville Saturday. It is located at the entrance to Cherokee Park and shows the general seated on his famous black mare, Carolina. The honor is in token of the appreciation of the city for his general civic progressiveness, but especially for his efforts to give Louisville a system of parks, which are the admiration of the country. A feature of the occasion was the reading of a letter from Editor Henry Watterson, who is now in Europe.

A grand man he has been and we will always be proud of the fact that we enjoyed his friendship.

GENERAL GEORGE H. HARRIES.

"Louisville, 7th November, 1913.

My dear General Castleman:

In congratulating you, my distinguished comrade, on the rare lifetime recognition of your fine qualities, I am also congratulating Kentucky and Louisville upon their possession of you.

That the bronze shall tell its story through the centuries is a pleasing thought, but of greater moment to you, I am sure, is the knowledge that you will live in many true hearts as long as memory remains with those who have been privileged to know you and call you friend.

With every good wish for the welfare of a gallant soldier and gentleman, I am

Faithfully your friend

GEO. H. HARRIES.

General John B. Castleman.
Louisville, Ky."

GEORGE BABER.

"The Farragut, Washington City,
November 4, 1913.

My dear Mr. Lillard:

I am greatly honored by your letter conveying an invitation from the American Saddle Horse Breeders' Association, of Louisville, to participate with them in the ceremonies which, Saturday next, shall mark the unveiling of the imposing statue which shall personate the image and perpetuate the fame and character of General John B. Castleman; and I deeply regret my inability to be present.

Than General Castleman there is no living citizen of our state to whom I would more heartily pay a tribute of admiration and respect. His example, as a citizen, as a soldier, as a patriot, and as statesman, entitled him to a brilliant page in the history of the state, and to an enduring place in the affections of the people. He has been wise in counsel, faithful to duty, and heroic in every peril that has confronted him.

I thank you for the honor of being included among his loyal friends.

Very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

GEORGE BABER.

Mr. R. H. Lillard,
Secretary,
Louisville, Ky."

GENERAL JAMES H. WILSON.

"Wilmington, Delaware, November 7, 1913.

Marion E. Taylor, Esq.,
Louisville, Ky.

Dear Sir:

I am this morning in receipt of your invitation to attend the unveiling of the statue to General John B. Castleman at Louisville, on Saturday next, and hasten to say I regret exceedingly that it is impossible for me to be with you on that occasion.

I have known General Castleman most favorably for many years, and it was my good fortune to have him under my command during the Spanish War. In addition to being a good and blameless citizen, he was and is one of the best volunteer soldiers of his time, and in every way worthy of and entitled to the respect and admiration of his friends and compatriots.

In honoring him during his lifetime with a statue they honor themselves and the community in which he lives.

Again regretting that I cannot on such short notice be with you and wishing him long life and happiness, I am most cordially,

Your friend,

JAMES H. WILSON."

Chairman Taylor introduced Lieutenant-Governor E. J. McDermott who delivered the following eloquent address accepting for the state of Kentucky:

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:

This is no ordinary assembly of the good people of our city. We are met to honor, in a signal manner, one of our foremost citizens during his life. It has often been said that we should crown no man till his death. That is too often the seductive note of cunning envy, the peculiar vice of little minds. It is true that, generally, we cannot rightly estimate a man's real character and the proper value of his life until his work is done and the discordant voices of both flattery and envy have been silenced at the tomb; but there are times when we can fairly esti-

mate and safely honor a man who, like General Castleman, has passed the time fixed by the psalmist as the usual limit of life. Generous tributes of praise, a mountain of flowers at the grave, and stately monuments, may tend to encourage the living and succeeding generations to lead a good and useful life, but such belated tokens of esteem can give no joy or even comfort to the dead. One kind, loving word to the struggling or suffering man that craves sympathy and love when feebleness, pain or any misfortune bears heavily upon him, is worth volumes of praise or imperishable monuments when the ear is deaf, the eye glazed and the heart stilled forever. We want our friend to know now—while he can still enjoy the thought, while his heart can still swell with pride and joy as he hears our cheers—that we admire and love him; that his fellow-citizens esteem and honor him; and that, after he has gone from this scene forever, his name and good work will be brought to the memory of succeeding generations by this splendid monument.

We are not to be silenced by captious or even just criticisms on ordinary matters of little moment now. We all have our faults and weaknesses. The greatest men of every age have had ardent admirers and bitter critics. None passes unscathed. Few men indeed have all the talents and all the virtues. Therefore, we must not be too stern or exacting. We must not only be just but liberal in our estimate of another. "Not to act thus," said Burke to the bigoted electors of Bristol, "is folly; I had almost said, it is impiety. He censures God who quarrels with the imperfections of man!" In the struggles of a long life, we make friends and, if we are genuine men, we make enemies. Some enemies increase our claims to honor. In public station, we sometimes serve our countrymen well and sometimes poorly; but, if we do our best—if we are honest, truthful, brave, and in the main things, are useful—we can justly claim our meed of praise. I say again, as Burke well said: "Applaud us when we run; console us when we fall; cheer us when we recover; but let us pass on—for God's sake, let us pass on."

It is fit to recall briefly, the story of General Castleman's life, and thus to show the propriety of the honor given him today. He had a distinguished lineage. His ancestors stood high in Kentucky and Virginia. He was born at the family homestead called Castleton in Fayette County on June 30, 1841, and was educated there at Fort Hill Academy and Transylvania University. When a boy of nineteen, with the zeal and bravery of unselfish youth, he joined the Confederate Army under General John H. Morgan, becoming by merit in the field, the captain of Company D, in the Second Kentucky Cavalry Regiment, of which he was often in command and became major. While attempting, at the request of the Confederate Government, to release military prisoners of the South in prisons of the Northwest in 1864, he was captured in Indiana; his life was spared by Lincoln; but he was kept in solitary confinement at Indianapolis from October 1864 to July 1865, at which time he was released by President Andrew Johnson on a parole to leave our country forever. He was an exile in Europe till December 1866 when he was granted permission to return at twenty-four years of age. Few of our men have become so distinguished by merit at so early an age. He studied law here and got his degree from the University of Louisville. But he turned at once to business and, on November 24th, 1868, married the intellectual and accomplished daughter of Mr. John Barbee. No man ever had a better wife. The firm of Barbee & Castleman has occupied an honorable and profitable place here for almost fifty years. So great were the profits of that business, that, if he had desired only to be rich

and had lived as most money-makers live, he could easily have made and saved a fortune; but that was not his ambition. He has been, in fact, too lavish in the use of his labor, time and money. The man who spends his whole time and talents in the mere making of a fortune is not a good type of citizen. His selfishness and sordidness may procure flattery, servility and luxury, but not generous praise or love. The world soon forgets its millionaires. To its artists, soldiers, scholars, patriots and saints, though they live and die poor, are given the love and fame which no money can buy. When and where did the fortune-maker live that we think worthy to stand by Saint Francis of Assisi, Dante or Shakespeare, Washington, Lee or Lincoln? What rich Kentuckian would we compare with that sterling, high-minded, brave soldier and model citizen of Hart County, Simon Bolivar Buckner? In spite of the craving for money and luxury here and elsewhere, no true Kentuckian would make such a comparison as that. We may make mistakes in our estimates of men; we may even be fooled at times by a showy or plausible demagogue, or by a sly, self-seeker of mediocre gifts and extravagant pretensions in any calling, but we still honor intellect, courage and manly achievements above wealth.

In 1878 he organized the Louisville Legion. In 1883 he was appointed adjutant-general of the State Militia by Governor J. Proctor Knott, and did not retire until 1886 when, with high praise from the famous governor, he was given a beautiful sword for valuable service to the state, an honor which any soldier would greatly prize. In 1898 he became a brigadier-general of the United States in the Spanish-American War, and well rendered all the service that could be rendered in that brief and one-sided contest. On February 3rd, 1900, after Governor Goebel was foully assassinated on his way to the state house at the capital, and when passions ran high in all parts of our sadly afflicted state, and when the militia of the commonwealth was under the command of another officer, disputing the authority of the legislature and the lawful governor of the day, and was camped in the grounds of the state house, General Castleman was requested by Governor Beckham, who had thus unexpectedly come into that high office, to accept again the office of adjutant-general and to help to bring peace and order out of chaos, and to still the dangerous storm then raging. Though he was a busy man and the time was full of danger and trouble, he accepted the heavy task as a duty and on condition that he should be relieved as soon as peace was restored and the affairs of the government were running once more smoothly in their accustomed channels. "No one has a right," said he, "to refuse to serve his state. I will do what I can to conciliate the differences which discredit the commonwealth." With tact and firmness he helped Governor Beckham in that trying time. The soldier realized and said plainly that the military authorities must be subordinate to the civil authorities—to the governor and the courts. When the Supreme Court of the United States, affirming our own Court of Appeals, had finally decided in favor of Governor Beckham, General Collier gracefully gave way to General Castleman; law and order were restored; and, in November 1900, when his services were no longer needed, he retired from his post with an eloquent tribute of respect and gratitude from Governor Beckham on behalf of the state for his valuable and unselfish service.

In political affairs also General Castleman has shown ability and zeal. In 1891 and 1892 he was chairman of the Democratic State Central Committee. Here again he was lavish with his time and money for the cause he served. In

1892 he was delegate-at-large for the state in the Democratic Convention that nominated President Cleveland in Chicago. Though many of the leaders of this state, his close personal friends, were against Cleveland, he never wavered. I know that personally because I worked with him. While I was there, I was in constant communication with General Castleman. Thus he was always strong and frank in any contest, ready in politics or war to take his place in the open whatever the risk.

Nature endowed this man with the handsome, manly form of the soldier and leader. Birth and breeding and kindly feeling have given him the gentle manners and the rare courtesy which mark the gentleman and the cavalier. The trouble and griefs that have come to him and must come to all of us in a long life have never bowed his manly spirit or lowered his dignity or lessened his kindness. In a late address made by Lord Rosebery, a brilliant English orator, to the boys at the Royal Grammar School of Guilford, he dwelt at length and with much force on the beauty, the value and the distinction of the good manners and the fine courtesy which mark the well-bred, intellectual, manly gentleman in this day as in the best days of chivalry. Many a time on our streets, when we have seen General Castleman at the head of his soldiers, or of some procession of his fellow-citizens, riding superbly some fine horse, we have admired him not only because of his handsome form and his skillful horsemanship, but also because we know that he rode thus once in actual, grim war, under gallant John H. Morgan, or brilliant Basil W. Duke, and that he would ride again in the same brave and conspicuous way at the head of our troops, if actual war confronted us and we needed his services.

As a man, then, as a citizen, and as a soldier, General Castleman, after a long, useful life, has become entitled to some distinguished mark of our esteem and affection. Here it is and here it shall remain for generations to come.

